April 9, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

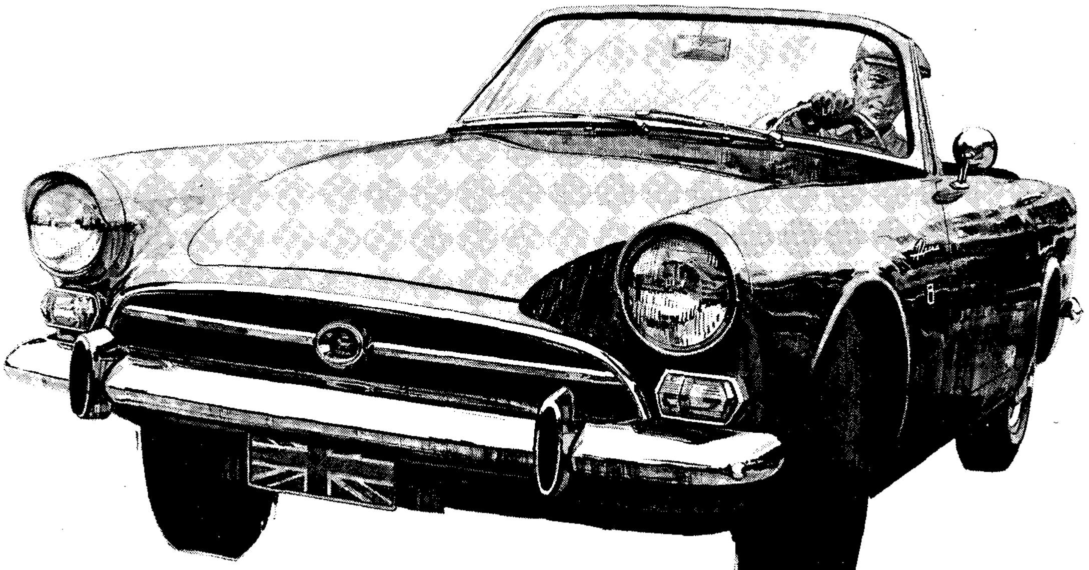
Price 35 cents

a Johnston & Murphy shoe is an afternoon drive
a country auction, finding a fair, laughing, relaxing
and ending up for supper at a little mountain inn
that came as a complete surprise

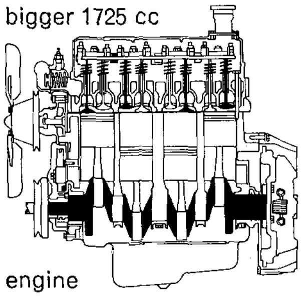
A Johnston & Murphy shoe is the plain toe Hide-A-Way heel, available in black, bronze or mangrove shrunken Llama Calf. $32.50.
Johnston & Murphy "the shoe with a memory" Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. 37302 Genesco Everything to wear

How to buy a 100-m.p.h. sports car —complete—for less than $2500.†

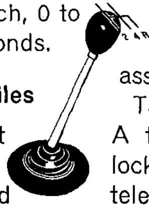
Start with a dealer who sells Chrysler's new Sunbeam Alpine V. You'll find it as advertised above—and carrying a 5-year/50,000-mile warranty* besides.



It took British Sunbeam and Chrysler together to bring it about, but there it is: a tough Class F contender for a mere $2468.†

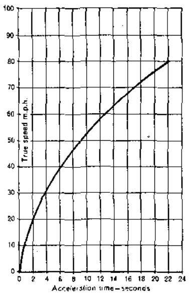


Alpine V has muscles. A bigger 1725 cc engine puts out 100 hp and the 100 m.p.h. top speed. With twin carbs, a regeared, fully synchromeshed 4-on-the-floor plus quick clutch, 0 to 60 comes in 12.8 seconds.



5 years/50,000 miles

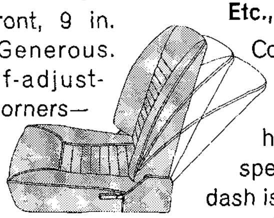
Alpine V is also built to satisfy Chrysler's famous engine and drive train warranty. The crankshaft now has 5 main bearings; a new oil cooler maintains lube efficiency at high rpm; even the exhaust ports are staggered to discourage hot spots in the block.



No austerity here

With so much car built into the basics, the amazing thing is what *else* Alpine gives you for your $2500 or so.

Take brakes. 9.85 in. Girling discs up front, 9 in. drums behind. Generous. They're also self-adjusting at all 4 corners—and power assisted besides!



Take steering. A fast, crisp 3.3 turns lock-to-lock. The wheel also telescopes in and out and locks at your fastest, most comfortable reach.

Take bucket seats. Alpine's are richly padded, neatly turned out in pleated vinyl. Both adjust forward, back, up and down, and the backs recline.

Take room. Alpine has more than most sports cars at any price. Even around the feet (pedals are adjustable) and in the trunk—two places you often get pinched.

Etc., etc., etc.

Console with locked storage well is standard. So is a heater with 2-speed blower. The dash is a gem of instrumentation. The convertible top is self-storing and easy to work. And so on.

So if you want the impossible on a $2500-type budget, you now have a place to go: your Sunbeam dealer's, for the new Alpine V.

Only thing that meets it for value is a Sunbeam Tiger V-8. But that's $1100 more.†

***HERE'S HOW THE SUNBEAM ALPINE 5-YEAR OR 50,000-MILE ENGINE AND DRIVE TRAIN WARRANTY PROTECTS YOU:** Chrysler Motors Corporation warrants all of the following vital parts of Sunbeam Alpine cars imported by Chrysler for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material or workmanship will be replaced or repaired at an Authorized Sunbeam Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings. **HERE'S ALL YOU MUST DO:** Give your car this normal care—change engine oil every 3 months, or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replace engine oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; clean crankcase ventilator valve, and change transmission and axle lubricant every 6 months or 8,000 miles, whichever comes first; *and* every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. This warranty shall *not* apply to cars subjected to racing or other sustained high speed use, acceleration trials or wide-open throttle operation, etc.

†Mfr's. suggested retail price, East Coast P.O.E., state and local taxes, destination charges and options extra, including outside mirror. West Coast slightly higher.

ROOTES
CHRYSLER'S SUNBEAM

ROOTES DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—A courtroom drama by Jack Roffey that moves along slowly in proving that a barrister accused of murdering a judge didn't do it. The cast is headed by Ray Milland and includes such worthy performers as Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—John Osborne's attenuated and cheerless drama about the disintegration of an English lawyer. Nicol Williamson has the taxing central role, which involves delivering practically non-stop monologues. John Harkins substitutes for Mr. Williamson at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. May close Saturday, April 23.)

The Lion in Winter—Rosemary Harris is superlative as Eleanor of Aquitaine in this pseudo-historical drama by James Goldman, and Robert Preston and the others in the company are quite helpful as they go about depicting twelfth-century royalty. But the play itself is only sporadically interesting. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company, busily directed by Peter Brook, in a drama that depicts the awful situation of the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum. Long and lugubrious. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 10.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. David Carradine is a tower of strength as Atahualpa, the Inca chieftain whom the Spaniards destroyed. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has spectacular settings and costumes by Michael Annals. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik plays a Jewish grandfather who doesn't believe in apartheid on the loose in South Africa, and Louis Gossett plays a native who is his custodian and his pal. A rather fragile drama, which was written by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon and has incidental music and lyrics by Harold Rome. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 16.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Long Runs—any wednesday: Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the subject was roses:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—A mild spoof of the noble, if loutish, hero of a bygone comic strip. The book, by David Newman and Robert Benton, is rather anemic, but Charles Strouse's music and Lee Adams' lyrics are agreeable enough, and the cast, which includes Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain, is alert and lively. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, April 10, at 2:40.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is excellent. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has an admirable cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—fiddler on the roof: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom

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Long after other perfumes
have left the party,
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is still going strong.

BALMAIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Helen of Troy. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

CITY CENTER—BAVARIAN STATE THEATRE: The final performances in a two-week repertory of plays in German. Georg Büchner's **WOYZECK** and Goethe's **DIE MITSCHULDIGEN**, Thursday and Friday, April 7-8, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 9-10, at 2:30 and 8:30.... ¶ Gerhart Hauptmann's **DIE RATTEN**, Tuesday, April 12, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, April 13-15, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, April 16-17, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE**, adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Through Saturday, April 9: **TOSCA**.... ¶ Starting Friday, April 15: **LA TRAVIATA**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, April 9, at 2:30.)

THE DEADLY GAME—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, is quite good. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HALF HORSE HALF ALLIGATOR—Impersonating a sampling of possible passengers aboard a Mississippi steamer, William Mooney recites, sometimes well, sometimes middling well, excerpts from a number of writers concerned with the American frontier, most of them of the nineteenth century. Not a thrilling evening, perhaps, but an agreeable one. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY ENDING and **DAY OF ABSENCE**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOGAN'S GOAT—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

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THE MAD SHOW—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MONOPOLY—A program of four one-acters by a new dramatist named Jerome Kass. The characters are local and suburban types, most of them familiar Jewish, and all of them recent arrivals in the middle class. Three of the plays are mere sketches; the fourth, "Young Marrieds Play Monopoly," has more substance and is quite promising. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PHÈDRE—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE POCKET WATCH—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SERJEANT MUSGRAVE'S DANCE—A melodrama set in nineteenth-century England about four soldiers who come to a mining town to expose the cruelty of war. The play is done as a sort of Victorian primitive, and whatever excitement it has (not much) lies in the manner rather than the matter, which is fairly conventional. Britain's John Arden is the dramatist. John Colicos is good in the leading role. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 13, at 2:15.)

THE WHITE DEVIL—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"A Midsummer Night's Dream": Friday, April 8, at 8:15; Saturday, April 9, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, April 10, at 1:15 and 7:15; and Monday, April 11, at 2:15 and 8:15.... ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Irish Fantasy."... ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Summerspace" (première), "Meditation," and "Donizetti Variations."... ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Summerspace," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2:15: "Bugaku," "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Allegro Brillante," and "Swan Lake."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Summerspace," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 22.)

RUMANIAN FOLK BALLET—A return engagement (two performances) by this company of ninety dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 9, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT!—A return engagement (new program) of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CIRCUS—Everything but the canvas top. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday, April 7, at 2 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday, April 10, at 1:30 and 6; Monday through Friday, April 11-15, at 10:30 and 3; and Saturday, April 16, at 10:30, 3, and 8:30. Closes Sunday, May 15. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

MAGIC SHOW—The 1966 edition of "Magic, Mirth, and Mystery," presented by the Society of American Magicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

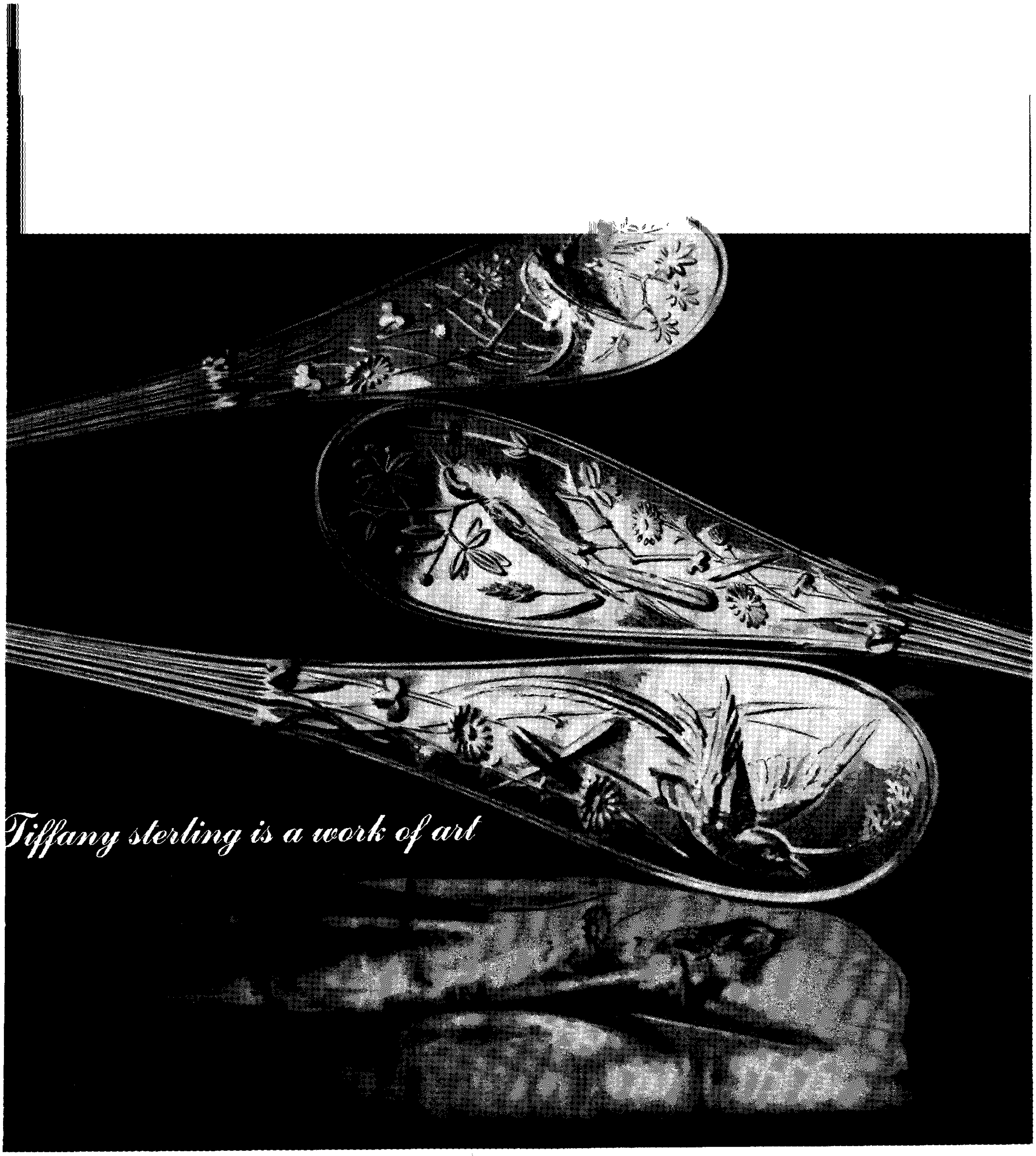
(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box resumes its expansive way of life on Monday, April 11, to make houseroom—at dinner and supper every night but Sunday—for Marguerite Piazza, a fine figure of a Metropolitan soprano with a full supply of suitable head and chest tones, and for Louis Nye, a possibly too knowing humorist. Around the whole evening will be the Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide.

BARBERRY, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new annex to the celebrated Barberry Room is apt to remind customers of the late Little Club, mainly because it *is* the Little Club, redivivus—candy-striped upholstery, cheery dance band, and Billy Reed, head man. Horace Diaz runs the band during the week—Mondays through Thursdays from nine to two, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three. Sundays, another band operates. Mr. Reed operates all the time. Easter Sunday, there will even be a dance band from noon to five, too.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2500)—Seemly doings, seemly sound in seemly surroundings—i.e., the ground-floor restaurant. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cubans execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—It doesn't matter when the sun sets on this sector of the British Empire, for none of its colonials would be caught dead in daylight anyway. Incidental music to talk and dance to is offered (by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Charles Bubeck's band) in the grand salon; in the Champagne Room, people who are just taking a rest cure listen to fiddle and pianoforte. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for all occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Vic Damone, prince of the realm of the Fancy Dan singers, is zinging and swaying in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, where quantities of dance music issue from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The duo does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On a clear night, you can see . . . And on most any night you can hear the welkin ring when Jonah Jones, a jolly master of ceremonies, puts trumpet to lips and kicks off with a real, if small, dance band. They are on duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty, Sundays not included.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The Society for the Preservation of the Big-Band Sound meets every evening but Sunday. Its current pleader for equal time is the crew of Count Basie, now (at long last) available not only for sound but for dancing. On Monday, April 11, The Basies make way for a group led by Urbie Green, another good man. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The overhauled Maisonette is still making up its mind—is it a nocturnal library or is it an art gallery ablaze with murals?—but the guests remain single-minded; dine and dance is their purpose. The sound men—Charles Turecamo's orchestra (city-slicker music) and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is next door, Jani Sarkozi's violin is again in action, seven until twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

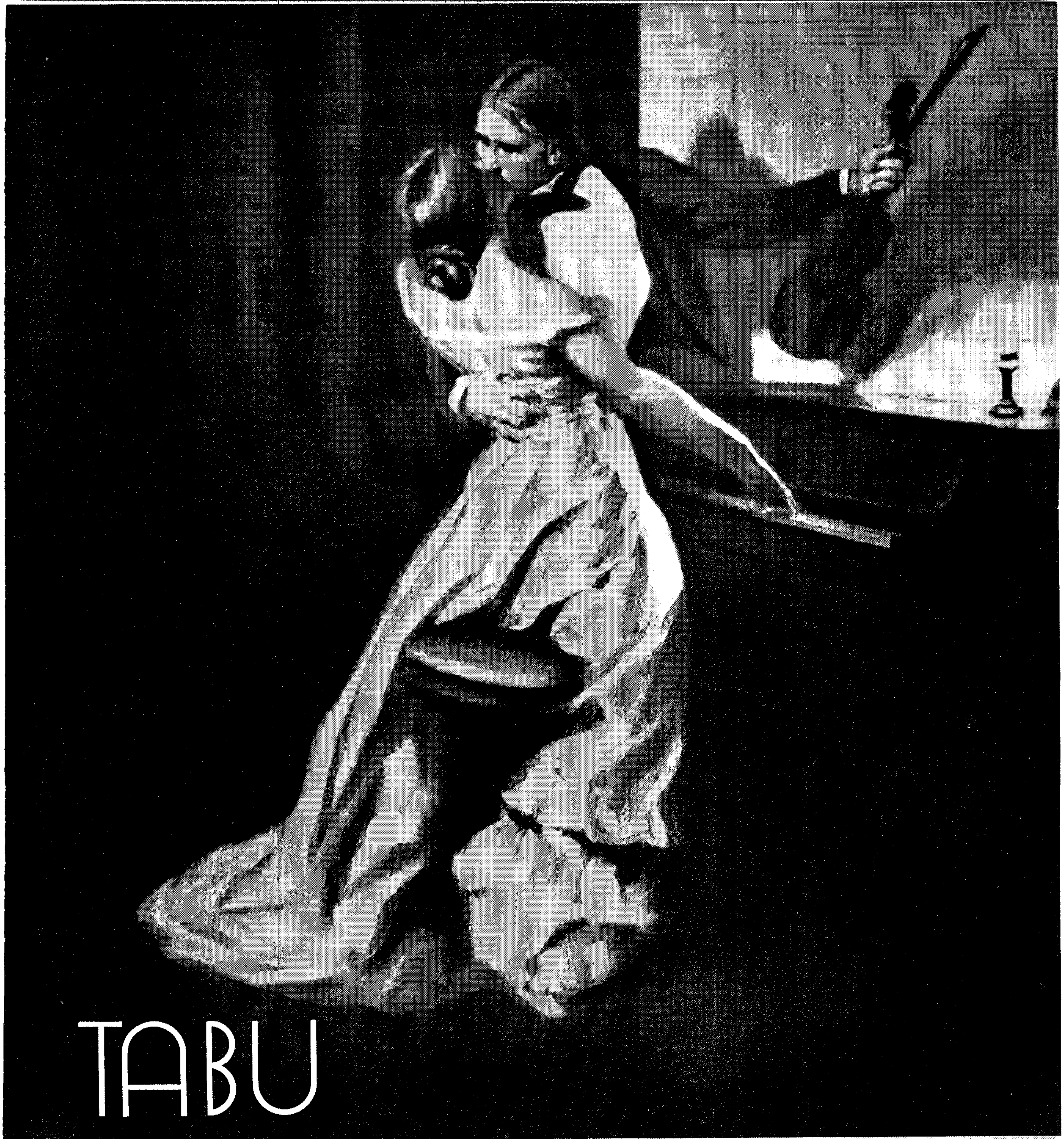
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley is on a special timetable because of Easter: No dancing Thursday and Friday, April 7-8, but Ray Hartley's bright, brisk piano between five-thirty and nine-thirty; Saturday, April 9, Mr. H., from cocktails through dinner, and dancing from nine to one; Easter, complete silence at night. On Monday, April 11, back to normalcy: dancing from nine to one night after night. On Tuesday, April 12, Mr. Hartley resumes his cocktails-through-dinner piano.

Note—At **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), footing it featly is the only dance within the law; no fruggers or hugger-muggers need apply. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name, for the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): On the main floor, the clock has stopped in the nineteen-thirties. Here, never early in the evening, one is likely to catch the ditties of Jimmie Daniels, night mayor of the period, and of Mary Small, and sometimes, too, the Theda Bara arias of Nancy Steele. Murray Grand does good-cheer piano. . . . ¶ Bobby Short, Master of the Hounds of Spring, begins his tantivy of song and piano (only the best of both) upstairs, in the **ESPIONAGE ROOM**, no sooner than ten. His men-at-arms on the podium are, naturally, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Both floors are dark Sundays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN S**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Too young to leave their mothers, too decorative to be kept home—that is the clientele hereabouts. The counterpoint is the dum-dee-dum piano of Mr. Malkan, prop., who works out from seven until a very late date, even on Sunday. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It doesn't matter when the customers arrive, for if the musicians are not thumbing their way through Italian romance literature, some singer or other is giving Puccini his due or doing a similar favor for Broadway. This music is delivered night after night, and an easy-does-it dance band also operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The merriest toilers among the electronic performing arts get away from them all to the enormously vibrant tune of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome, which is on duty every night but Sunday, when other groups ruminate. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is that noble seigneur Tibor Rakossy; the soprano really doesn't matter. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he has blundered into a rehearsal of "La Traviata" when his waiter suddenly becomes Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Four characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Bob Emma, banging and chanting away at a condemned upright; the rest of the crew is Bob Gibson's threesome, which does songs of the open road. The humming begins around seven, and lasts and lasts, during the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A new New England homestead devoted to the care and feeding of young and old, as well as to frequent music—George Taylor's threesome, which has been known to break into song. The working hours are nine to three, except Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose late-night songs are collectors'



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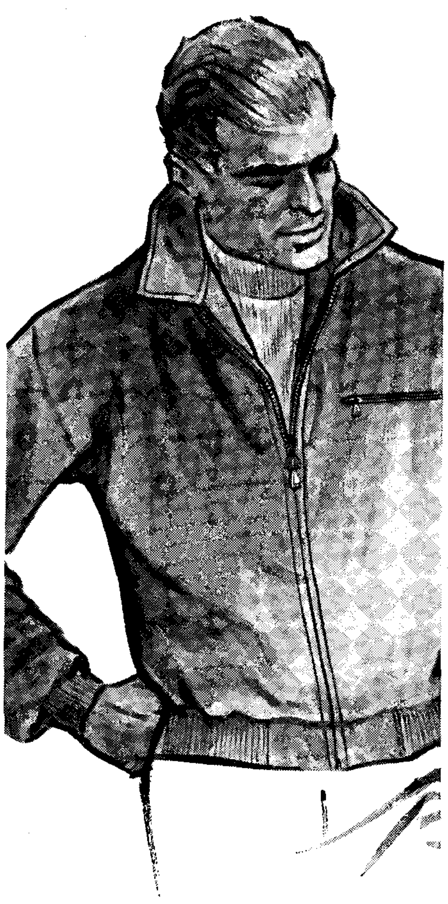

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

items, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He stays home Sundays.

Note—The discothèque, an epidemic phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. At intervals, the pioneers submit to an Indian uprising led by Killer Joe Piro and his dancing class, who have invented or perfected every conceivable *outré* dance but the Oliver Twist. The music, partly Western Union and partly live, begins at seven-thirty and lasts until three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free, and every man to himself, every girl to herself. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. The music is sometimes robot, sometimes human. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. Closed Mondays.... **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name, and just as original. The *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers are *sui generis* and amusing; the music, partly storage battery and partly real (that is, the Chambers Brothers), runs from nine-thirty to three. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The extremely handsome arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. The tableside manner of Inaki & Carlos, who are part of the menu, is full of guitar and song from here, there, and everywhere else. They perform from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays.... **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, there is sedate piano for anyone who is dining between seven and one. No music Sundays.... ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. ... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, a worldly lot, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to cajolery. He is on duty in this sumptuous refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the brigade of peregrinating musicians. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Along this stretch of Bailey's Beach, the watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are distributed from eight-thirty until about two. Closed Sundays.... **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a summer dusk) in the Seven Hills, Mario Peralta plies an age-old bandonion from seven to nine, extracting from it any number of joyous sounds. Easter, he will be on display from one-thirty until eight-thirty.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays.... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays.... **SHERATON GLADSTONE**, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, a bar that takes only Sundays off, Delos Rios, a just arrived Chilean pianist and singer, is turned on from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bobby Darin—twenty-nine musicians, point-blank contact with a microphone, cock-of-the-walk manner—could be any one of a hundred pop-tune singers, but instead he is a true king of the road, and a bit of a wit, too. With this exhilaration come the big, blond Copa ballerinas, ad-libbing their choreography as they go along, and Bobby Ramsen, whose humor is triphammer and little else. On Thursday, April 14, a new cavalcade: Leslie Uggams, a mere but pretty slip of a soprano, and Billy Baxter, whose specialty is jokes. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and nobody thinks to turn it off until four or so.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Paris when it sizzles, or at least when it comes to a boil, as seen through the eyes of a sensitive tripper. During the evening, a lot of meaningful girls race on and offstage, among them a splendid specimen of catamount named Betty Jo Alvies. Pay strict attention to them; never mind the overwrought Hungarian ballet troupe. Seekers of curios will discover Pinky Lee, once the sandman for many a very young addict of television. Dancing for the diners, too.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nothing is ever quite what it seems in "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, for every prank, every parable, every bit of poesy turns out to be a witty engine of destruction. Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, and Liz Sheridan are the avenging angels of the cast; Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts fill out a squadron of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Let it never be said that moss, Spanish

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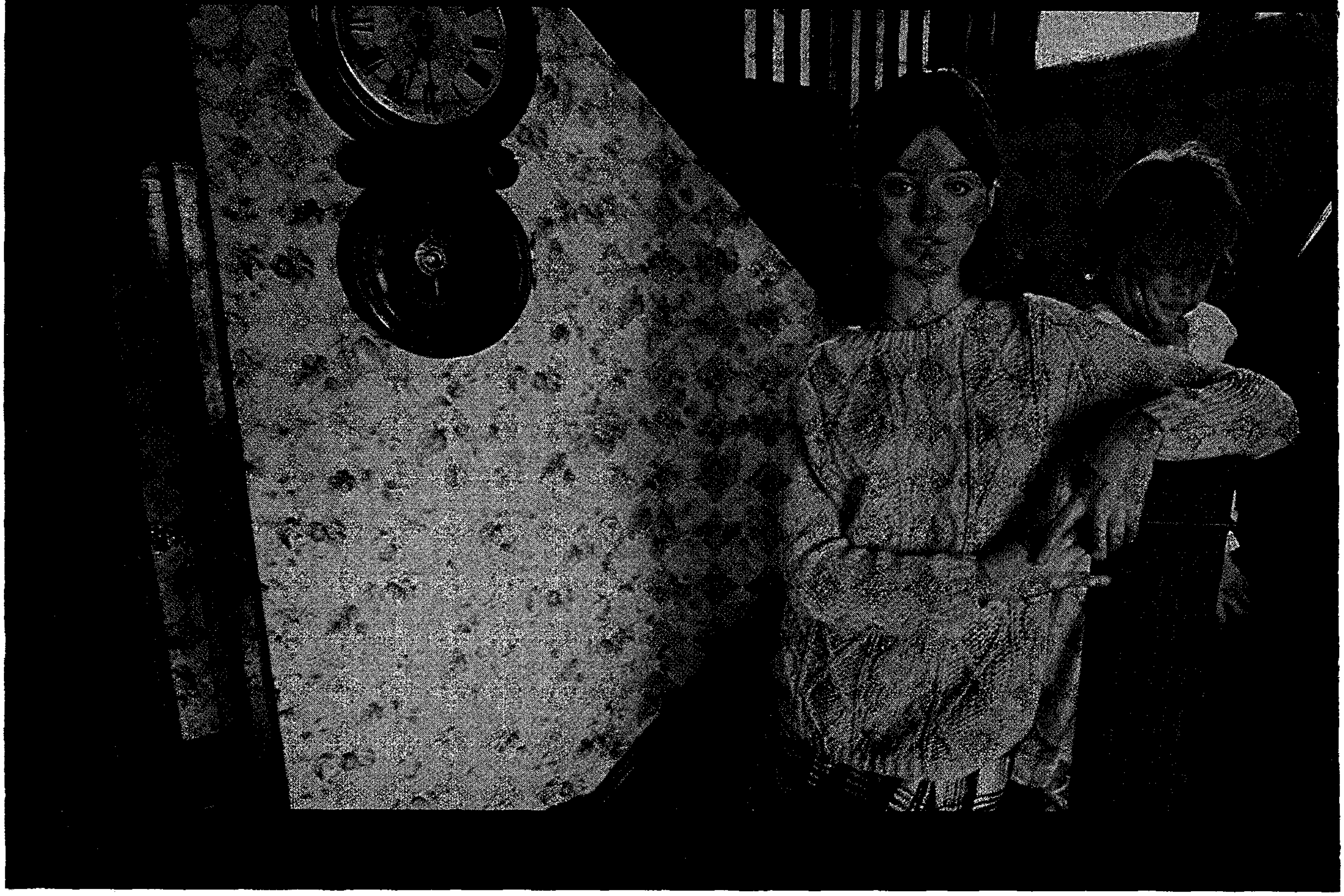

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Jacqueline Cochran

Flowing Velvet
Jacqueline Cochran

or otherwise, grows on the feet of Joaquin Robles and his troupe of young ladies as they wheel through their Iberian whirlwinds. Also present: Juan Lejido, an offhand troubadour who has plenty of fun with the current crop of Andalusian arias. These performers turn up at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Mario Escudero and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the revue here, never would be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. R. G. Brown is up to his usual knowing tricks, and he is given loyal aid by Fannie Flagg and Richard Blair. Twice a night, except Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The centerpiece is Joan Rivers, who is using the shop as a laboratory to test (sometimes, of necessity, to destruction) her comic ideas on how to split a personality in two hundred pieces. Steve Perry, a recent acquisition from London, is the tenor; the well-remembered Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Nothing happens before ten. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Thursday, April 7, is closing time for the perennial, unfailing Coleman Hawkins and staff. Friday through Sunday, April 8-10, Miles Davis, whose horn is always in deep mourning, will be heard through this land, along with his quintet. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen—all exulting at their temporary respite from studio work; Hank Jones, Bob Brookmeyer, and other eminences are usually included. On Tuesday, April 12, the facile Mose Allison and trio begin another visit. Sundays, there are matinées (five to nine) as well as evening sessions. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion, Dave Pike's jazz triad, arriving late, plays urgent feeding music every night but Monday, and Sunday afternoons (five to nine) the Jazz Inter Action Group plays urgent coffee-and-cakes music. . . . ¶ In the grotto there is the resplendent Miriam Makeba, whose purpose is to let freedom ring in Africa, too. She will keep on singing through Tuesday, April 12. Among her companions, who will vanish along with her, is Dick Cavett, a really funny young man. Wednesday, April 13, Teri Thornton starts sopranoing and Cannonball Adderley's quintet starts thundering. Friday, April 15, Dick Gregory, front-line correspondent, will be added to the cast. All hands depart on Saturday, April 16. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A *Brauhaus* whose only brew is coffee and whose bent is our folkways. The Bitter End Singers treat country music as not only a hootenanny but as a hoot. Further jesting is done by Howie Storm, a new hand. Tracy Newman, a novitiate folk soprano, takes her work more seriously. On Wednesday, April 13, the Geezinslaw Brothers, whose comedy involves more than just their name, will replace the Bitter Enders. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every note is fraught. The quintet belonging to Art Farmer, who gives his listeners honest measures, is now prevailing. On Friday and Saturday, April 8-9, Cannonball Adderley's posse will be around, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Abbey Lincoln has fun with her ballads, more siren than serene, and Max Roach, for whom the word is formidable, is right there behind her with his fivesome. Their free-form flauntings occur every night except Monday, when another band is in charge. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The music to dance to that was invented by our forefathers is once again dance as well as listening music. It is turned out by Mr. Condon and a hearty squadron, such as Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, and Cliff Leeman. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often cheerful, now and again considers "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual Zutty Singleton is reaping the whirlwinds he so enjoys sowing, and he gets tremendous help from Red Allen, additional help from Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, there is even a bagpiper on the podium, too. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. To top it off, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Nina Simone, high priestess of Delphos, is singing—to the sound of her own piano and trio—at nine and eleven week nights, and at one as well every Friday and Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the very heart of a new young people's Nighttown. The sawdust on the floor, the foam on the beer are stirred at the moment by the Roy Haynes quintet, which, on Tuesday, April 12, will be replaced by McCoy Tyner's foursome. Mondays are always assigned to a free-lance group.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings and a few sculptures; through Saturday, April 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 16. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Figurative paintings; through April 23. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARIANE R. BERMAN—Paintings, lithographs, and woodcuts of carnival, beach, and park scenes; through Saturday, April 9. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

POL BURY—Moving sculptures; through Saturday, April 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

PIETRO CONSAGRA—Abstract bronze sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, April 16. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

VIRGINIA CUTHBERT—Landscapes; through Saturday, April 16. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE—Nanas, which are colorful, blimplike dolls representing women; through April 23. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSALYN DREXLER—Paintings; through Thursday, April 14. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE GLICKMAN—Small bronzes; through April 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstractions; through April 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HARTELL—Landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, April 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEOFFREY HENDRICKS—Paintings; through Saturday, April 9. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—An exhibition of paintings

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from the Bauhaus years, marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through May 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Abstract oil-and-sand paintings (1965); through April 23. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Phillip King—Polychrome sculptures by a British artist. First one-man show in New York; through April 30. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

John Koenig—Paintings; through Wednesday, April 13. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

Loren MacIver—Landscape, figure, and still-life paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Heinz Mack—Aluminum and stainless-steel constructions by a German artist. First one-man show in New York; through April 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ronald Mallory—Constructions; through Saturday, April 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Tad Miyashita—Collages; through Thursday, April 7. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

Gabriele Münter (1877-1962)—Fifty years of her paintings (1906-56); through April 30. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Pop art; through Saturday April 9. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Raymond Parker—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, April 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Abbott Pattison—Sculptures in bronze and silver; through April 23. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings and drawings of nudes; through April 23. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 23. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Schanker—Wood sculptures; through April 30. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract oils; through April 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Clara Skinner—Optical paintings; through April 23. (Castellane, 764 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Simeon Solomon (1840-1905)—Paintings and drawings; through April 23. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Raphael Soyer—Portrait and figure paintings; through April 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sahl Swarz—Abstract sculptures, mostly in iron and concrete; through April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

William Thon—Oils and watercolors of Maine and Italy; through April 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Allen Tucker (1866-1939)—Landscapes, marines, street scenes, and interiors with figures; through Saturday, April 16. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andy Warhol—Wallpaper and clouds; through April 27. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass and cast-bronze sculptures; through April 23. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Arline Wingate—Sculptures, mainly of plant life, in bronze, brass, stainless steel, and marble; through April 23. (Funt, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lehman Collection—A benefit (thirty-five dollars) tour of the Robert Lehman mansion at 7 West 54th Street, with its collection of paintings, furniture, glass, and tapestries. (*Tuesday and Wednesday, April 12-13, from 2:30 to 5:30 and 8 to 11.* For information about tickets, call EL 5-3300.)

Romantics and Realists in French Painting (1820-70)—A benefit loan exhibition of works by Chasseriau, Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Delacroix, Gericault, Millet, and Theodore Rousseau; through May 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

The American Sculptor 1900-30—Pieces by artists ranging from Frederick MacMonnies to Alexander Calder; through April 30. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-ninth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 24. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **aca**, 63 E. 57th St.: "Protest Paintings–U.S.A. 1930-45," an exhibition including works by Ben Shahn, Reginald Marsh, and George Grosz; through April 23. . . . **aca heritage**, 63 E. 57th St.: A show commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters, with works by Thomas H. Benton, Arthur G. Dove, Charles Sheeler, and others; through Saturday, April 9.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **cordier & ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Man Ray, Isamu Noguchi, and Jean Dubuffet are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of objects, collages, and paintings; through April 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such artists as Chagall, Giacometti, and Pollock; through Saturday, April 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Modigliani, and Calder (to mention a few); through April 23. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: "Fantastic Realism, the Vienna School," an exhibition of paintings by Brauer, Fuchs, Hausner, Hutter, and Lehmden; through Saturday, April 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings and prints (by Rembrandt, Monet, Cassatt, and others) from the collection of the Electra Havemeyer Webb Fund, which will subsequently be housed in the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont; through April 23.

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Five Chilean painters and one sculptor, Sergio Castillo; through Saturday, April 16. (Zegri, 10 E. 8th St. Closed Mondays; open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Japanese; Group Show—Five artists from Kyoto—Tadashi Motomura, Shoji Matsumoto, Taisuke Hamada, Miyako Sekikawa, and Koen Okada; through Saturday, April 16. (Daché, 78 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through May 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and collages (1941-55) by Nicolas de Staël, together with European drawings by such artists as Gianfranco Baruchello, Eduardo Paolozzi, and Antoni Tàpies; through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, April 11, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Works by contemporary American sculptors (for instance, Roger Bolomey, David von Schlegell, and John Chamberlain), assembled by the Lipman Foundation and the Whitney Museum; through May 15. . . . ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, and drawings by the nineteenth-century marine painter James Hamilton; through May 22. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and prints by George Bellows (1882-1925); through May 1. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures and recent paintings by Max Ernst; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 5. Closed Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Designing for the Theatre by Jo Mielziner," a showing of scene paintings (1928-65) for "The Little Show," "Guys and Dolls," "Death of a Salesman," "Winterset," and many more; through May 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through Saturday, April 9. . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Primitive oils, watercolors, and carvings from the collection of the New York State Historical Association in Cooperstown; through June 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 7, at 8: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, Mary Ellen Pracht, Jon Vickers, Sherrill Milnes, Morley Meredith, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Friday, April 8, at 1: "Parsifal," with Anita Valkki, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Friday, April 8, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Frank Guarrera, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 2: "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Jeanette Scovotti, Elena Cernei, Anselmo Colzani, Barry Morell, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Monday, April 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Franco Corelli, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 12, at 8: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Mary Ellen Pracht, Jon Vickers, Ezio Flagello, Morley Meredith, Ernst Wiemann, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 13, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Mignon Dunn, Gladys Kriese, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 14, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Elena Cernei, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, Justino Díaz, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Anita Valkki, Pekka Nuotio, Ernst Wiemann, Thomas Stewart, and Arturo Sergi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Heidi Krall, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Clifford Harvuot, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: A benefit concert of operatic excerpts marking the company's final performance in the old opera house. With whole regiments of singers and conductors of the very first stripe. Nostalgia and, no doubt, tears will abound.

Brooklyn Opera Company—"La Bohème." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lukas Foss conducting—Performances of Bach's "St. John Passion" on Thursday, April 7, at 8:30; Friday, April 8, at 2:15; Saturday, April 9, at 8:30; and Monday, April 11, at 7:30 (all with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; Richard Lewis and Charles Bressler, tenors; William

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Warfield, baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; the Schola Cantorum of New York; and three boys' choirs); and a varied program on Thursday, April 14, at 8:30; Friday, April 15, at 2:15; Saturday, April 16, at 8:30; and Monday, April 18, at 7:30 (all with Leon Kirchner, piano).

London Symphony Orchestra—Istvan Kertesz conducting the last in a series of concerts, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 7, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final performance of the season here, with Maria Stader, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Temple University Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 13, and Friday, April 15, both at 8:30, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 14, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program, with Abbey Simon, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program, with Mr. Simon.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the final performances of the season. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 8, at 8:30, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano; and Friday, April 15, at 8:30, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, April 10, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Late Late Concert Players—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 11:30.)

Oberlin College Choir—Robert Fountain directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, in a benefit concert, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Note—On Easter, at noon, the Radio City Music Hall Choral Ensemble, directed by Leon Zawisza, will take part in a program of Easter music in the lower plaza at Rockefeller Center. Robert Rounseville, tenor, will be the soloist.

RECITALS

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Mildred Miller—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. *Tuesday, April 12, at 8:30.)*

Music in Our Time: 1900-66—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Donald Erb and Harold Schramm. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, April 13, at 8.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. TR 9-8300. Wednesday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Valentina Levko—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—*Juanita Hall, in a blues program, with Claude Hopkins and his orchestra. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Monday, April 11, at 9 and 11:30.)*

SPORTS

Baseball—First league games here—Yankees vs. Detroit. (Yankee Stadium. Tuesday through Thursday, April 12-14, at 2.) . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta. (Shea Stadium. Friday, April 15, at 2, and Saturday, April 16, at 2:15.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 9.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 16.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 16.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 9; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, April 13; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 16. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N. J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays (and Monday, May 30) at 1:45, from Saturday, April 16, through Monday, May 30. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Saturday, April 30. The Barbara Fritchie, Saturday, April 9, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, April 16.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—Operas-in-Brief, presented by the Amato Opera Company. Friday, April 15, at 11:30 and 2:30: "Hansel and Gretel." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 11:30: "The Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2:30: "The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.)

Stage Shows—By the B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Golden Melon." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 9, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 9; Tuesday, April 12; and Friday, April 15, all at 2:30.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Wizard of Oz." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, April 9, through Saturday, April 16, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Ching Ling and the Magic Peach," Saturday, April 9, through Saturday, April 16, at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday, April 9, through Saturday, April 16, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MARA AND HER COMPANY: "Princess Qua-Qua." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 9, at 3.) . . . PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday, April 9, at 1 and 2:30; Easter at 1; Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12, at 1 and 2:30; Wednesday, April 13, at 1; and Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, *at 1 and 2:30.)* . . . *PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:* "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Tuesday through Saturday, April 12-16, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, April 9, and Monday through Saturday, April 11-16, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Mother Goose Magic Show," Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Wednesday, April 13, at 12:30. . . . ¶ "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Monday and Tuesday, April 11-12, and Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 1 and 2:30. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN *1-2283.)* . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Rumpelstiltskin," Wednesday, April 13, at 11. . . . ¶ "Aladdin," Thursday, April 14, at 11. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show, "The *Meaning of Spring," describes the motions of* the earth and the causes of the seasons, and compares our seasons with those of other planets. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, April 7, at 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturday, April 9, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday, April 11, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 12-15, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7:30; and Saturday, April 16, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

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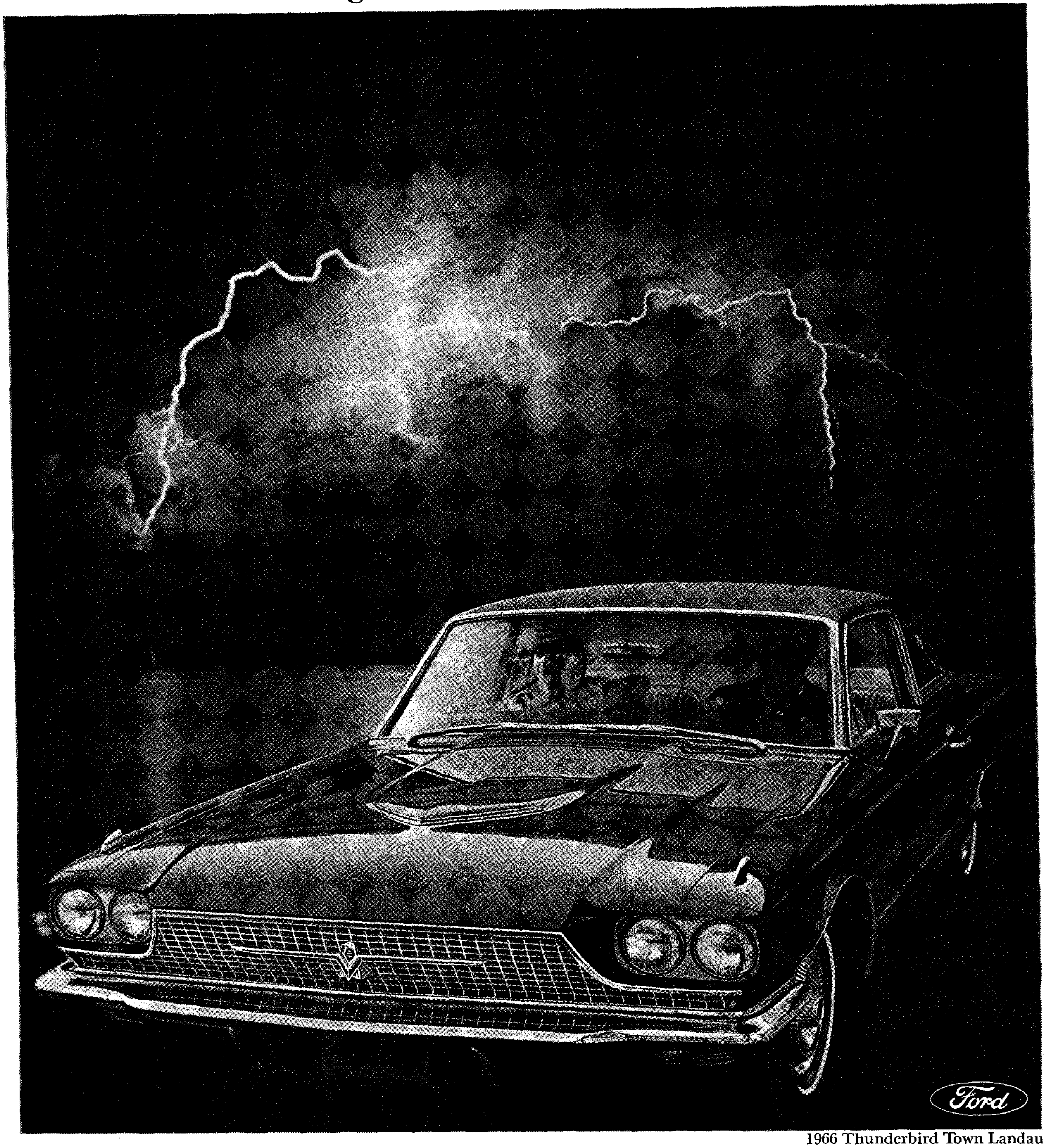

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

MOVIES—"The Red Pony," with Robert Mitchum and Myrna Loy, and "Donald in Math Magic Land," a Walt Disney cartoon. (Art Theatre, 36 E. 8th St. Saturday, April 16, at 10. For tickets, call TR 7-9050.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under for the last time this season on Saturday, April 9.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Thomas Kinsella reading from his own works. (Washington Square Room, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Wednesday, April 13, at 4:15. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory repeats the traditional white lily cross and also includes displays of tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, and other spring flowers. (Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, April 17.)

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—A lavish display of new cars, representing manufacturers from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden, and the United States. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 9, through Sunday, April 17. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 7, at 1:45: Old-master and Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings by such artists as Benson, Lucas Cranach the Elder, and Daubigny; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 9, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd—April 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Young and the Passionate" (1956), in Italian, with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Breathless" (1961), in French, with Jean Seberg and *Jean-Paul Belmondo*. . . . ¶ *April* 9 at *11:30*, 3, and 5:30: "Los Olvidados" (1952), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel. . . . ¶ April 10-11 at 2 and 5:30: "The Youth of Maxim" (1935), in Russian. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Chapayev" (1935), in Russian. . . . ¶ April 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Queen Elizabeth" (1911), with Sarah Bernhardt; and "Assunta Spina" (1915). . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." April 7: "Making a Living" (1914), "In the Park" (1915), "Jitney Elopement" (1915), and "One A. M." (1916). . . . ¶ April 8-10: "A Film Johnnie" (1914), "Shanghaied" (1915), "The Tramp" (1915), and "The Floorwalker" (1916). . . . ¶ Starting April 12: "Twenty Minutes of Love" (1914), "Caught in a Cabaret" (1914), "Work" (1915), and "Behind the Screen" (1916). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director was John Schlesinger. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 13.)

Dear John—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Shariff milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—An overlong, overambitious farce, though with good things in it. Starring Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Natalie Wood, and directed by Blake Edwards. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 12. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 13, tentative.)

The Group—Mary McCarthy's celebrated novel about some members of the Vassar Class of '33 has been conscientiously brought to the screen, but it lacks Miss McCarthy's bite. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Candice Bergen, James Broderick, James Congdon, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Help!—The Beatles again, and who can resist them? (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting April 13, tentative.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 10-12.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 9.)

The Leather Boys—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a brilliant study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Merrier than it sounds, thanks to the direction of Sidney J. Furie. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 13.)

The Loved One—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Robert Morse, and Rod Steiger. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Moment of Truth—The Italian director Francesco Rosi offers his opinion of the beauty and horror of bullfighting, with the famous Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin in the leading role. In Italian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 11, last showing that day at 2.)

Morgan!—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo. A brilliant English movie, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday, April 7, at 8:30; Friday, April 8, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday, April 9, at 10, 2:30 and 8:30; Easter at 2:30 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, April 11-13, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—More death-defying capers à la mode de Bond, with James Coburn in the title role. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through April 12. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting April 13.)

Shakespeare Wallah—James Ivory leads a cast of Indian and English actors through a rueful and modest tale of present-day India. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Shop on Main Street—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—A strong, old-fashioned, no-nonsense melodrama with an intricate plot and excellent acting by Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director was Martin Ritt. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting April 13.)

The 10th Victim—A very witty movie about the twenty-first century, when murder has become a form of useful play. Starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress, and directed with zest by Elio Petri. (In Italian at the Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through April 9. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 13. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting April 13.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 12. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting April 13, tentative.)

Thunderball—The best, as well as the most opulent, of the James Bond daydreams. Sean Connery again, and the director is again Terence Young. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through April 12, tentative.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 8.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 9.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 13.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 8-11.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 8-11. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 9.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 12.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo and others. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; April 9.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through April 10.)

Night and Fog (1962)—A classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 12.)

On the Double (1961)—Danny Kaye as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 12.)

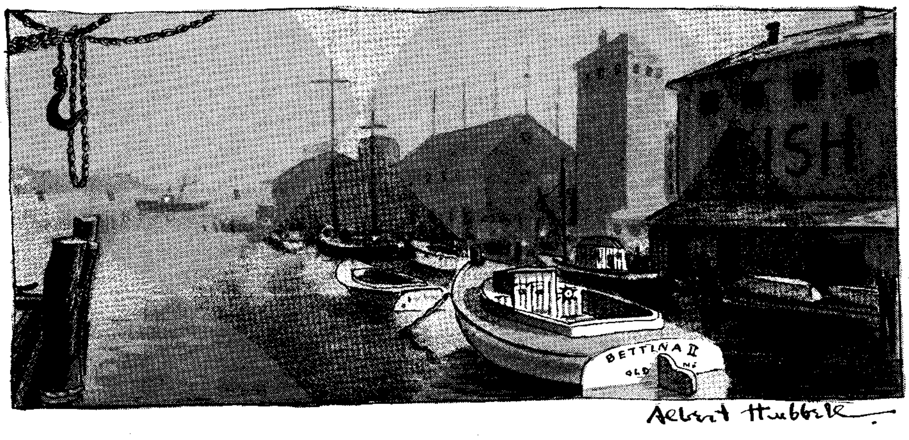
Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical soundtrack. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 8.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—A picture demonstrating that to be a child in a Russian village is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 9.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting April 12.)

The Troublemaker (1964)—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 7.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Other Events," page 17.



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GROUP.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Thursday through Saturday, April 7-9, at 2:30 and 8:30; Easter at 2, 5, and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, April 11-13, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Singing Nun," Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Flame and the Fire," a French documentary film, with an English narration.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Starting Friday, April 8, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through April 12: "Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Thursday and Friday, April 7-8, at 8:30; and Saturday through Tuesday, April 9-12, at 1, 4:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)
From April 13 at 8:30: "Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Opening night by invitation only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE LOVED ONE; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 12: **OUR MAN FLINT.**
From April 13: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian); and **DARLING.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 12: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.
From April 13 (tentative): **THE GREAT RACE**; and **HELP!**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE GROUP.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MORGAN!

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE GROUP.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fantomas" (in French), Jean Marais.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Greatest Story Ever Told," Max von Sydow.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
April 7: "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason; and "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden.
April 8: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten.
April 9: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.
April 10: "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer; and "Jumbo," revival, Doris Day, Stephen Boyd.
April 11: "Two Weeks in Another Town," revival, Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson; and "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
April 12: **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival; and "Act One," revival, George Hamilton, Jason Robards.
From April 13: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 12: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From April 13: **OUR MAN FLINT.**

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 12: **THE GREAT RACE**; and "The Big Time Operators," revival, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.
From April 13 (tentative): **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 12: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From April 13: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 12: "Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer; and "Frankenstein Meets the Space Monster," Robert Reilly.
From April 13: **THE 10TH VICTIM**; and **DARLING.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 12: "The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.
From April 13: "The Silencers," Dean Martin.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 7: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (in French), revival; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (in Japanese), revival, Denjiro Okochi.
April 8-11: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
From April 12: **THE TRIAL**, revival; **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and "Alphaville" (in French), Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through April 10: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
From April 11: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 12: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From April 13: **THE LEATHER BOYS**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 12: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From April 13: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 12 (tentative): **THUNDERBALL**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.
From April 13 (tentative): **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and another feature, to be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 12: **OUR MAN FLINT.**
From April 13: "The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 9: **THE KNACK**; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
April 10-12: **THE IPCRESS FILE**; and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From April 13: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian); and **DARLING.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Tryst" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Love Eterne" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 9: "Goin' to Town," revival, Mae West.
April 10-11: "One Hour with You," revival, Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald.
April 12: "The Mark of Zorro" (silent), Douglas Fairbanks.
April 13: "The Saturday Night Kid," revival, Clara Bow, Jean Arthur.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through April 11: "Sallah" (in Hebrew).
From April 12: "The Girl Getters," Oliver Reed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through April 9: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian).
From April 10 at 8:30: "John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"La Fuga" (in Italian), Giovanna Ralli, Anouk Aimée.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 11 (last showing that day at 2): **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian); and "Kiss Me Deadly," revival, Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker.
April 11 at 6:30, 8:15, and 10: "Way Out West," revival, Laurel and Hardy; and a short with Charlie Chaplin.
April 12-13: "All Quiet on the Western Front," revival, Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim; and "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," revival, Paul Muni.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 12: **ON THE DOUBLE**, revival; and "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," revival, Spencer Tracy.
From April 13: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian); and **DARLING.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 7: **THE TROUBLEMAKER**, revival; and "The Guest," revival, Donald Pleasence.
April 8: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
April 9: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (both in Russian and both revivals).
April 10: "Queen of Spades" and "Eugene Onegin" (both in Russian and both revivals).
April 11: "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival; and "My Name Is Ivan" (in Russian), revival, Kolya Burlaiev.
April 12; Prokofieff's "Cinderella," revival, in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps; and "Dimka" (in Russian), revival.
April 13: "Khovanschina" (in Russian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

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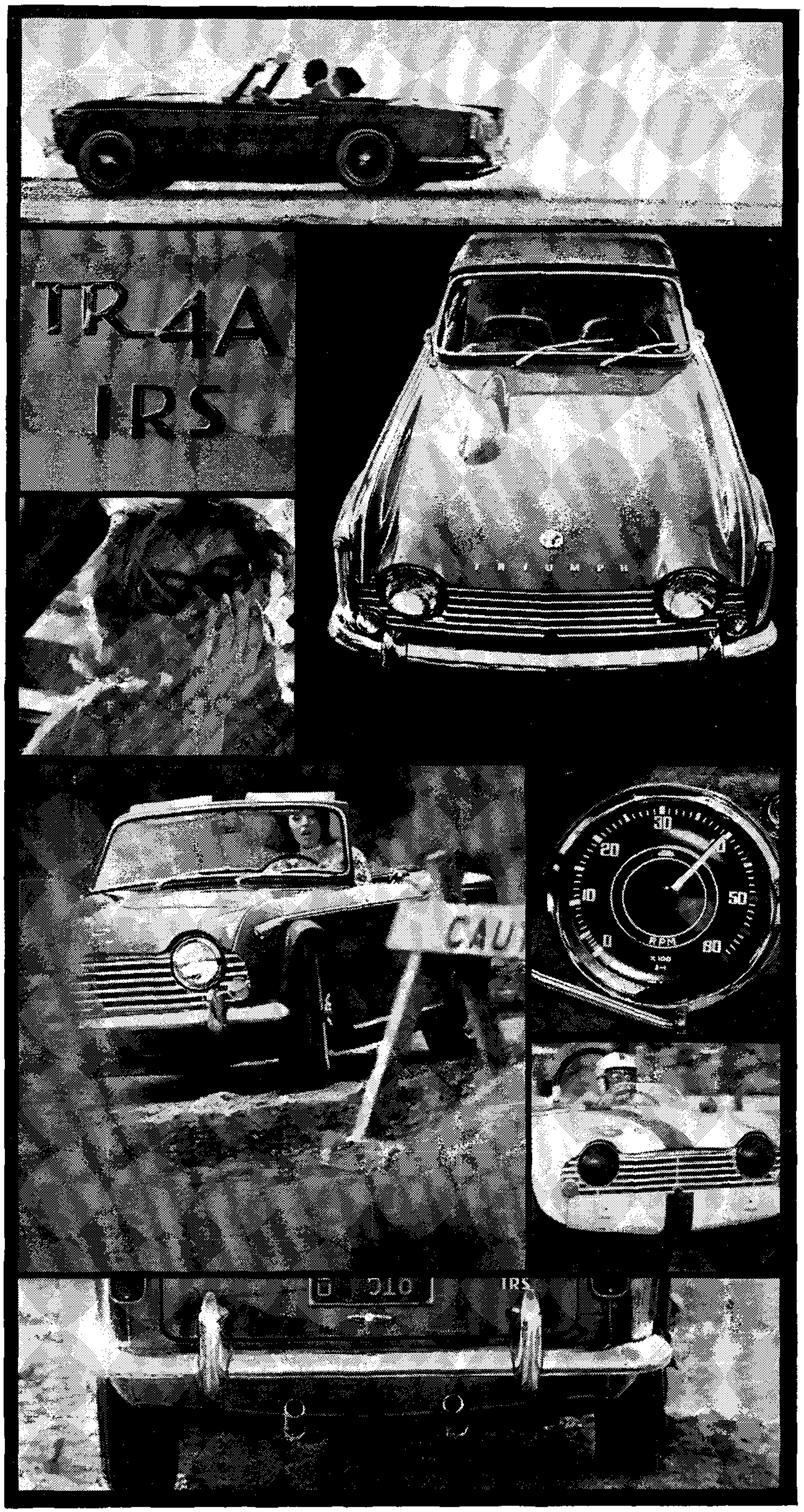

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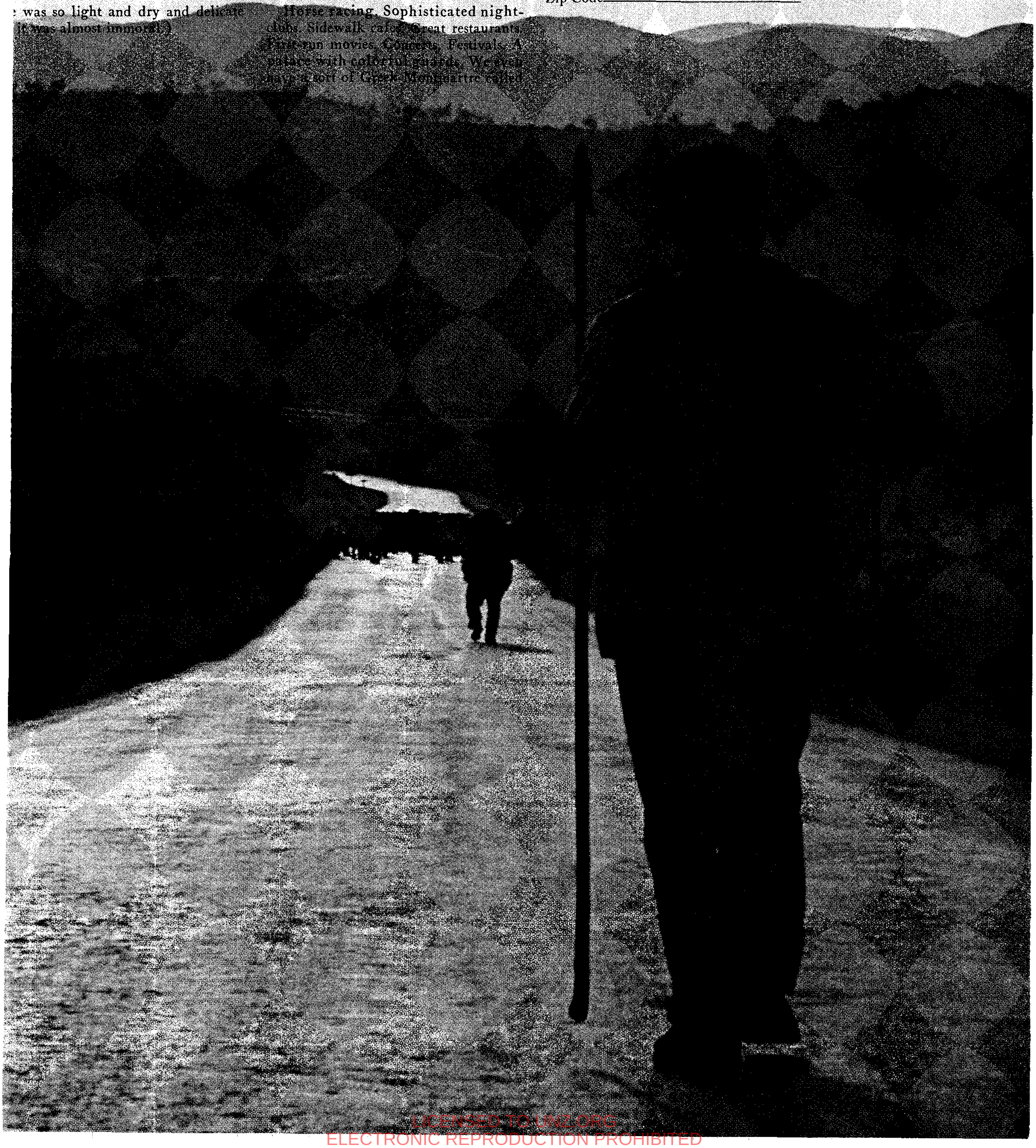

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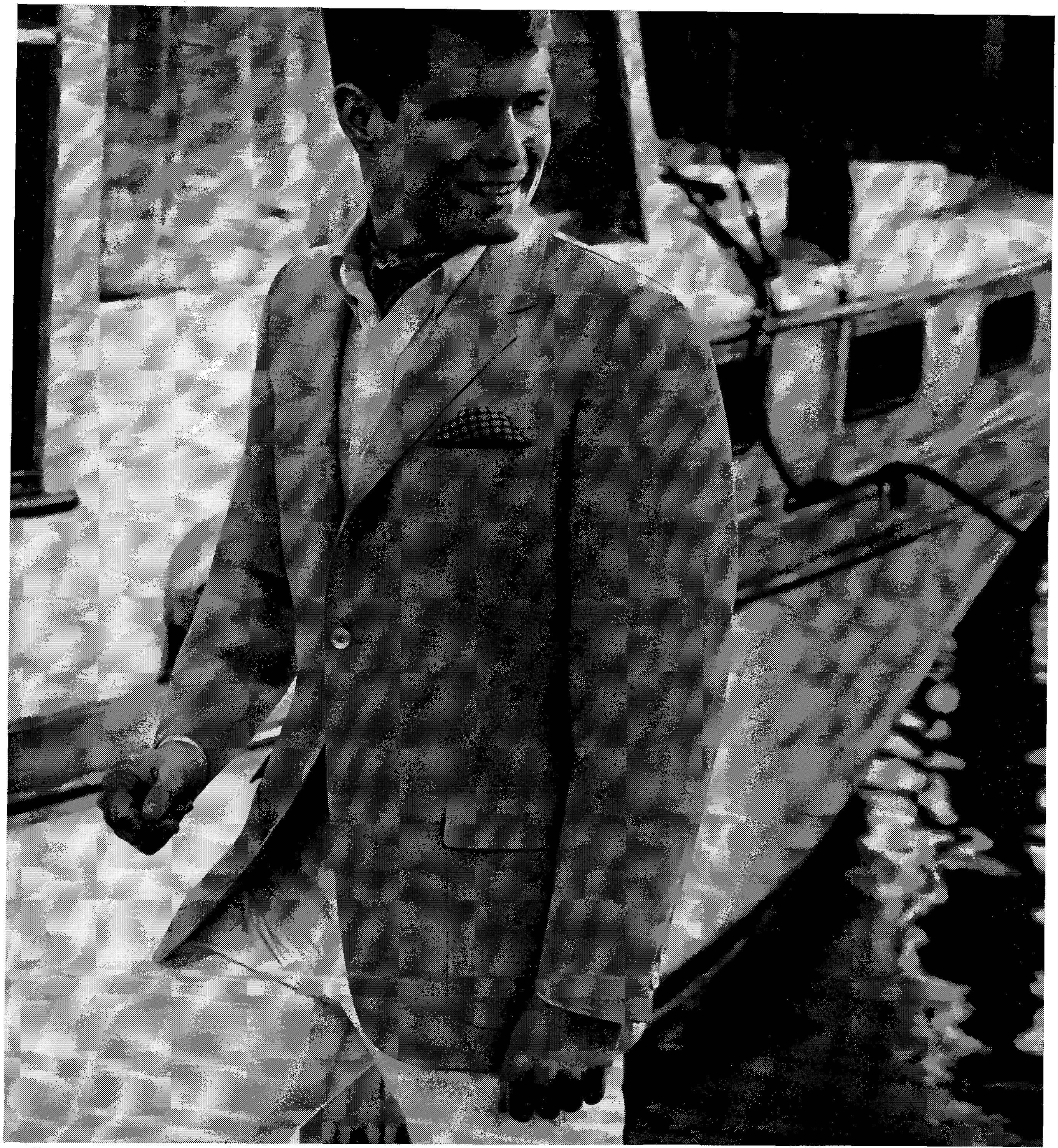

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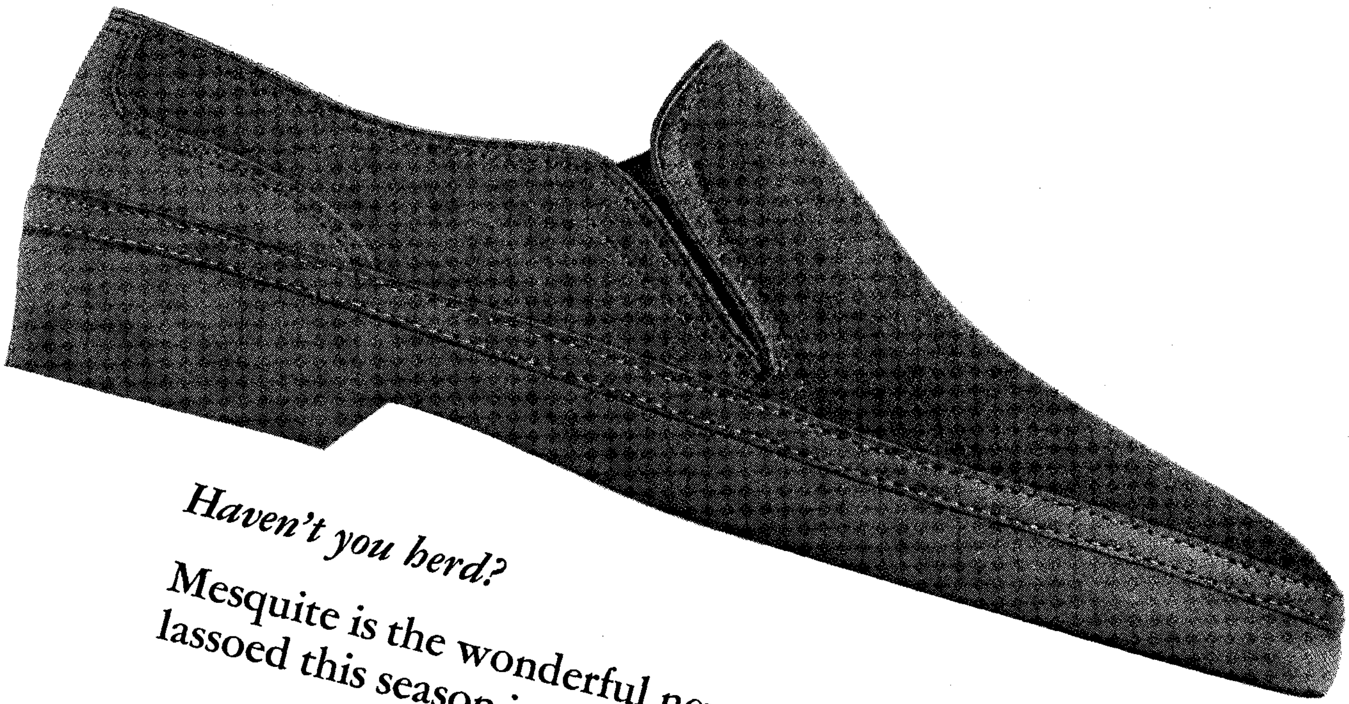

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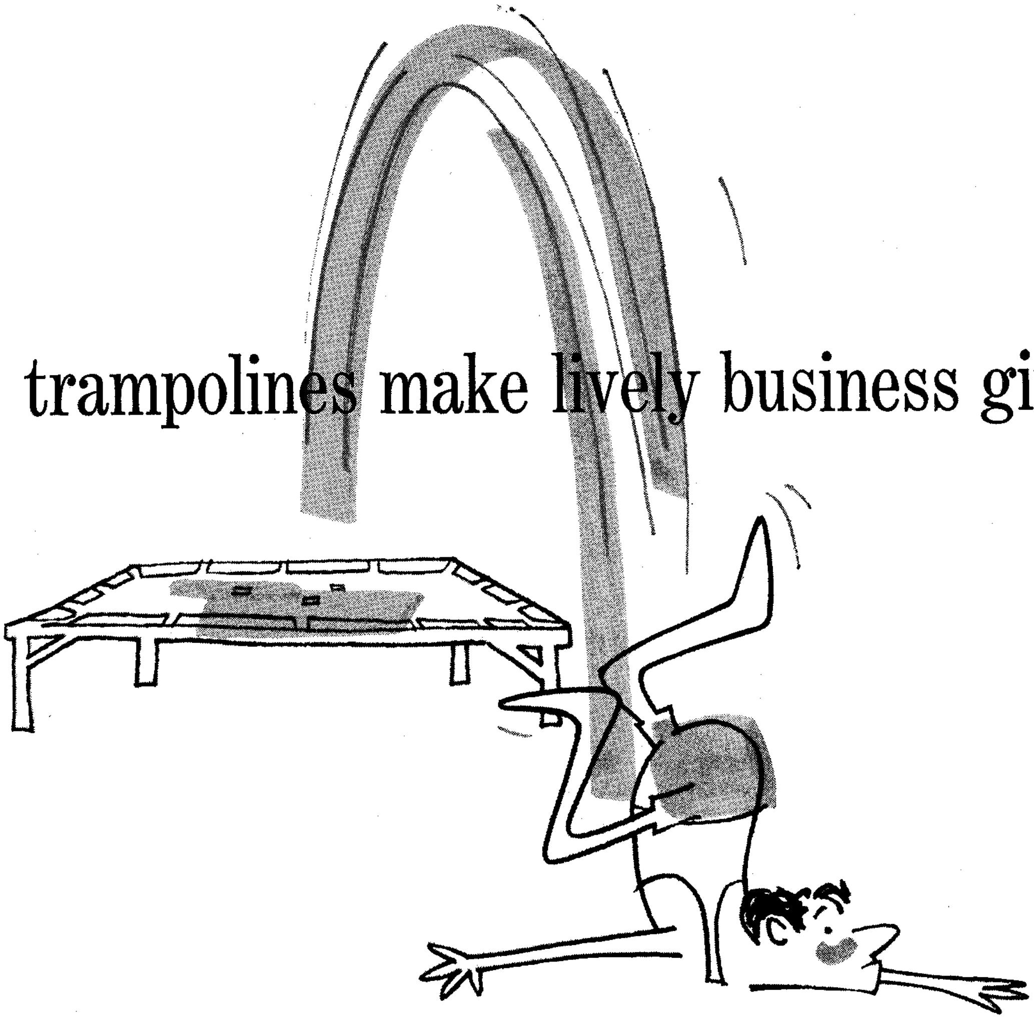

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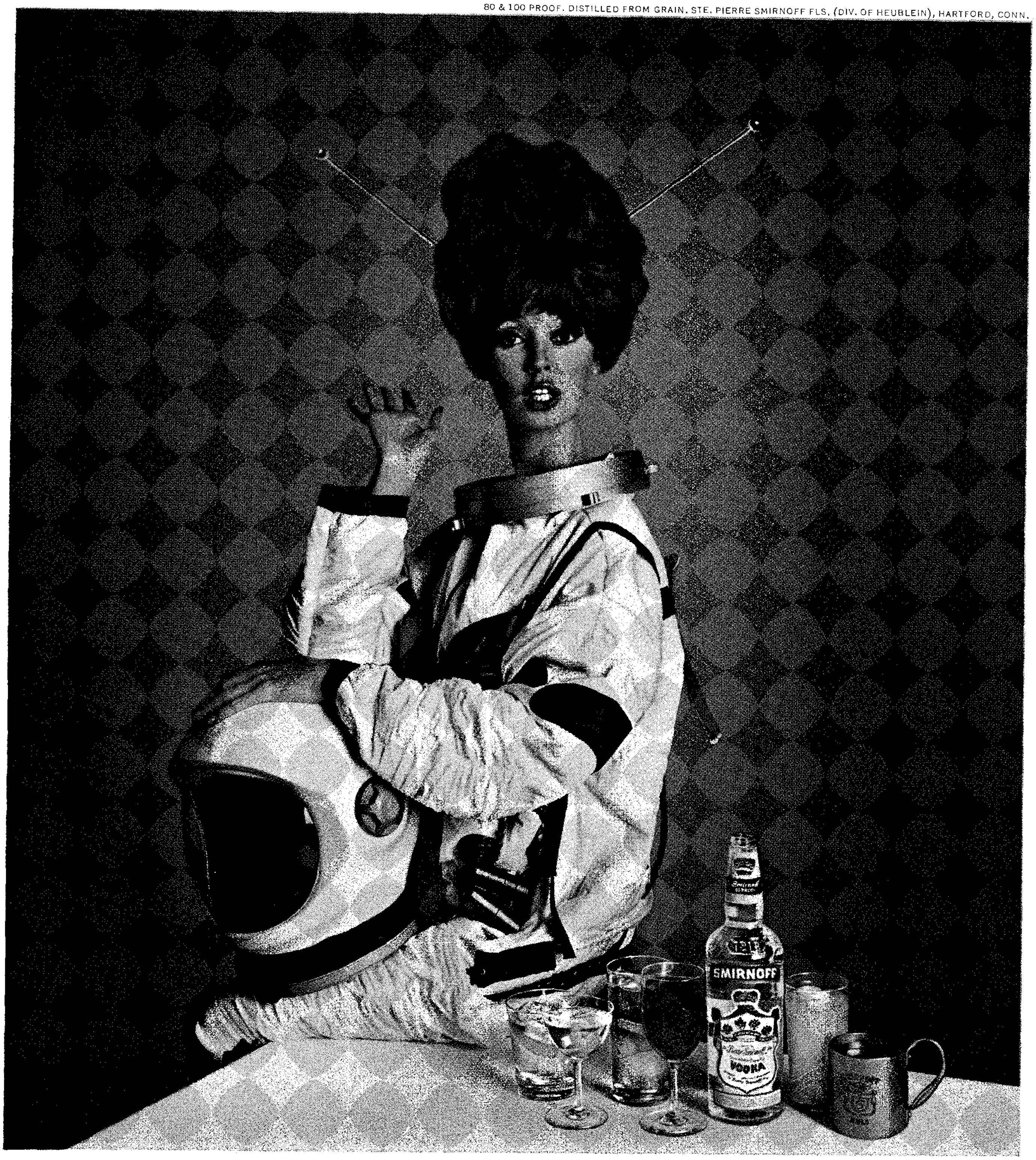

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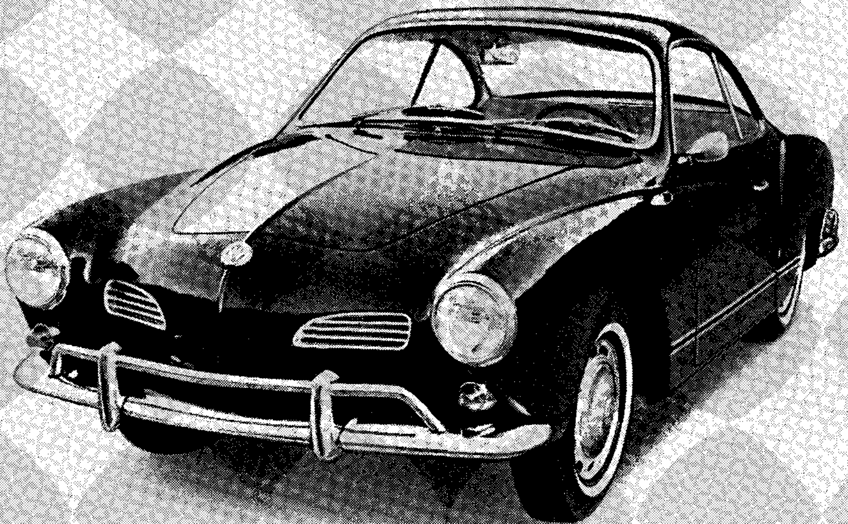
Maybe you don't want to drive a wild horse, or a man-eating tiger, or a killer fish...



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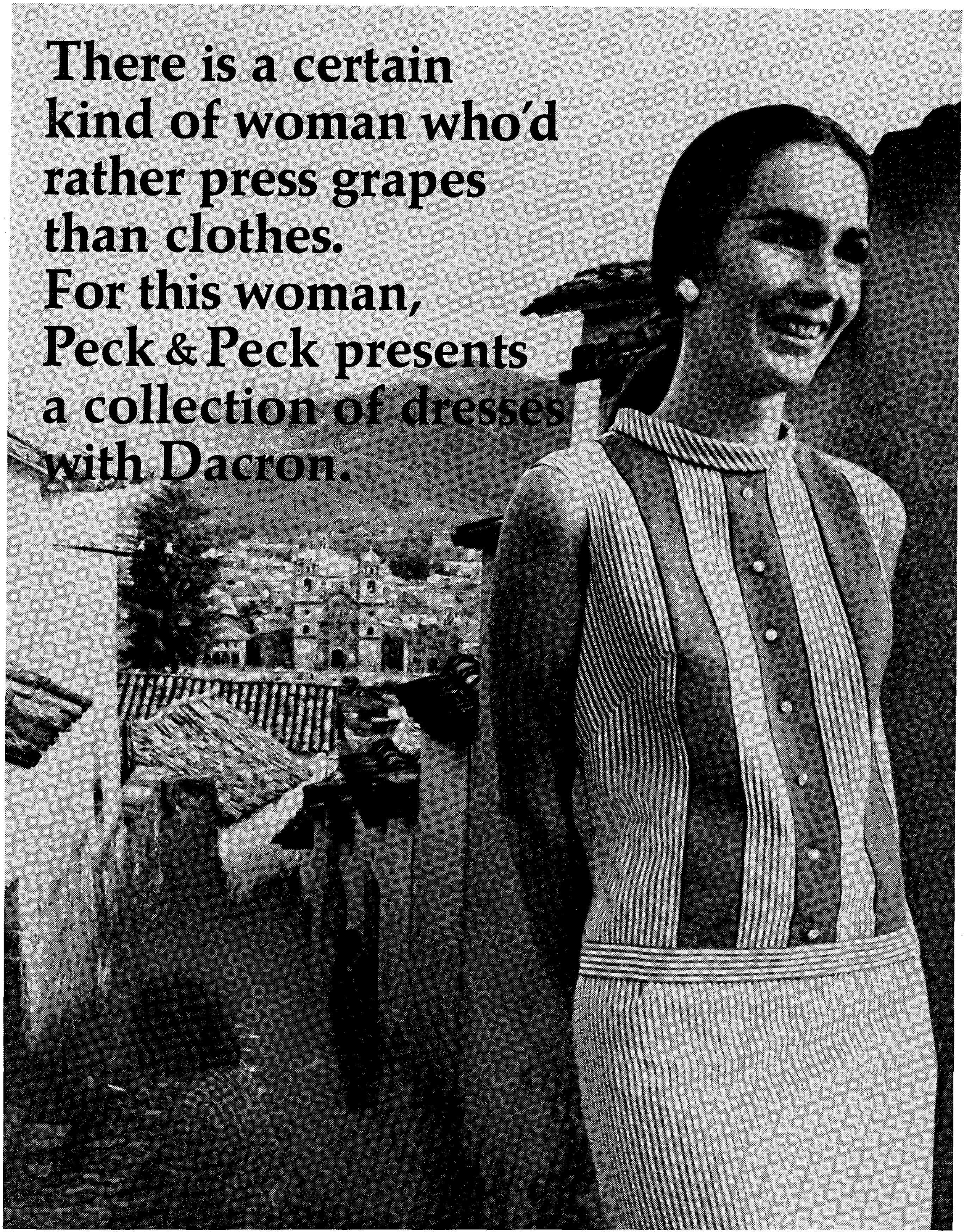
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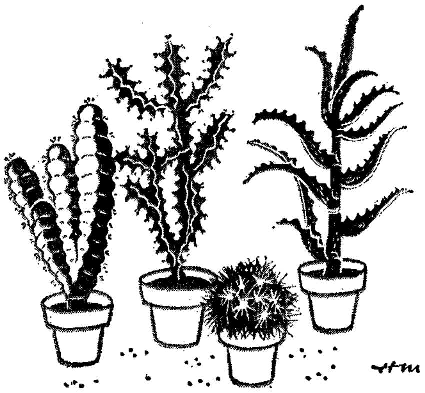
THE NEW YORKER

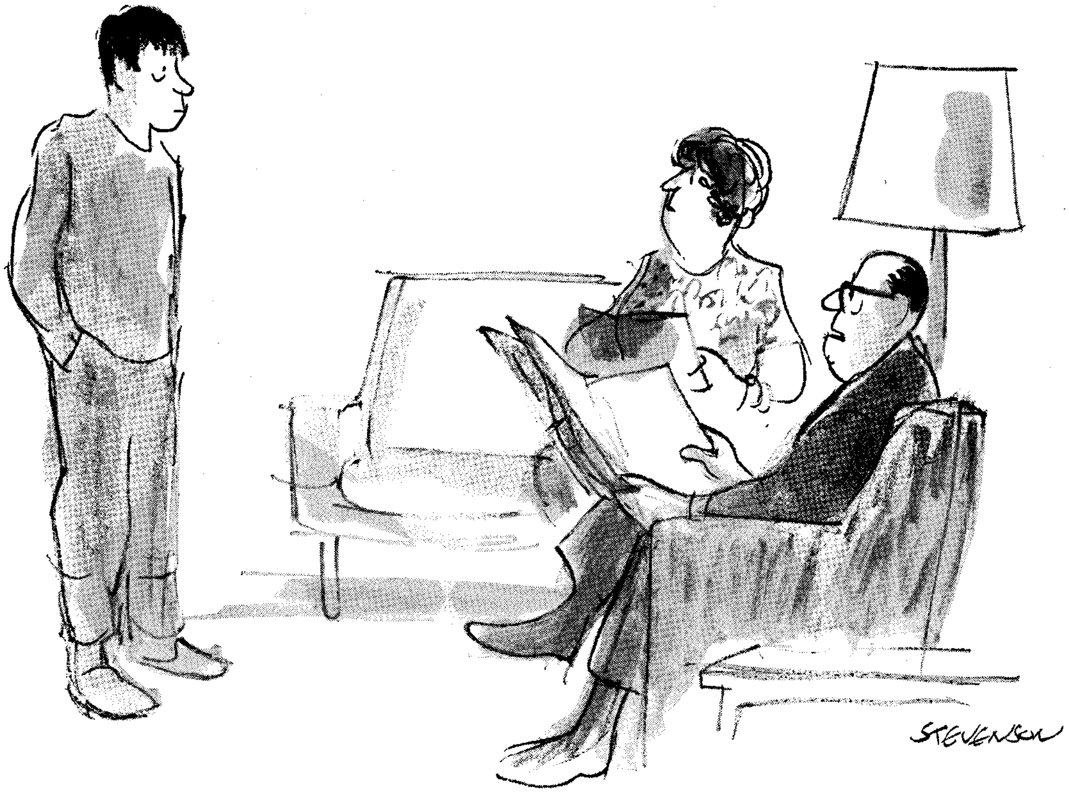
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RALPH GINZBURG has been sentenced to jail for pandering pornography. Too bad his name is not Gustave Flaubert or James Joyce, but this is no reason for sending him to jail, and we can only agree with the dissenting justices on the dangers of government by private idiosyncrasy. A judge who prohibits as sinful whatever may tempt him projects his own moral prescription, and therefore his private personality, with all its ills and itches, onto the entire community. Only in a pyramidal society, where the Word descends from Above unto the obedient citizen, and cannot be discussed, is the judge himself exempt from judgment. In a circular society, the game of judging never ends; the judge must be judged, for it may be that he is guilty of being too innocent. But what *is* obscene? The concept of obscenity is more perishable than the rose in the glass on our desk. (We change the rose every second day and the water every day, or it will reek.) And this is because society is perhaps the most delicate product of our mind; it is certainly not a machine—as so many people would like it to be, because a machine society would exempt them from the duty of doing their own thinking. As the scene changes, so does obscenity. In a society where not only the rose on the desk but even soap and water are forbidden by law ("Thou shalt not wash thy dirty laundry in public" is the basic totalitarian dictum), people send their laundry abroad and grow their roses in secret—dangerous practices, for which they may get seven years at hard labor. In 1913, it was regarded as obscene in New York to mention venereal disease on a stage, but it was not obscene to let thousands be infected and their children be born blind or deformed, because these things happened offstage. After great fights with the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, a play translated from the French was produced that demonstrated that the protection of the whole population by means of honest medical warnings was the decent thing. But the primness of certain police officials and self-appointed guardians of public morals was obviously indecent, and to protect it at the price of so much obscene damage to public health was anti-social, not to say plainly criminal. In our civilized age, it is considered obscene to mention the unsafety of certain cars, but it is not considered obscene for the makers of those cars to spy into the sexual life of the man who warned the public and thus may have prevented many tragic accidents on the highways. Ralph Ginzburg was obviously not in business to express anything artistic or to warn his numerous readers against any dangers. His offense was that he stole the show from the stage of the prim-prurient business and made it into an independent show of his own. But what of the obscene show staged by news-hungry reporters who besieged his young wife until she consented to make a public statement? It was the papers that printed her statement, we think, that were guilty of obscenity. The poor girl had a sacred right to keep her anger and confusion to herself, and exposing her to public ridicule and righteous indignation was far more indecent than all the obscenity published by her husband, plus a good part of the obscenity that comes to us with the mass media every day, urging us to buy things we don't need, with money we don't have, for lewd rewards that simply don't exist.



THE local chapter of the American Institute of Architects wants to save the Metropolitan Opera House—or at least its auditorium—by putting a forty-story office building on top of it. This is a breathtaking proposal, and we are all for it. If such an expedient had been devised sooner, think of all the historic or just beautiful buildings, or parts of buildings, now gone forever, that we might still be enjoying. Pennsylvania Station springs to mind, and the Aquarium, and the old brownstone Bank of New York, the Wendell and the Vanderbilt and the Brokaw mansions, the Empire Theatre, the ballroom of the old Ritz, the Murray Hill bar, the Mark Twain house, the Brevoort and the Lafayette, the Claremont Inn, the Central Park Casino! The mind reels. If these had been somehow encapsuled in their giant successors, we'd all be the better for it. But the fact is, of course, that these monuments, occupying such potentially lucrative footage, had no way of resisting the pressures of free-enterprise, or fast-buck, real-estate development, any more than the temples of Abu Simbel had any way of holding back the waters of the Aswan Dam. But, come to think of it, we could take a hint from the enormous rescue operation that is being carried out at Abu Simbel, where the whole shebang has been sawed up and is being reconstituted an eighth of a mile to one side, out of harm's way. We could set up—on Ellis Island, perhaps—a great cultural silo, as big as the needs required, to which charming but outmoded landmarks could be transplanted intact, out of the way of the Tishmans and the Urises. It would be a growing thing, like coral, and many architects and city commissions and building-trades workers would be perpetually employed fitting the components together harmoniously. And ev-



"Suppose you were Pat Nugent, young man. What do you think Lyndon Johnson would have to say about your appearance?"

erybody would have a nice place to go of a Sunday after the whole of Manhattan is paved over and glassed in.

• •

FROM Bad Axe to Bethesda the happy news comes in. Flying saucers! Mysterious lights in the sky! Strange, glowing objects hovering over swamps and, at the approach of man, lifting away with a sound like ricocheting bullets! We read the official explanations with sheer delight, marvelling at their stupendous inadequacy. Marsh gas, indeed! Marsh gas is more appropriately an image of that special tediousness one glimpses in even the best scientific minds. Let the experts postulate, but until they come up with something better than marsh gas, we feel free to speculate. Our theory is that flying saucers are not of this earth. The beings who control them are attempting to make contact with man in the gentlest possible fashion. Their social sciences having advanced as far as their technological sciences, they know that sudden simultaneous landings in the capitals of the world would bring about a philosophical and conceptual trauma from which mankind might never recover. They are therefore engaged in a gradually accelerating program of appearances—a sort of reverse strip tease, whose speed is determined by man's ability to entertain the possibility of their existence. At the present moment, we see them as being about to enter Phase Two of the program. In Phase One they spoke (we might even say they whispered) to man's collective unconscious through myth, folklore, and the newspapers' silly season. In Phase Two, tripped off perhaps by the semantic differences between the utterly fantastic surrealism of "flying saucer" and the much more receptive "U.F.O." of current usage, they will speak to man directly. Undoubtedly they see a relation between man's ability to go out into space and man's ability to believe in something's coming in. We stand firmly behind this theory and will defend it at parties. But we seek no converts. The spirit of the thing demands that everyone should have his own theory. Time machines slipping in and out of space warps! Glimpses of sunlight from a parallel world in the fourth dimension! Night-blooming air flowers floating down from the Arctic! Our brain loosens after a long winter, fresh air sweeps through us, and the universe expands in all directions.

Saucer Flap

A SHARP increase in the total number of the U.F.O.s sighted during the past year has, of course, caused considerable excitement in local flying-saucer circles. Saucer buffs, or "ufologists," point out that the Air Force's Project Blue Book, the best source of saucer statistics, has recently published a list of eight hundred and eighty-six sightings for 1965. Most of these U.F.O.s have been dismissed, if not as marsh gas, then as meteors, planets, stars, satellites, balloons, birds, planes, or cloud formations, but there are two sets of figures that have not been disposed of: eighty-five objects that are "unidentified because of insufficient data," and sixteen objects that are simply "unidentified"—by which the Air Force means that the report of the object sighted "contains all pertinent data necessary to suggest a valid hypothesis . . . but the description of the object or its motion cannot be correlated with any known object or phenomena."

Although the 1965 list is the third-highest in the nineteen-year history of Project Blue Book, it doesn't begin to compare with the vintage year of 1952, when there were some fifteen hundred sightings (including a number of fast-moving lights that were tracked on radar over Washington, D.C., and later picked up visually by Air Force pilots), or with 1957, when there were a thousand sightings. As for 1966, it has got off to a very promising start with the U.F.O. flap in Michigan. (The ufological definition of a flap is a concentration of sightings in a small area within a short period.) The Michigan flap is either a remarkable case of mass hysteria or a U.F.O. classic. After all, on the nights of March 20th and 21st more than a hundred and thirty people saw that glowing, football-shaped object, about the size of an automobile, hovering near the ground, the object being described as grayish-yellow, with flashing lights fore and aft. When the Air Force team that investigated the flap concluded that the object had consisted of luminous marsh gas, their explanation satisfied none of the people who had actually seen the object.

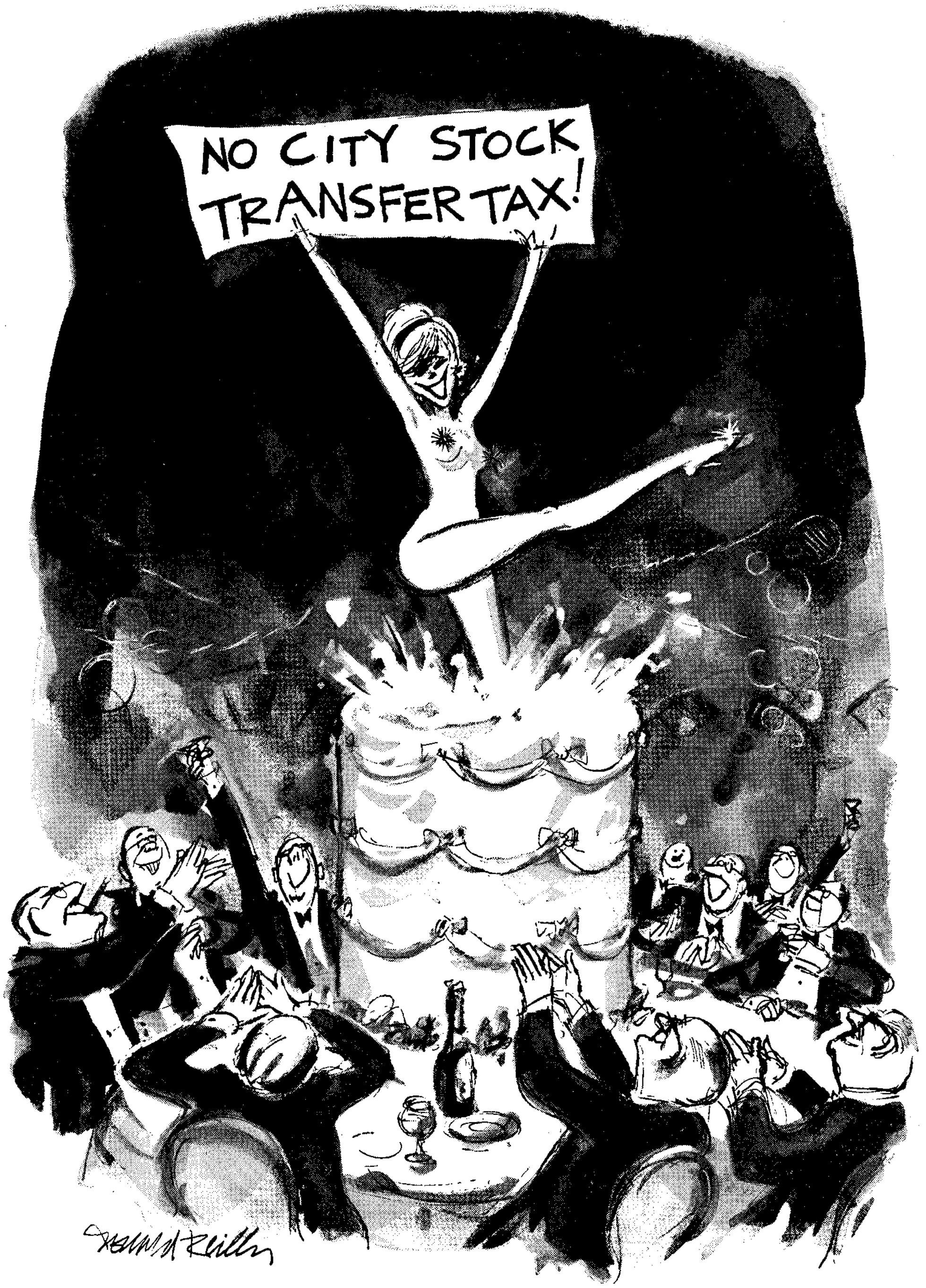
We talked the Michigan flap over with three local ufologists, and found them both elated and alarmed. Mr. José Cecin, who works for Pan American Airways and heads the New York Subcommittee of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, said that the Committee had been urging a congressional investigation of U.F.O.s since 1957 and that the Michigan episode might finally lead to action.

(Representative Gerald R. Ford, of Michigan, has just called for such an investigation.) Cecin's organization, known for short as NICAP, is the largest and most conservative of the saucer-research groups; its headquarters, in Washington, receives confidential reports from civilian and military pilots (who would hesitate to mention U.F.O. sightings publicly, because of the notoriety they would receive), and its director, a retired Marine Corps major, is convinced that the Air Force knows a lot more about the subject than it is willing to admit. Mr. Cecin agrees. "Project Blue Book classifies 6.4 per cent of *all* U.F.O.s as unidentified, but our statistics indicate that this figure should be doubled, or even tripled," he said. "Moreover, the percentage of unknowns seems to be rising annually. We think the Air Force should prepare the public for the cultural shock of a landing on earth by beings from outer space, instead of trying to lull us into a false state of security."

Our second ufologist, Mr. James W. Moseley, who is the president of the Saucer and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society and the editor of a sprightly journal called *Saucer News*, took a more philosophical view of the situation. "Saucers have been around for thousands of years," he said. "Obviously, *they* long ago discovered *us; we* have only just discovered *them.* One of the early U.F.O. sightings is noted in the Old Testament. The prophet Ezekiel saw something very unusual on the banks of the Chebar River in 593 B.C. He took it for a vision of God, but his description of the object—'a great cloud, with brightness round about it, and fire flashing forth continually, and in the midst of the fire, as it were gleaming bronze'—is strikingly similar to many modern accounts. From this 'cloud' descended four living creatures, evidently extraterrestrial. Ezekiel said they sparkled like burnished bronze, possessed four wings and four faces apiece, and had the hands and legs of men and the feet of calves. Not a bad description of some of our contemporary space suits."

According to Mr. Moseley, ufologists are divided into two antagonistic camps. One camp is content to have observed moving lights or solid objects in the sky, and the other camp is made up of people known as contactees, who claim not merely to have seen objects in the sky but also to have seen and, in some cases, made contact with intelligent space beings. Mr. Moseley leans toward the belief that some contactees may be telling the truth. "We have several hundred reports on these encounters, and a pattern seems to emerge," he said. "A saucer or egg-shaped object lands in some isolated area and small, humanoid beings appear. Usually, they don't say anything, and nearly always they act as if they were afraid of human beings. Sometimes we get reports of contactees who have travelled to other planets; in such cases the contactee finds exactly what he expected to find. For example, a farmer from Missouri reported that he had visited the planet Mars and that it had a segregated society."

Our third ufologist was Mr. Michael J. Campione, New Jersey representative of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, which is a contactee group based in California. Mr. Campione gave us specific instructions on how to behave in the presence of a U.F.O. "Keep calm and notify the law-enforcement authorities as quickly as possible," he said. "Stay at least two hundred feet away from the landing area. U.F.O.s can cause burns, shock, leukemia, paralysis, and radiation sickness. If you should receive an invitation to visit a U.F.O., proceed with caution. If, having approached a U.F.O., you fail to see an open door in the craft and also fail to receive a mental message in the succeeding half hour or so, that is a pretty good sign that you are not wanted on this particular voyage. Speaking for myself, I haven't yet observed a U.F.O. landing, but I am using mental concentration in an effort to achieve a contact. I hope to attract a U.F.O. to my back yard by concentration one of these


NO CITY STOCK TRANSFER TAX!
Donald Reilly

nights. If I'm lucky, the occupants will ask me aboard. If they take me away with them, I will make every effort to leave a message behind."

•

DIALOGUE overheard in the lobby of a midtown office building, between two booted working girls:

FIRST GIRL: "Phyllis's dentist kissed her today."

SECOND GIRL: "Oh, him! He kisses everybody."

Berrigan

DANIEL BERRIGAN, a tall and gaunt but youthful-looking forty-five-year-old Jesuit priest, stood on the stage of an auditorium one recent evening reading his poetry to three hundred students and faculty members at the College of St. Elizabeth, for women, near Morristown. Behind him hung a huge curtain, to the left was an upright piano, to the right stood an American flag. He read in a quiet, unpretentious voice a poem titled "I Fear Most, I Think" and continuing:

"if nightmare is oracle—
not madman death
not quartan fevers
nor the long litany hell composes
of unstrung jaws, their fiery diatribe

but dreaming or waking—
that child
pale as mushroom, blind as night fog

no grace, no stance, no name—
shuddering, lame, befouling the world."

Father Berrigan was fulfilling an old commitment. He had promised to appear at St. Elizabeth's November 18th, but two days before that his superiors had abruptly sent him on an extended tour of Latin America, and he had now just returned to the United States. Since he was—and is—co-chairman of Clergy Concerned About Vietnam, and is an outspoken liberal in a generally conservative diocese, the sudden trip was regarded by many people as a silencing.

In the same quiet voice, he read "Child Above a Flower," who was described as

"unsure
if he regards
or is regarded."

The final line was

"Growth is a death on my youth laid."

After reading about sixteen short poems (four collections of his poetry have been published, and so have three books of essays by him), Father Berrigan sat, looking uncomfortable, while the audience applauded, and then rose again—cheerful now—to answer questions.

A girl stood up and asked if a poem he had just read was a pacifist poem. One stanza of the poem, which is called "A Pittsburgh Beggar Reminds Me of the Dead of Hiroshima," runs:

You, Lazarus, who died and stank—
stagger like a zombie
out of the rubble, jaws
like a burnt carp, unfit for
speech or kiss, that had fed
three days down, on carrion death.

Father Berrigan replied gently that he did not like the word "pacifist." "Maybe it's a 'peacemaking' poem," he said. "Peacemaking is something that has to be *done*, with your heart and your hands, like love."

Another student raised her hand. "How much freedom of speech should a priest have on political matters?"

"I don't believe there *are* any purely political matters," Father Berrigan replied. "Maybe that's the trouble with me." The audience laughed. He added, "For a priest to speak out on war ought to be no surprise. For him to be silent should be a surprise."

He was asked about what he had seen in Latin America, and he spoke of countries where two per cent of the people control everything and "sixty per cent of the people are outside—outside of votes, outside of church, outside of life." He asked "What are they like?" and paused, then said, "They are marvellous. We found more human destruction in the two per cent who are destroying others than in the 'destroyed.'" He spoke about the slums. "The children of the *favelas* pay for the rest of us in some mysterious way," he said. (Earlier in the week, he had told a group of friends that perhaps ninety per cent of all the United States citizens working in Latin America could just as well go home; he feels that the desperate demands of the Latin Americans are not being met, and that we give them what we want them to have, rather than what they need.)

A girl urged him to be "realistic" about Communism and Vietnam.

"I think Communism as an issue in the Vietnam war is a myth," he replied. "Nobody—including our friends and allies—buys our vision of the war. So what is 'realism'? The most serious question is what we are doing to ourselves. The world, time, history, and the Christian ethic are against our war. This war is a sin because it is a distraction—a turning aside from one another in the direction of hatred." He declined to criticize his superiors ("I don't admit bitterness to my bloodstream"), and said, "Let's get on with the job, and the job is peace, or, more concretely, the defense of the innocent." He mentioned a *Times* story that stated that in Vietnam six civilians were being killed for every soldier killed.

Finally, he was asked if there was any hope.

He answered sadly, "I have a kind of hopeless hope." Then he smiled. "That's not much, is it?" He added, "But there's destructive death, like catching a bomb, and there's creative death: giving oneself to others—at least, death of our own ego and fear."

Father Berrigan received extended applause at the end of the question period, and then he made his way slowly out of the hall, being detained by person after person, each of whom wanted to say a word to him, greet him, ask another question, or just get a look at him. An extremely informal, easygoing, and friendly person, he talked to everyone, although he looked weary. His schedule had been very full since his return; that week had been packed with public appearances, including teach-ins at Poughkeepsie and Washington, and there had also been meetings with groups of old friends. Two days earlier, he had turned up at WCBS—wearing his usual black ski jacket over his priest's clothes, and a black beret—to answer questions telephoned in to the radio station by listeners.

"The war in Vietnam is a virulent symbol of the end of our own revolution of hope," he said at that time. "We are finished with our own revolution and are declaring war on those nations whose revolutions are not finished. . . . We could have had so marvellous a part, if we had been true to our own roots. . . . One of the penalties of affluence is that the affluent can no longer understand the anguish and despair of others."

Many of the listeners clearly considered him a heretic and a Communist. "Why don't you preach the gospel of Christ?" one irate woman demanded.

"The word 'revolution' is out of the gospel," he replied mildly. "The God of the gospel is a God of revolution—a God who brings about revolution through the tools of unity and love."

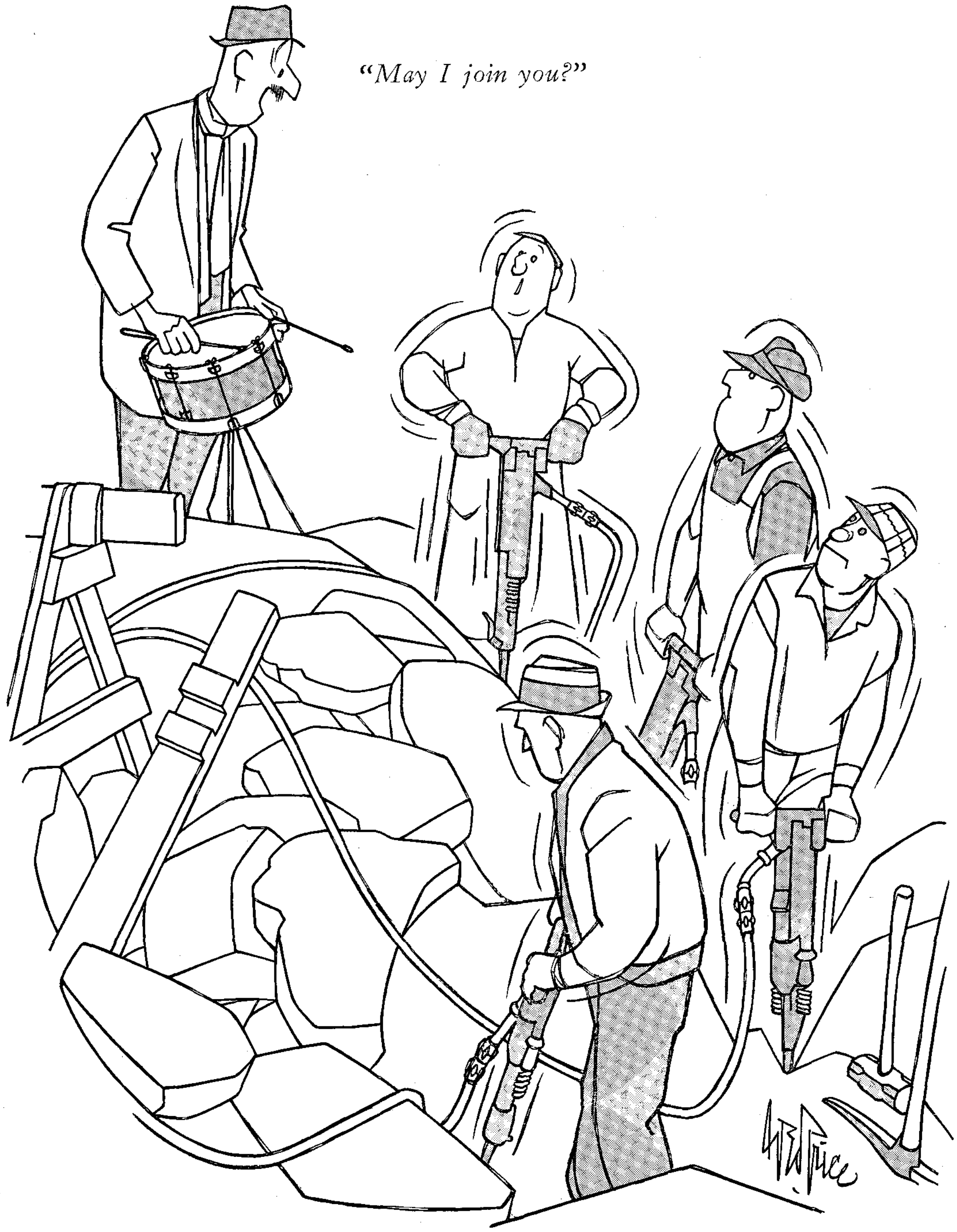
He answered a question about "atheistic, materialistic Communism" by suggesting that perhaps "the words 'atheistic' and 'materialistic' ought to be applied to our own society," and adding, "I would like to invite an examination of American conscience."

A few moments later, a woman asked him how he felt about the clergy's being criticized.

"I'm delighted," he said. "It's a hopeful sign when they are criticized for getting involved with the issues of our time."

Time ran out; he stood up, smiling, and said cheerfully, "The hawks were really out today!"

One morning a week later, a group of about sixty priests, nuns, rabbis, and ministers gathered in Central Synagogue, at 652 Lexington Avenue, prayed briefly, and then—carrying white banners that said, in blue letters, "Peace," "Pax," and "Shalom"—marched over to Christ Church Methodist, at 520 Park Avenue, where they prayed again. Then they marched on to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Father Berrigan, in his black ski jacket, walked in the front rank. It was a very quiet march, with no disturbances or heckling; in fact, it was hardly noticed by people across the street. After a prayer at St. Patrick's, the march continued down Fifth Avenue, past the busy noontime shoppers; there was a high wind, and the stores' flags cracked sharply overhead. The marchers turned east on Forty-eighth Street, bound for the United Nations.



"May I join you?"

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The Question

WE were walking toward the Biltmore the other day when a short, desperate-looking man, clutching an attaché case and several long cardboard tubes, stopped us. "Excuse me, please," he said. "Do you speak Portuguese, by any chance?"

"No," we answered. "Sorry."

"Thank you so much anyway," he said, bowing slightly, and then raced off toward a stout middle-aged woman behind us and asked her the same question. We walked on, and had covered a good hundred feet before it occurred to us (it was a cold day) that while we might not be able to speak Portuguese, he appeared quite able to speak English. If he had something urgent to ask, like "Where is Grand Central, please?"—a question we are asked by desperate-looking people of all persuasions from time to time—why didn't he simply ask it? Or was his problem so involved, or of such import, that he could pose it only in his native tongue, which we assumed to be Portuguese? Or perhaps he was just searching for a sympathetic compatriot to kill a few hours with. Or perhaps he was putting us on. The enigma lingered through lunch and into the afternoon, and no satisfying answer emerged. We'll probably never come up with an answer, and maybe it's just as well. We've got our own problems.

YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING

On Saturdays I always came home late, after my six lessons at school. Walking home through the streets never seemed to me a waste of time. It was very good for daydreaming, and everything looked so nice and familiar. I knew all the signs, the stonework of the houses, the storefronts. I knew them in some special way all my own, and I was quite convinced that I saw in them what really mattered, that mysterious something that we adults call the "essence of things." It was all very firmly fixed in my mind. If anybody happened to mention one of the stores, I could immediately picture its sign, with the gilt letters and the scratch in the left-hand corner, the girl cashier with her high hairdo, and the aura clinging to the place, which was unlike the aura of any other store. And it was from such stores, people, auras, and theatre posters that I pieced together my native city of Odessa. I remember, feel, and love it to this very day. I know it as one knows the fragrance of one's mother's skin—the flavor of love, words, smiles. I love it because I grew up in it, was happy, sad, and dreamed my dreams—fervent dreams that will never return.

I always walked along the main street, which was the most crowded. The Saturday I am going to write about was at the beginning of spring. At that time of year, we didn't have that mild and soft air which, in Central Russia, is so exquisite over some quiet river or gentle valley. We had a slight glinting chill in the air, a hint of passion with a cold edge to it. I was just a kid at the time and knew nothing about anything, but, blossoming and rosy-cheeked, I was affected by the spring just the same. I always took my time on the way home from school. I scrutinized every jewel in the jeweller's shop and read the theatre posters from beginning to end. Once, I was studying the pale-pink corsets with crinkly garters at Madame Rosalie's and was just about to move on when I bumped into a tall student with a large black mustache. He was grinning all over his face and he said, "Having a good look, eh?" I blushed. He gave me a knowing pat on the back and said condescendingly, "Keep it up, old fellow. Good for you! All the best!" He guffawed, turned on his heel, and walked away. I was very embarrassed, went straight home, and never again stopped to gaze into Madame Rosalie's shopwindow.

I was supposed to spend this particular Saturday at home with my grandmother. She had her own room at the far end of the apartment, behind the kitchen. In the corner of her room there was a stove; Grandmother always felt cold. It was always hot and stuffy in her room, and this made me miserable and I wanted to escape. On this day, I took all my paraphernalia—books, music stand, and violin—into grandmother's room. The table was already laid for me. Grandmother sat in her corner while I ate. Neither of us said a word. The door was shut and we were alone. For dinner I had cold *gefüllte fisch* with horseradish—a dish for the sake of which it would pay one to convert to Judaism—a thick, tasty soup, roast meat and onions, lettuce, fruit salad, coffee, pie, and apples. I ate it all. I may have been a daydreamer, but I also had an appetite. Grandmother cleared the table, and the room became neat and clean. There were some sickly-looking flowers on the window sill. The only living things that Grandmother loved were her son, her grandson, her dog Mimi, and flowers. Mimi also came in, curled up on the sofa, and immediately fell asleep. She was a terrible sleepyhead but a wonderful dog—kind, sensible, small, and good-looking. She was a pug, with a light-colored coat. She had not grown fat and flabby in her old age but had kept herself in good trim. She lived out the whole of her life of fifteen years with us, from birth to death, and, naturally enough, she loved us all, particularly Grandmother, who was so hard and merciless. Some other time I will tell the story of their silent and furtive friendship. It is a good, moving, and tender story.

Anyway, there we were, all three of us—Grandmother, Mimi, and I. Mimi was sleeping; Grandmother, in a good humor, sat in the corner in her silk Sabbath dress; and I was supposed to do my lessons. It was a difficult day for me. I had already had six lessons at school, and now my music teacher, Mr. Sorokin, was supposed to come, and so was Mr. Liberman, my Hebrew teacher, to give a lesson we had missed. Peysson, the French teacher, might also come, and I had to prepare a lesson for him. There would be no trouble with Liberman—we were old friends—but music and those scales were sheer misery!

I spread out my exercise books and began to do my lessons. Grandmother did not interrupt me—God forbid! Her face was

"Darling! You accepted the bribe!"

drawn and blank because of her reverence for my work. She fastened her round, bright yellow eyes on me. Whenever I turned over a page, they followed the movement of my hand. Anybody else would have been made very ill at ease by this fixed and ever-vigilant gaze, but I had grown used to it. Later, she would listen to me rehearse my lessons. She was at home only in Yiddish, and her Russian was very bad—she garbled it in her own peculiar way, using a lot of Polish and Jewish words. Of course, she couldn't read or write in Russian, and she would hold a Russian book upside down. But this didn't prevent her from going through my lessons with me from beginning to end. She couldn't understand a word, but she listened intently, and the music of the words was sweet to her ears. She was full of reverence for learning, had great faith in me, and wanted me to become a rich man.

"My compliments to the curator."

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When I had finished with the lessons, I did some reading. At that time, I was reading Turgenev's "First Love." I liked everything about it—the vivid words, descriptions, and conversations—but that afternoon I was particularly thrilled by the scene in which Vladimir's father strikes Zinaida on the arm with his riding crop. I could hear the swish of the whip and feel the momentary keen and painful sting of its supple thong. This upset me in some unaccountable way, and at this point I had to stop reading and walk up and down the room. But Grandmother just sat there without moving a muscle, and even the hot, stifling air was quite motionless, as though it knew that I was busy and must not be disturbed. The room was getting hotter all the time. Mimi began to snore slightly. It was quiet—eerily quiet, with not a sound from the outside world. Everything seemed weird to me at that moment, and I wanted to run away from it all, but also to stay there forever. The darkening room, Grandmother's yellow eyes, her tiny figure wrapped in a shawl, hunched up and silent in the corner, the heat, the closed door, the crack of the whip, its loud swish—only now do I understand how bizarre all this was, and how much it affected me.

I WAS startled out of my troubled state by the ringing of the doorbell. It was Mr. Sorokin. I hated him at that moment. I hated his wretched scales, all this meaningless, futile, squawking music. It must be said that Sorokin was a splendid fellow. He had close-cut hair, fine large hands, and magnificent full lips. Today, under Grandmother's eye, he had to teach me for a whole hour—even a little over—and really give value for money. He got no credit for his pains. The old woman's eyes followed his every movement coldly and intently, and were quite indifferent and aloof to him. Grandmother had no time for strangers. She expected them to do their duty by us, and that was all.

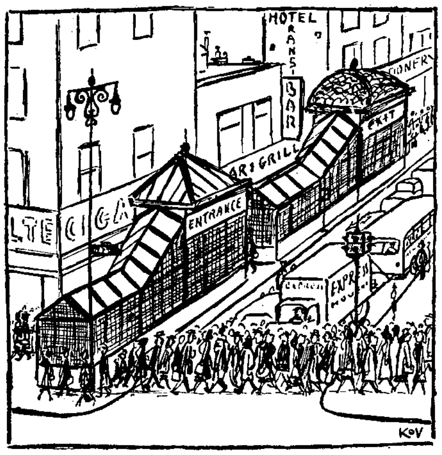
We began our lesson. I was not afraid of Grandmother, but for a whole hour I had to bear the brunt of poor Sorokin's unusual devotion to duty. He felt very out of place in this remote room, in the presence of the peacefully sleeping dog and the frosty old woman sitting in the corner. At last he took his leave. Grandmother coldly gave him her large leathery and wrinkled hand, but she made not the slightest movement with it. As he left, he bumped into a chair.

I endured the following hour as well—Mr. Liberman's Hebrew lesson—and the moment came when the door closed behind him, too. By now it was nightfall. Faraway specks of gold lit up in the sky. The deep shaft of our courtyard was flooded with moonlight. In the neighbors' apartment, a woman's voice began to sing, "Why do I love you so madly?" The rest of my family had gone to the theatre. I felt depressed and tired. I had read so much and done such a lot of work. The servant girl brought in the samovar. Grandmother lit a lamp. This immediately mellowed the room; the dark, massive furniture was bathed in soft light. Mimi woke up, took a walk through the other rooms, and then came back to us to wait for supper. Grandmother was a great tea drinker. She had kept a gingerbread for me. We both drank a lot of tea. The sweat began to glisten in the deeply etched seams of her face. "Do you want to go to bed?" she asked. "No," I replied. We began to talk, and once again I listened to Grandmother's stories. Long, long ago, there was a Jew who kept an inn. He was poor, married and weighed down by a large family, and he sold vodka without a license. A government inspector came to see him and started making trouble for him. He went to a rabbi and said, "Rebbe, a government inspector is plaguing the life out of me. Ask God to help me." "Go in peace," the rabbi said to him, "the government inspector will quiet down." The Jew went home. He found the inspector on the doorstep of his inn. He was lying there dead, with his belly all purple and swollen up.

Grandmother fell silent. The samovar hummed away. The neighbor was still singing. Everything was covered with blinding moonlight. Mimi began to wag her tail—she was hungry.

"In the old days, people had faith," Grandmother said. "Life was simpler. When I was a little girl, the Poles rebelled. We lived next to the estate of a Polish count. The Czar himself used to come and visit him. They used to make merry for seven days at a stretch. I would run up to the hall after dark and look in through the lighted windows. The count had a daughter, and she had the finest pearls in all the world. Then there was this rebellion. Some soldiers came and dragged the old count out onto the square. We all stood around and cried. The soldiers dug a hole in the ground. They wanted to blindfold the old man, but he said he didn't want it. He stood in front of them and gave them the order to shoot. He was a big man with gray hair. The peasants liked him. Just as they were burying him, a courier came racing up. He had a pardon from the Czar."

The samovar was slowly going out. Grandmother drank her last glass of tea, which had gone cold by now, and sucked a piece of sugar in her toothless mouth. "Your grandfather," she said, "was a great one for telling stories. He didn't believe in anything, but he trusted people. He gave away all his money to his friends, but when he came to them for help they threw him downstairs, and that made him a little queer in the head." And she went on to tell me about my grandfather. He was a big man with a sharp tongue, passionate and overbearing. He played the violin, wrote essays at night, and knew all languages. He was ruled by an insatiable thirst for knowledge and life. A general's daughter had fallen in love with their elder son, and this had been the son's undoing. He became a wanderer and a gambler, and he died in Canada at the age of thirty-seven. All Grandmother had left was my father and me. Everything else was gone. For her, day was turning into night and death was coming slowly. She fell silent again, then lowered her head and began to cry. "Study!" she suddenly said with great vehemence. "Study and you will have everything—wealth and fame! You must know *everything*. The whole world will fall at your feet and grovel before you. Everybody must envy you. Do not trust people. Do not have friends. Do not lend them money. Do not give them your heart!"



She said no more. There was silence in the room. She was thinking about years gone by and all her troubles. She was thinking about my future, and her stern commandments pressed down heavily—and forever—on my weak, untried shoulders. In the dark corner, the iron stove glowed red hot and gave off a fierce heat. I was hot and stifled, and I wanted to run outside into the fresh air and escape, but I hadn't even the strength to raise my head. There was a crash of crockery in the kitchen. Grandmother went in there. It was suppertime. The next moment, I heard her harsh and angry voice. She was shouting at the servant girl. I felt awkward and upset. She had just been full of such peace and sadness. The servant was answering back. "Get out, you little slut!" I heard my grandmother shout with uncontrollable rage in an unbearably loud and shrill voice. "I am the one who gives orders here! You are breaking my things. Get out!" I could not stand the raucous, metallic sound of her voice. I could see her through the half-open door. Her face was taut, her lower lip was trembling with fury, her throat was all swollen. The servant was trying to reply. "Get out!" Grandmother said. Now everything was quiet. The servant, with hunched shoulders and on tiptoe, as though she was afraid to hurt the silence, crept out of the kitchen. We had supper without exchanging a single word. We ate well and plentifully, and took our time over it. Grandmother's translucent eyes were motionless, and I did not know what they were looking at. —Isaac Babel

(*Translated from the Russian by Max Hayward*)

THE MOTH

He spins himself into a dark inscape.
Poor worm, still turning in that shroud, he fights
The dissolution of form. He hardly remembers
The moments of battering color, warmth, and light.

Turning, he fuses the threads into tough membranes;
His pushing toward the light scars them with paints.
And through his turning—craftsman, craft, and lathe—
The caterpillar frees the inner moth.

The crumpled wings unfold and season; the moth
Beats light into color, flight into form
(Himself the flame, smokeless and unconsumed).
Concrete, abstract, he moves at once in both.

—Van K. Brock

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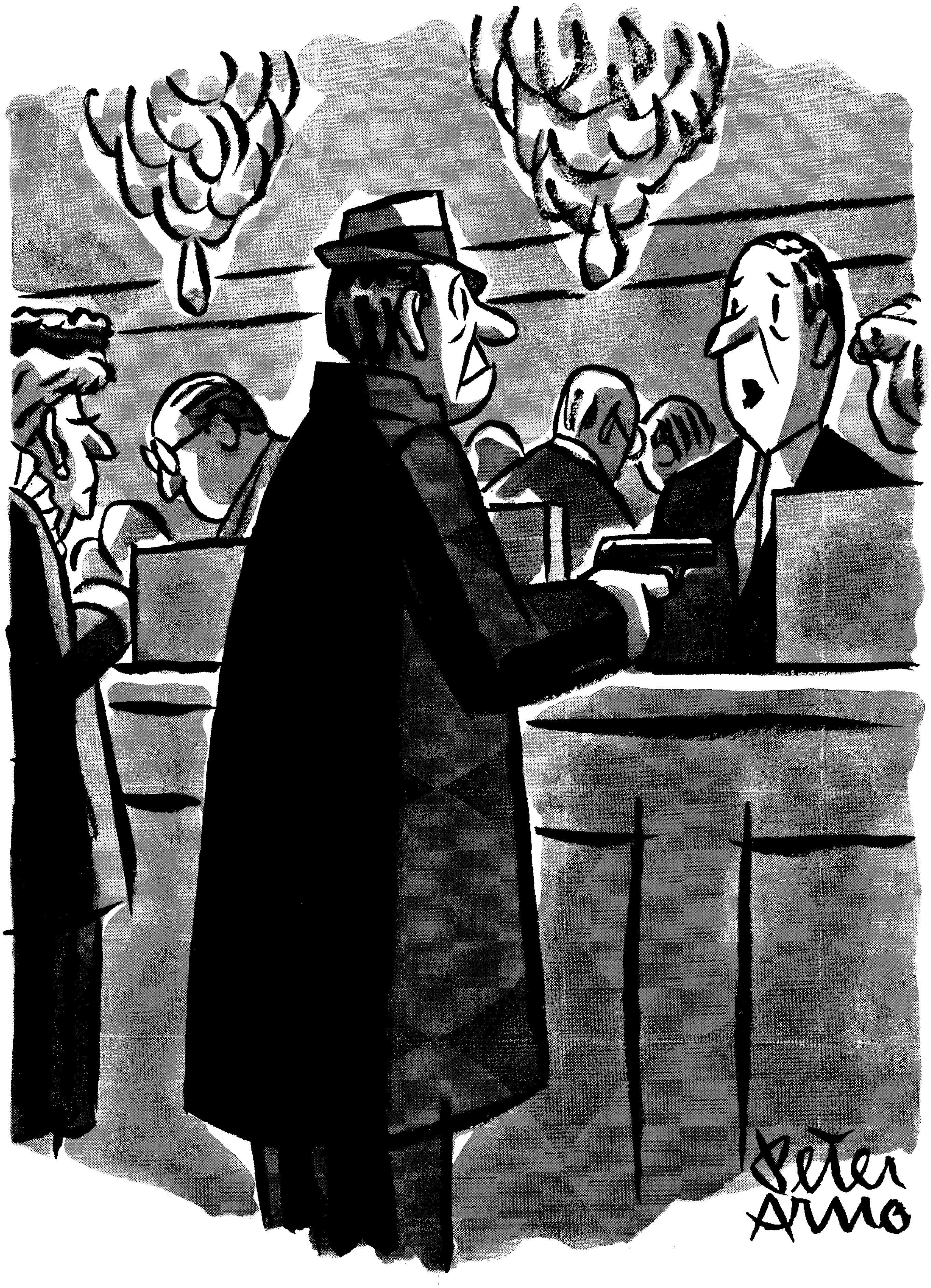


"I'll see what I can find, but aren't you *supposed to provide the brown paper bag?"*

NEAR THE STRAITS OF MACKINAC

USING every bit of his strength to do it and a little adrenalin besides, but trying to make it appear as effortless and as dignified as possible because he believed his newlywed wife was watching him, Vernon Richter dragged a large piece of beached timber onto the shallow sand dune, dragged it up to the edge of a small depression, and let it drop. He picked up the other end, swung the timber around so that it was parallel with the depression, and upwind of it, and lowered it toward the sand, slowly squatting with a straight back. Concentrating so deliberately on form, he got one hand pinched underneath it. In a kind of subdued panic (he had to get it out from there and at the same time not make such a fuss that she noticed), he worked it free and stood up straight.

Actually, his wife wasn't even looking at him. She was sitting on a low boulder a few yards away, in a bikini, her long shapely legs crossed at the ankles. They were the only human beings on the beach, and he was dressed in street clothes and a light jacket. It was too cold for swimming. Spring was not the time of year to have come so far north, near the Straits of Mackinac, for their honeymoon, but he had picked the place at the last moment in an effort to please her, after rejecting others that appealed to him more, because she had been there when she was a little girl and had liked it. Once they got there and found out how unpleasant and desolate the place was, both of them were too proud to admit it and leave.

He kicked sand along the bottom edge of the timber. Then he got down on his hands and knees in the depression, pulled up the biggest clumps of dune grass growing there, and threw them off to one side. He moved his hand back and forth in sweeping arcs across the sand, smoothing it, and lay down on his back. It worked. The strong northerly wind blowing up from Lake Michigan was all but silenced. That and the continuous sound of the small whitecaps breaking on the beach (he could hardly hear them any more, either) had made conversation between the two of them an effort, and without conversation he had moved smoothly and steadily away from her to a point of cold, aloof detachment.

With his interlocked hands resting on his stomach, he stared up at the bright-blue cloudless sky, and waited for her to come to him. Every few moments, like an after-image to a dark thought that had crossed his mind, a gull would glide into sight high above him—widespread wings motionless, alert head shifting from side to side, searching, searching—and then vanish. He waited for a full five minutes and she never came. Angry and impatient, he lifted himself up on one elbow and, as his head appeared, she turned quickly toward him, as if he had caught her at something.

"Marce!" he commanded.

She smiled, and her pretty mouth moved in an answer, but because of the distance between them and the wind, blowing into her face, blowing her long black hair back over her bare shoulders, he couldn't hear a word. He lay down again. After much longer than it should have taken, after two gulls passed slowly overhead, and then the first yellow streamers of a cloud, her face suddenly appeared in the expanse above him, startling in its hugeness.

"So here's where you were!" she said, and sank to the sand beside him in a cross-legged sitting position, facing the lake, almost in profile.

"As if you didn't know."

"I didn't. I saw you moving some wood around, and then I looked up and you were gone. I really didn't know where." She put her hand on his thigh. "I missed you," she said.

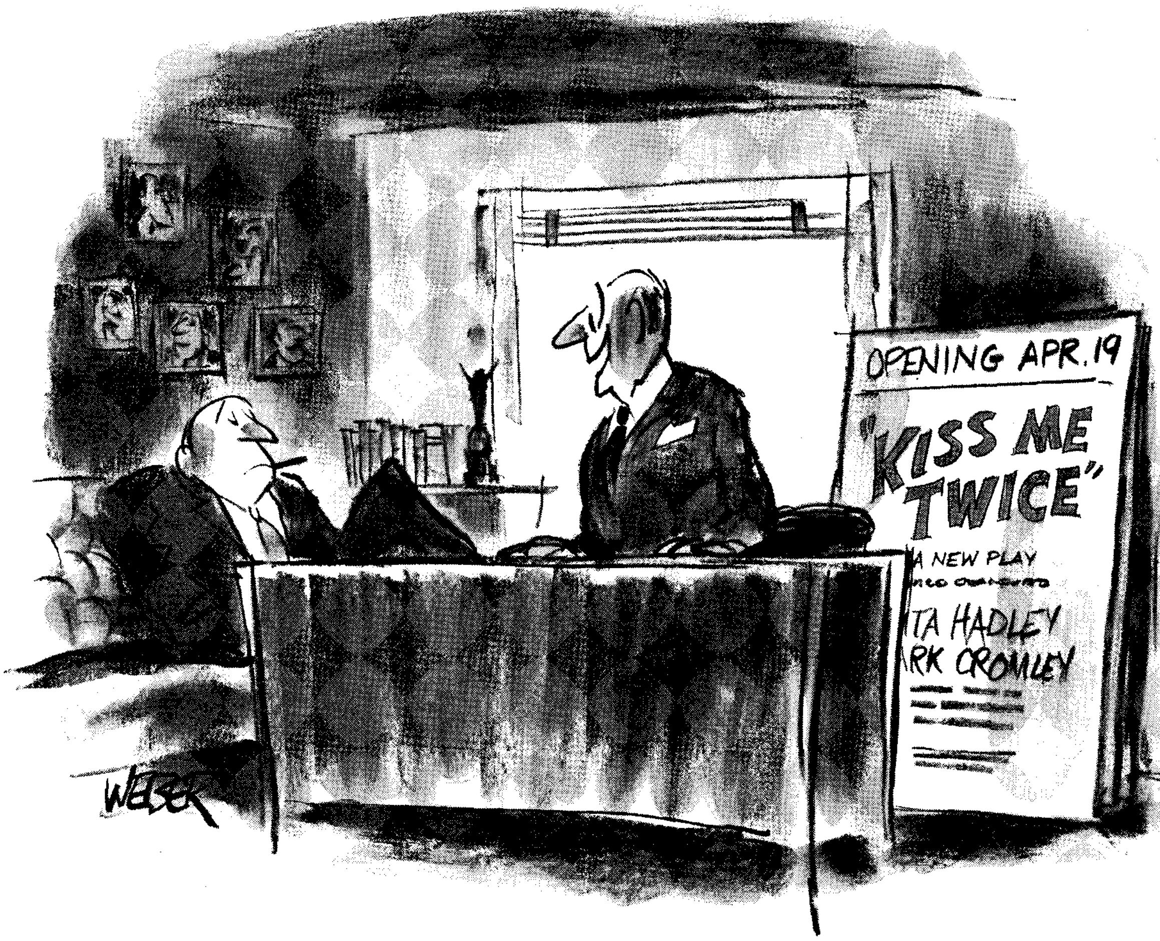
"Sure."

"I did!"

"Sure." He moved his leg away.

"Look!" she said, and held out her other hand.

In the cup of her palm he saw a flat oval rock, slightly larger than a silver dollar. Its gray surface—polished by waves, divided by hairlike white lines into an interlocking series of octagons, hexagons, and squares—was translucent. Beneath the surface he could see, inside each geometric, a black nucleus

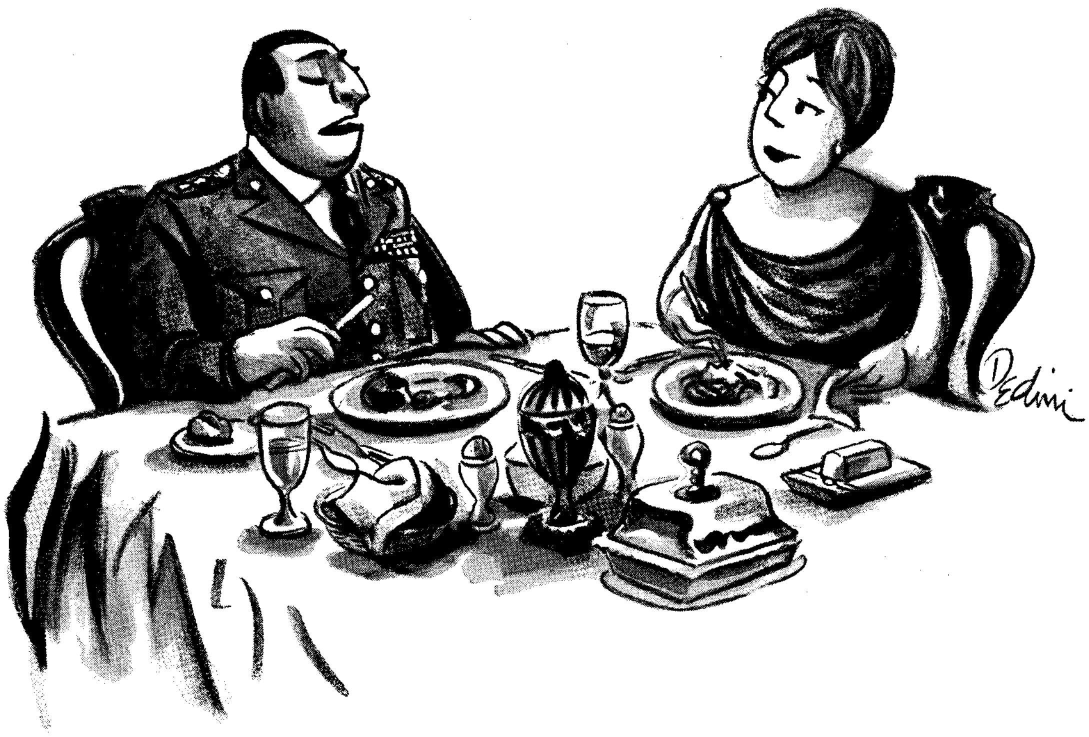


"I've got it! If we don't send Stanley Kauffmann any tickets, maybe he won't come."

with ivory striations radiating out from its opaque center—small dull sunbursts. A group of identical fossils, trapped within the perimeters of white, had been pressed together into one rock, and all of them were perfectly preserved still, intact as the rock itself, unaffected by time.

"Look at the symmetry," she said. "It's amazing! And the color! You wouldn't think anything so perfect could come in a natural state. It's like a Miró."

The sum of his interest came out in a grunt, and he turned his head away. She slowly revolved the rock in her slender fingers, as if to relearn from touching it the reason it had fascinated her. "It's a Petoskey stone," she said quietly, her voice almost lost in the wind. "It was down by the water."



"Please pass the guns—er, butter."

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He watched a plump, wet-looking sow bug, harried by five or six rapidly moving ants, crawl ponderously toward the underside of the timber; he watched the insects, but all his alertness was focussed in the other direction, toward her. Sand trickled out of his hair and ran down over the back of his neck, crossing his field of concentration. Finally, with a reticence that indicated she was giving up, permitting herself to be drawn down into his dark mood, she spoke what he was waiting to hear: "Tell me."

"What good would it do?"

That was enough said for her to understand what was wrong. And when he looked at her again, her face was turned away and her head was inclined contemplatively and sadly, as though, anticipating what was to come, she was already working out a defense, but was unhappy that she had ever done anything she felt obliged to defend.

"The past," he said, and watched her face for the change those two words usually brought about in it. There was none, and that infuriated him. "So there's no use even talking about it," he added, and waited tensely through a long silence, scarcely breathing, fully expecting her to talk.

"I better go and make dinner," she said.

"Sure," he said. "You go make dinner."

The sow bug lost its footing and dropped onto the sand on its back. The ants hurried down the timber in single file and gathered around it tentatively, testing it with their antennae, backing away, advancing. He was ashamed that even insects were witness to the way he was acting now.

"Do you want me to stay?" she asked.

"No. Go ahead. Go make dinner."

"If you want me to stay, I will. But when you get like this, there's absolutely nothing I can do."

"Not any more," he said. "It's too late for that. You've already done it."

"You're being unfair," she said in a taunting voice, but there was a hesitant look in her large brown eyes, and she seemed ready to apologize for saying it.

"How so? It's true."

"It's true," she said, and on this her voice became firm. "That's right. But it's over."

"Not if it keeps coming up between us. Then it's as alive as the present. More alive. I just remembered something. . . ." He paused to give her a chance to ask what. "I just remembered something," he repeated. "When we were talking about it last night, you said that after you called off the engagement and left Evansville and went out to New York to live by yourself, the one thing you knew for sure, above all the confusion you were feeling at the moment, was that you loved me. Right?"

"Right," she said tentatively, afraid he was using her words, slightly altered, to trap her.

"And you said that that knowledge stayed with you, and was what brought you back to me."

"That's right."

"You just said that last night to placate me. One of the first letters I got from New York started out, 'Vernon'—you didn't even bother to put in the 'Dear'—'Vernon . . . There's no denying the new freedom of spirit I feel, and I shall not allow myself to perpetrate the false conception, in my letters or in any of my emotions, that things between us are the same as they were. They aren't, and I know now they will never be.'" The way he quoted from the letter, in a mincing voice meant to approximate hers, showed that he had studied it over and over, in a burning rage. "Remember *that*?" he said, and studied her face. If he wasn't familiar with the way her features changed when she indicated agreement, he would hardly have caught the slight, reluctant nodding of her head. "How do you explain that?"

"Even now my emotions for you change from day to day, from hour to hour. I can—"

"That's not quite what you were saying in your letter, I don't think."

"I can't take the whole of what I was feeling then and transfer it to now," she said. "There's no way to do it so you can understand."

"But last night you said that above everything else during that time you *knew* you loved me. That sure the hell isn't what you were saying in that letter, is it? . . . *Is* it?"

This time she couldn't nod, and even the color in her face, as though everything in her was retreating, went.

"And then when I made a little money," he said, "and was able to come out to see you, what about then? You wouldn't come near me. You said, 'Oh, please, I need to be left alone.' You—"

"I felt I'd been influenced too much by you. You know that. I needed to be by myself, that's all."

"Sure, of course, that's what you said when you left and that's what you said in your letters. But when I showed up—and it wasn't to influence you, just to see you for a day—one of the first things you told me to do was leave. That was *love*? And you were so nasty about it I finally did. But I regretted it, so I came all the way back in from the airport and there you were, at three in the morning, carrying on a conversation with one of your new friends over a bottle of whiskey—Jack Daniel's, as I remember."

"I told you about him. I'd just met him the day before, and he came by purely by accident right after you left. If you think—"

"That's not what I think! I mean, not with him. I figure you have more taste than that. I mean that you could throw me out, somebody you professed to love, and now say you *did* love, and then turn around and be perfectly gracious to him, somebody—as you've taken pains to make clear—you barely knew. And on top of it all, a beatnik. Where the hell did he get the money for the Jack Daniel's? From you? From the money I gave you?"

"I was just finding some serenity and you upset it. Just your presence upset it. That's why I had to ask you to leave, for then. Him, he was too inconsequential to affect it at all. But you had the power to upset it, and it was what I needed before I could say I loved you."

"Just last night you said that above everything else you *knew* you loved me! How does that fit!"

She pushed her hair back over her shoulder, and after a long silence said, "It doesn't."

"Well, we all know what happened after that. . . . You know what I think? I think you went out there on a lark. You went out there and had your kicks, and then when you saw I'd made enough money to keep you happy you decided, well, this is getting to be a drag too, folks, so since I planned to marry him once, what the hell, I might as well do it now, you know, before he gets bored himself and shacks up with somebody he likes better."

"You know that's not true! You know I came to you in despair. That whole year was unnecessary—all of it! That's what's so terrible! Everything that seemed important—myself, my family, freedom, age, education—all of that was meaningless!"

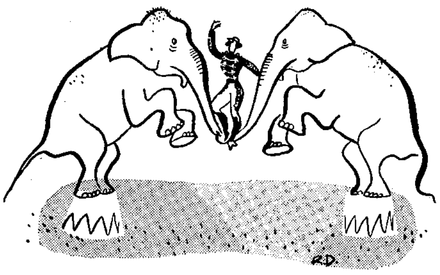
"Then it was a whole year lost," he said. "Not to mention anything else."

"It wasn't lost."

"No, I guess not. You had your kicks."

"It was the most painful year of my life. I looked, but I wouldn't have had to. Everything that was confusing me diminished in meaning. The only thing that stayed was your love. It was the only real thing I had. And have."

The self-assurance of her answer and the dignity with which she made it satisfied his vanity so much he couldn't remember what he was trying to get to the bottom of. The anger went out of him and he felt closer to her. She pulled up a narrow blade of dune grass and sliced down the center of it with her thumbnail. Without moving her head, she reached over her shoulder and brushed at an insect on her back. The unguarded quality of these small actions made him conscious of how near she was to being naked.



"But you *did* get your kicks," he said, and flushed with rage.

"You think that's the reason I went there."

"It must have been one of the reasons. It happened."

"That's not why I went there at all."

"Then why did it happen?"

"At the time, you wanted me to go. You even saw me off. You were great about it. And I remember in the first letter I got you said, 'Seeing you leave with such a purpose, I don't feel left alone. After watching your bus disappear, I circled the whole town on foot until late at night, and was not sad.' "

It shamed him to hear this hyperbolic lie quoted back word for word.

"That was before I came to see you and was told to leave," he said. "Sure I wanted you to go at the time. I wanted you to get rid of your uncertainties so you could come back the way you used to be. I took it for granted you loved me, and that's the reason I

THE LEAFY AIR

In rain-steeped air the rain
Like crooked fingers ran;
At the trees' twined roots flowed
The fisted flood.

Then came the moon,
Treading on twigs of light;
The moon grew weeds and webs
And turned the window into a pool;
The sky was thatched with stars.

The morning's misty rivers
Are flowing through the trees;
Islands and forelands dissolve,
Water-color meadows, hills of air.

Everything flows—sky, leaves, and air:
A pheasant floats by like a potentate,
A red-wing blackbird glides in like a plane,
A heron drifts like a hanged man
Over the pond.

And now, overhead, the leaves
Cluster like grapes
In the blossoming of the air,
The leafy air.

—Charles Norman

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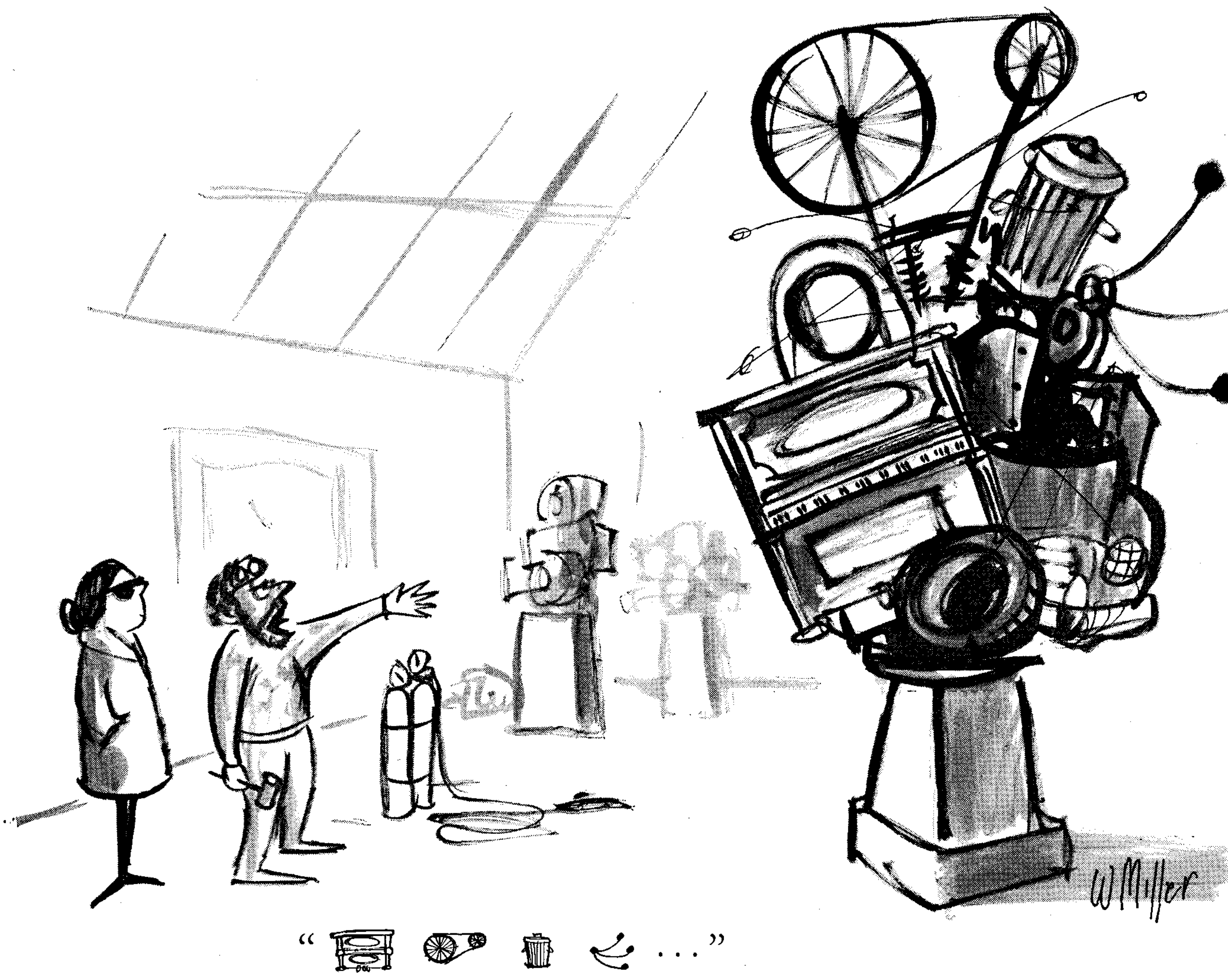


“ . . .”

• •

wasn’t sad. But then your letters came, then the time I visited you, and then—”

“My actions?” she said quickly, anticipating something more blunt.

“That’s right. Your actions. A person can talk all he wants about what he professes to believe, but his actions speak the real truth. If you’d loved me at the time, the way you said last night, you couldn’t possibly have done what you’ve done. I can’t understand why you claimed you did last night. Jesus! Since the whole thing is over and done with, there’s no sense being hypocritical. . . .”

HE was done. He had made his point and he was done. The more he talked, giving substance to grievances and fears that were before only shadows, the worse it became. Some of the accusations he was making could as well have been directed against him, and that made him feel unjust, overindulgent, sick with it all, sick with himself. The air had the disturbing quality—stuffy and at the same time too bright—that it always had when he talked blindly, emotionally, without mercy or reason, until he felt himself emerge from the blindness of the emotion as if emerging from a disease, with a new sense of vision, seeing clearly but seeing no logic or purity in anything that had gone before or could possibly come after, and feeling too impotent and debased to care either way.

“You never deceived me about your feelings,” she said.

“What’s that?” he asked sharply. He thought she was alluding to what she knew about his past—that he hadn’t been able to keep it uncluttered even when he professed to love her the most.

“You never deceived me about your feelings,” she said quietly. “You always said you loved me and wanted to marry me. If you did have any doubts, you kept them to yourself. I admired that. I was unfair. I think I knew that no matter what I did you’d be waiting.”

“And by Christ you did it!” he shouted, blinded again.

She lifted her face and looked out across the lake.

“I suffered for it then, and you’re making me suffer for it now,” she murmured. “All I can say is I know I was wrong.”

“Then why did you repeat it?”

She turned, her eyes large and imploring.

“Why did you *repeat* it?” he asked. “There were two. I mean, there were two I know about, since you told me that much—so you repeated it. As far as I know, you repeated it and repeated it and repeated it!”

“You think I’m *lying?*” For the first time her face showed real dismay. “You think I’d keep anything from you?”

“No,” he said, looking away, freeing himself from her eyes. He felt guilty for some things he had kept from her. Also, he again sensed something in the background, a shadow that could be impossible to cope with if it were given substance, brought out into the light, and rather than have that happen he was ready to let everything remain the way it was, unresolved or not.

“Because of my state of mind,” she said, bowing her head.

“What?”

“It happened again because of my state of mind.”

“What was that?”

“I felt I’d lost you. I was in agony.” With a smile pulling down the corners of his mouth, preparing to treat her statement with irony, he looked up and saw a tear spill over her lower eyelid and, darkened with mascara, slide down her cheek. She quickly brushed it away. He changed direction. "If that was really your state of mind," he said, referring for the first time to what he had learned from his own past and not to what he was trying to make her learn from hers, "if you were in agony, I can understand why you'd turn to somebody else. For comfort. Sometimes the body, just the body, has to have at least that much comfort." Uncomfortable now himself over making this admission, which he hadn't been able to do until he saw she was still capable of suffering, he said, "You think I purposely bring this up to make you unhappy?" It wasn't really a question.

"Don't you?"

"No. You're wrong. It's with me all the time. I subdue it more than you know. The least thought of it makes me go weak, much less confronting you with it, hearing about it from your own mouth."

"Since it was me it happened to, how do you think I feel?"

"Happened? *Happened*, you say?" But instead of letting the word hang in the air (now that it was spoken it had its effect), he brushed it aside. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry it still bothers you that much. I know how you feel."

For him it was over now; since she had shown emotion, he was ready to forgive her. Then one more thing rose up in his mind—a speech he had been working and reworking since their conversation the night before. He rejected it as being irrelevant after what had just been said, and then decided to say it anyway.

"I'm not trying to be cruel," he began. "I don't even want to think about that year or about what happened. But it makes a barrier between us." He paused. Suddenly the speech no longer seemed coherent or moving, and he tried to recall the details that had made it so.

"If there's a barrier between us, it's of your own making," she said. "I've never felt it."

"It's not that way at all!" he said, angry at her for interrupting. "I told you I don't even want to think about it! I don't. I want it to go away but it stays there, it persists in staying there. Just when I think I've put it out of my mind completely, it overtakes me. Then I feel cut off from you, isolated. And that isn't the worst of it. The terrible thing is, at those times, when that happens, all the love and tenderness I usually feel is crushed. Killed. It can't get out because of the barrier. Can you begin to imagine how much more I could love you if it wasn't there?"

It was effective after all. She was crying openly. Now he could drop the subject until the next time. Maybe forever.

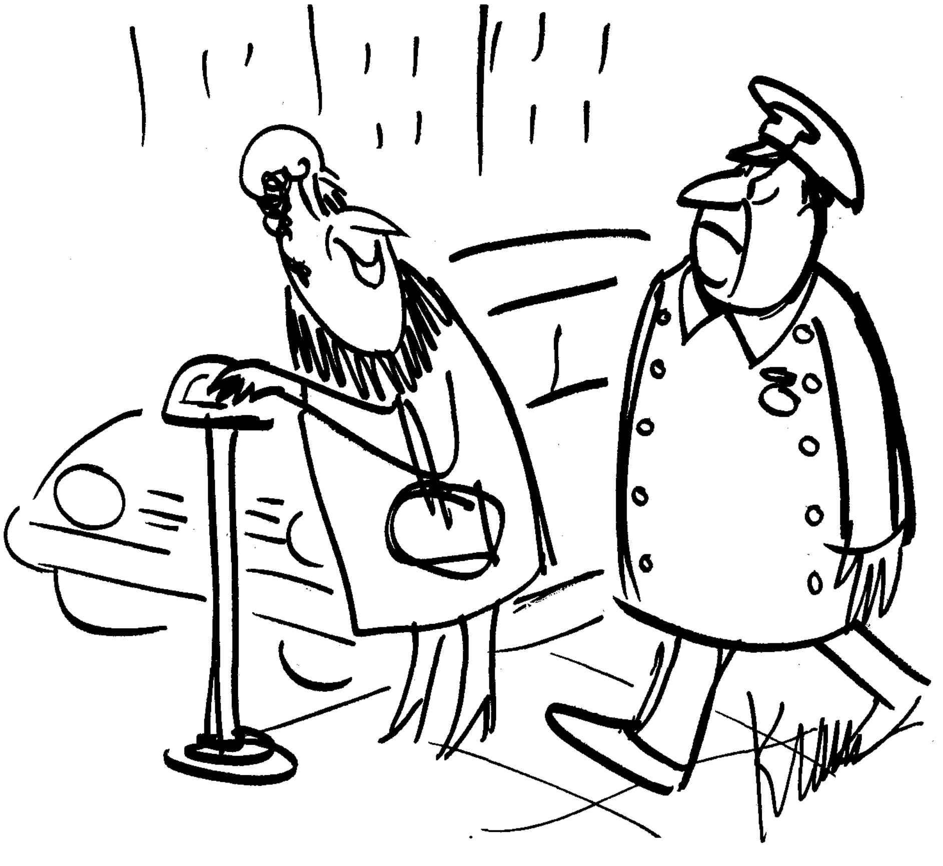
"I haven't ever felt you're distant!" she said. "But if you think about it that much in silence! If it makes you feel the way you say it does! If that's how things really are, how can we ever be happy!"

He stood up. Everything around him—the sun, the sand, the water, the air—seemed extraordinarily bright. The wind was blowing as strongly as ever. Its sound got between him and his thought and made his head hurt. He looked down at the timber. Some of the sand he kicked along its edge had already worked loose, and the wind was blowing in under the timber, drifting the loose sand into low, narrow, barely perceptible streamers. The sow bug was gone. Under its own power? Or had it been carried off? It upset him not knowing exactly what happened to it, and the uncertainty made him feel anxious, in some way threatened. He wasn't sure what he had said to her or why he had said it. And what was it she had said? He looked down at her. Could it be possible that now, at last, she was his wife?

The discarded stone rested beside her, indenting the sand where she had dropped it. With her legs drawn up, her arms around her legs, and her head resting on her knees, she was crying, her ribs showing whitely through her tanned back each time she gasped for air. He knelt down beside her and tried to take her in his arms.

"We can be happy," he said. "I'm positive of that now. Don't even think about it. We can be happy."

—L. Woiwode



"It's all right, Officer. I'm putting in, not taking out."

•

Cover with adhesive-backed paper or paint two of the one-pound coffee cans with plastic lids. Label them "BIG" and "LITTLE." I call them job jars. Have hubby choose a slip of paper from one of them. This slip will list just one job to do in his spare time. Often I help him plan the fixing of the more time-consuming repairs contained in the "BIG" job jar. Repairs listed in the small job can should not exceed 45 minutes to an hour for completion. All over that go into the BIG jar. This little gimmick has helped my husband clean up a number of needed repairs without the usual nagging from me. Frankly, I call it suggesting or reminding but he insists it is nagging. —Mrs. A. L. B.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

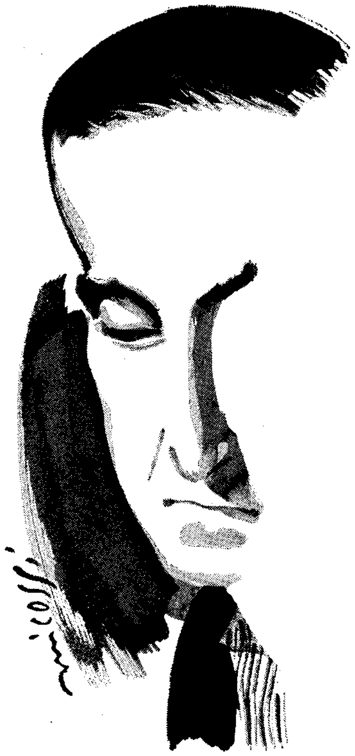
Men!

PROFILES

A PRINCE OF THE CITY

ALTHOUGH Siegmund George Warburg is a member of an old and powerful banking family on the Continent, he started just about from scratch when he and his wife arrived in England from Nazi Germany as refugees in 1934. His total worth at that time was less than five thousand pounds. Just three decades later, however, he had become one of the most powerful merchant bankers in the City of London, and last year Mercury Securities, the holding company into which both his bank, S. G. Warburg & Co., and a diversified collection of his other business interests ranging from insurance and metals to advertising and market research have been assimilated, took in profits amounting, before taxes, to two million three hundred thousand pounds. Anthony Sampson, the author of "Anatomy of Britain," has singled Warburg out as the City's "most spectacular newcomer," and the London *Sunday Times* has called him "the postwar wonder of merchant banking."

According to a legend that has grown up around Warburg, he is a ruthless go-getter, a man who is always surrounded by secretaries and satellites so that he can dictate letters or issue orders even while he is being driven to the airport, where he is catching a plane for New York or the Continent to launch a new company or arrange a deal involving millions of pounds. The legend contains some truth but not the whole truth. The real Warburg emerges as much less of a stereotype. Slightly stooped, with dark hair, melancholy brown eyes, and a soft voice, he is diffident in manner and might be taken for a poet rather than a merchant banker. He not only studied the classics in school but reads both Greek and Latin for pleasure today and often quotes from what he has been reading. Speaking of a brilliant friend driven by impatience, he once remarked at a business meeting, "He is a man who doesn't know the difference between *kairos* and *chronos*." The sentence puzzled his listeners, since they didn't know the difference between the two Greek words themselves until Warburg explained that "*kairos*" is the right time, whereas "*chronos*" is time in the abstract sense. He has often said that he considers a working knowledge of Greek and Latin a better preparation for merchant banking than a study of economics. "A classical education helps you to develop logical thinking and to perceive quickly and accurately what you read," he has said, and when it comes to reading he is not necessarily talking about financial reports. Warburg and his wife live in an apartment, on Eaton Square, Belgravia, that is filled with books arranged according to an elaborate system based on the languages they are written in and his personal preferences. When he visits a secluded villa he owns near Grosseto, in Italy, for a holiday, books make up a major part of his luggage, and he spends much of his time on weekends reading and rereading the works of English and German literature that he particularly values. (He recently finished Thomas Mann's "Doktor Faustus" for the third time.) Warburg avoids business publications entirely and barely skims through newspapers. He likes to say that newspaper reading leads to a gradual loss of memory, and that most people read newspapers simply in order to have more to forget. He is often asked how a successful merchant banker can get along without a thorough daily study of current politics and finance, and is apt to answer, in a quiet way, "I keep my ears open. People tell me everything that's important."



Siegmund G. Warburg

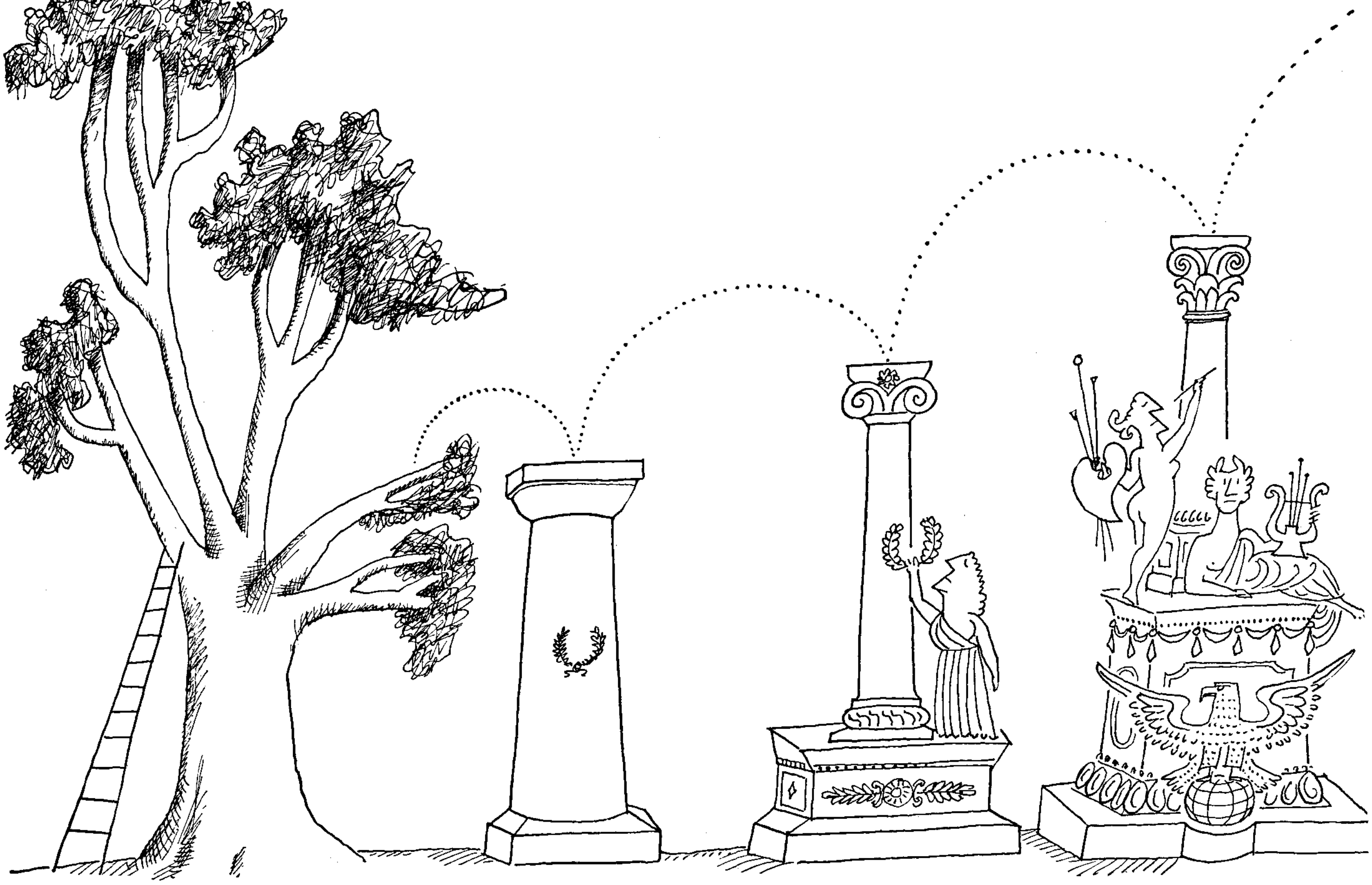
Warburg's bookplate bears the motto "Progress in thinking is progress toward simplicity." He collects epigrams, and has invented quite a few himself, including the one on his bookplate. Typical of his sayings, which have thus far remained unpublished, are "The highest degrees of human potency are reached in enthusiasm, on the one hand, and in suffering, on the other," and "Life and imagination are in continuous conflict with each other. Imagination tears the material elements of life to pieces and creates a world beyond us which is in opposition to the world around us." Warburg has said that he hopes to bring out two books someday—one an anthology of the best epigrams he has run across in his reading and the other, to be titled "Education of the Adult," a dissertation on the thesis that self-education relatively late in life is more important than school education early in life.

A subject that Warburg himself has been studying in the last few years is graphology, and he says that he has often found the advice of expert graphologists applicable to his business life. Not long ago, for example, having become worried about an associate who was a prey to emotional problems, he sent a page of the man's handwriting to a noted graphologist in Zurich. He got back a detailed character analysis, which convinced him that the graphologist knew more about the man from his handwriting than Warburg did after talking to him every day for years. Warburg endowed the European Foundation of Graphological Science and Application, which is now attached to the University of Zurich, and at the opening of the Foundation, in April, 1963, he explained why he is endeavoring to further the development of graphology. "I realize that many people still consider graphologists to be cranks and eccentrics," he said. "Actually, graphologists pioneer new segments of psychological knowledge. Many sciences have started as myths. The knowledge of the stars began as astrology and only gradually became the accurate science of astronomy. Today no one would call an astronomer a crank. Eventually, I am convinced, graphology will become *hoffähig*—presentable at the court of profound knowledge."

A nonconformist himself, Warburg values business associates who possess the ability to think unconventionally. At S. G. Warburg & Co., the captain is obviously in charge of the ship—there is a quiet authority about him that nobody could fail to recognize—yet the attitude of the crew is anything but sycophantic. When Warburg meets young men just down from Oxford or Cambridge who come in to be interviewed for jobs, he questions them closely as to whether they would speak up if they found they disagreed with senior colleagues. He has often told older men in the firm that their primary duty is to serve as a sounding board for the ideas of the younger ones, and he collects able young people with the same kind of enthusiasm that other bankers have devoted to collecting paintings. Of the ten executive directors of the bank, four are in their early thirties, and the average age of all his top executives is well below forty—which makes Warburg's in every respect the youngest merchant bank in the City. Since the twenties, when Warburg entered his family's bank in Hamburg as an apprentice, he has been impressed by the great need through the private-enterprise system for periodic rejuvenation of the ranks of management, and at his own bank he has introduced what some people in the City call "the nursery principle," specifying that one of the younger men must be present at every important meeting and must write a comprehensive memorandum on it afterward. Warburg himself often corrects the wording of the memorandum, in the manner of a teacher going over a student's homework.

Warburg expects everybody he works with to live a life as well organized as his own. While he freely delegates authority in large matters, he can be pedantic about small ones. Warburg recalls that one of his uncles in Germany used to say, "*Der liebe Gott wohnt im Detail*," and every day when Warburg is away from his London headquarters he receives a large envelope containing a mimeographed Management Mail and Memoranda List, which summarizes all but the most insignificant conversations held by his colleagues and just about every incoming or outgoing letter or cable. The contents of the envelope include the minutes of a meeting held in the bank every morning at nine-fifteen and attended by about thirty executives and specialists, the travel schedules of any directors or high-ranking officers who are away from London, the names of all guests invited to lunch at the bank, any new information filed under the headings "Companies to Be Kept Under Review" and "Current Propositions," a description of current "Personnel Problems," and, finally, a list of "Money Dealings" and the bank's "Daily Statement." To Warburg, the envelopes provide tangible proof, renewed daily, that his bank is functioning as it should. He has said that he derives great satisfaction from the knowledge that the men he has selected and trained can get along without him—but he reads every word in the reports they send him just the same.

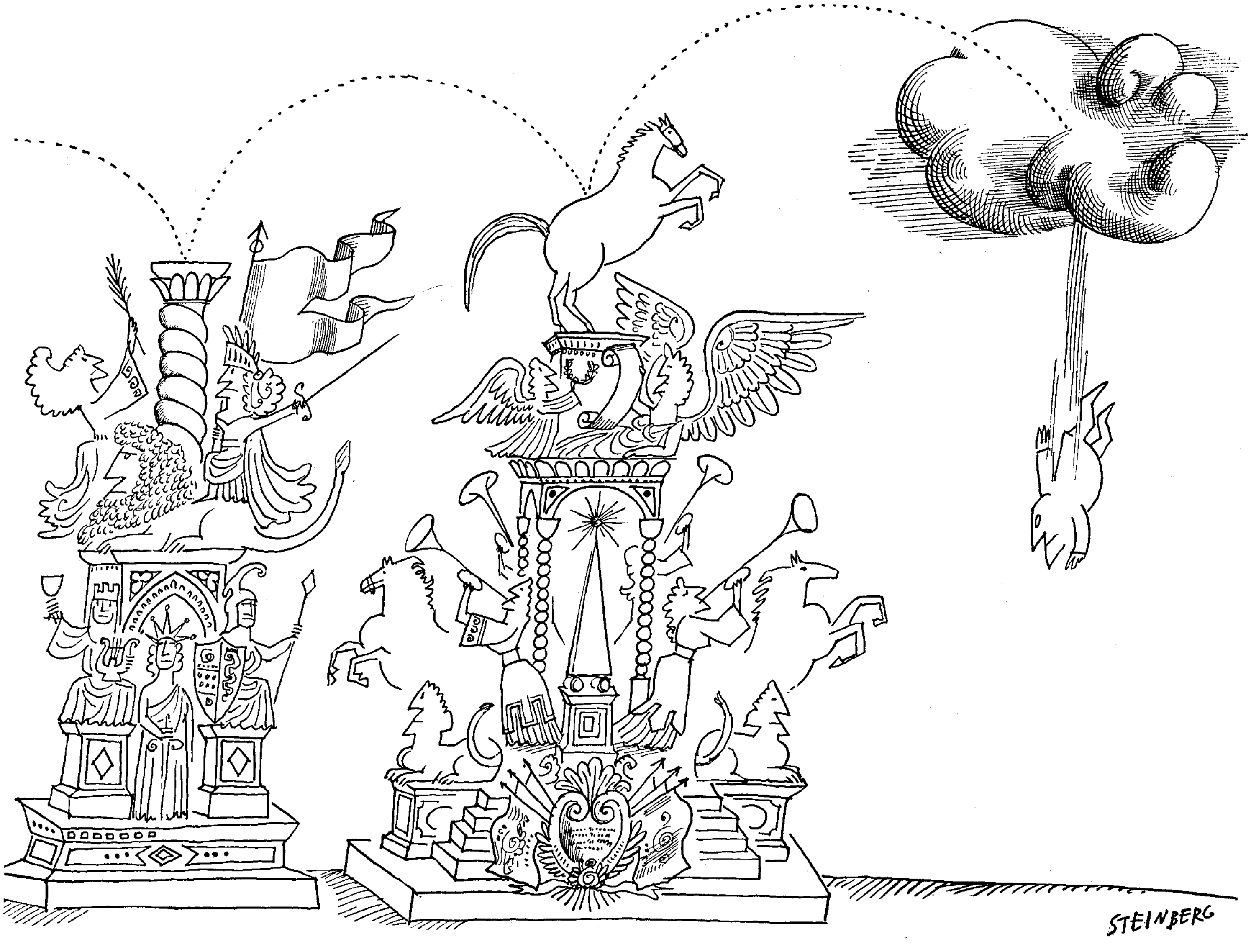
Incompetence of any kind offends Warburg, and his manners take on a Continental stiffness when he finds himself dealing with a negligent waiter or a clumsy clerk in a store; a few years ago, he was dissuaded only with difficulty from going to court over a disagreement with a ticket collector for the London Underground. His sec-



retaries really earn their money, because he checks and rechecks his correspondence for the slightest error or imprecision. A director of the Bank of England once pleased Warburg very much by telling him that his letters were distinguished by greater clarity of expression than those of any born-and-bred Englishman in the City. Indeed, Warburg feels thoroughly at home in England—he became a British subject in 1939—but he has never attempted to adopt local customs that do not seem natural to him, such as traditional English understatement. Unlike other prominent figures in the City, he does not hesitate to express himself in strong terms, whether in criticism or in praise. Warburg is also unsympathetic toward the City's relaxed standards of security in respect to confidential business matters; he holds a theory, based on some of his reading in psychology, that gossip is a form of compensation for sexual inadequacy. Warburg's maternal grandfather told him early in life that there are three degrees of secrecy: in the first, a man promises to keep something to himself, but tells his wife; in the second, he doesn't tell his wife; in the third, if he is reminded of the matter three years later, he no longer remembers that he ever heard of it. Warburg has never admired the pose of upper-class amateurism—"ingenious sloppiness," he calls it—that is adopted by many of the people who make their living in the City, and his tough professionalism, though it has given rise to a certain amount of resentment, is now being emulated in some of the older merchant banks.

S. G. Warburg & Co. has its headquarters in a functional-looking building, dating from 1960, at 30 Gresham Street, just a few steps from the Bank of England. The modernity of the structure contrasts sharply with the Dickensian aura hanging over many of the buildings in the area. Warburg does not go in for ancestral portraits or for coal fires in grates, and, furthermore, only a small number of the men who work there—and the bank has two hundred and fifty employees—show up with the bowler hats and tightly furled umbrellas that constitute the traditional uniform of London's financial district. Warburg so dislikes any form of ostentation that he once talked one of his directors out of buying a Rolls-Royce. Fortunately for him, his rather austere tastes are shared by his wife, the former Eva Maria Philipson, a slim and elegant woman who is a member of a distinguished banking family in Stockholm and whom he married in November, 1926. Both Warburgs, having spent their childhood and youth in very comfortable circumstances and then lost most of their possessions when they left Germany, take a detached view of their present wealth. On that subject, Warburg likes to quote a remark of his paternal grandfather: "It has been the Warburgs' good fortune that whenever we were about to get very rich, something happened to make us poor and we had to start all over again."

A GREAT many things have happened to Warburg's family since 1559, when one member of it who was



"The take-over generation can't take over soon enough to suit me."

a pawnbroker and a money-changer obtained permission to settle and do business in the Westphalian town of Warburg, from which the family eventually took its name. (The Warburgs enjoy a clear historical lead over such competitors as the Barings, whose first recorded commercial activities began in 1717, in Exeter, and the Rothschilds, who started doing business in Frankfurt as court factors to His Serene Highness Prince William IX, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, only after 1785.) Some of the early Warburgs settled in the city of Altona, which at that time was under Danish rule, and in which Jews were permitted to become merchants and shipowners. In 1773, one of the Altona Warburgs, Marcus Gumprich Warburg, moved to Hamburg, which denied Jews full citizenship but offered promising opportunities for bankers. He was the father of Moses Marcus Warburg and Gerson Warburg, who founded M. M. Warburg & Co. there in 1798.

When the new bank was less than a year old, a sudden influx of overseas goods into Portugal, England, and Scandinavia led to sharp price breaks throughout Europe. In Hamburg alone, more than a hundred and fifty firms went bankrupt. But the Warburgs had been cautious, and they rode out the storm. In 1806, French troops occupied Hamburg and held some of the more substantial citizens for ransom. Among them was Gerson Warburg. According to a cherished family story, Moses Marcus Warburg was reluctant to pay the high sum demanded by the French, and had to be severely admonished by the Jewish community before he would consent to ransom his brother. The French left Hamburg in 1814, and the end of the Napoleonic Wars brought new prosperity to the Warburgs. Their operations were already international in scope, as is evidenced by a letter from the firm to N. M. Rothschild & Sons, in London, dated August 4, 1814, offering gold bullion or louis d'or "for early delivery" and assuring the Rothschilds that M. M. Warburg & Co. was capable of handling business of this kind "as effectively as anybody in Hamburg."

Under the management of successive Warburg generations, the firm continued to prosper, and its designation was changed from *Geldwechsler*, or money-changers, to the more distinguished *Bankiers*. One of the most common activities of a merchant bank was then, as it is now, to guarantee both that a seller would be paid for his goods and that a buyer would get full value for his payment, by accepting a bill of trade as an obligation of its own. This form of guarantee has always been an important means of facilitating foreign trade among firms that might not be willing to accept each other's credit but would readily accept that of a well-known merchant bank. When the shock waves of the crisis of 1857, which started in America, with the failure of the Ohio Life Insurance & Trust Co., reached Hamburg, it was discovered that many of the trade bills that had been accepted by companies engaged in merchant-banking activities there were not based on genuine transactions. The Warburgs did not find it easy to meet all their obligations, but they managed it, and, in addition, were among the contributors to the Garantie-Diskonto-Verein von 1857, a fund set up by the Senate of Hamburg to bail out firms in trouble.

A couple of years later, when Hamburg was in the market for a large loan, the Senate approached the Prussians, who turned down the request haughtily. The Warburgs then offered to make inquiries in Austria, since they were known in financial circles there through the marriage of a Warburg daughter to Paul Schiff, director of the Creditanstalt in Vienna. Schiff submitted Hamburg's request to Baron Karl von Bruck, the Austrian Minister of Finance, who thereupon approached Emperor Franz Josef I and got permission to send silver ingots to Hamburg by special train. The silver was never actually needed and was returned to Vienna, with interest, six months later, but the loan had restored confidence in Hamburg and at the same time had increased the reputation of the bank that had arranged it.

Thanks to a number of marriages, the Warburgs had become connected with a number of other powerful European banking families—the Rosenbergs in Kiev, the Gunzburgs in St. Petersburg, the Oppenheims and the Goldschmidts in Germany—and by the time the nineteenth century drew to a close, the Warburg dynasty was firmly established. Moritz Warburg, a grandson of Moses Marcus Warburg, had five sons. Around 1900, two of them, Paul M. Warburg and Felix M. Warburg, came to America, where Paul married Nina Loeb, the daughter of a founder of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and Felix married Frieda Schiff, the daughter of that same underwriting and brokerage firm's managing partner, Jacob H. Schiff. Both Warburgs became partners in Kuhn, Loeb, where, with the coöperation of their older brother Max, who had taken charge of the family bank back in Hamburg, they helped to arrange quite a few international loans, including a sizable one for Japan in the first decade of this century. (The ties between Kuhn, Loeb and the European Warburgs have always been close, but last July, S. G. Warburg & Co., of

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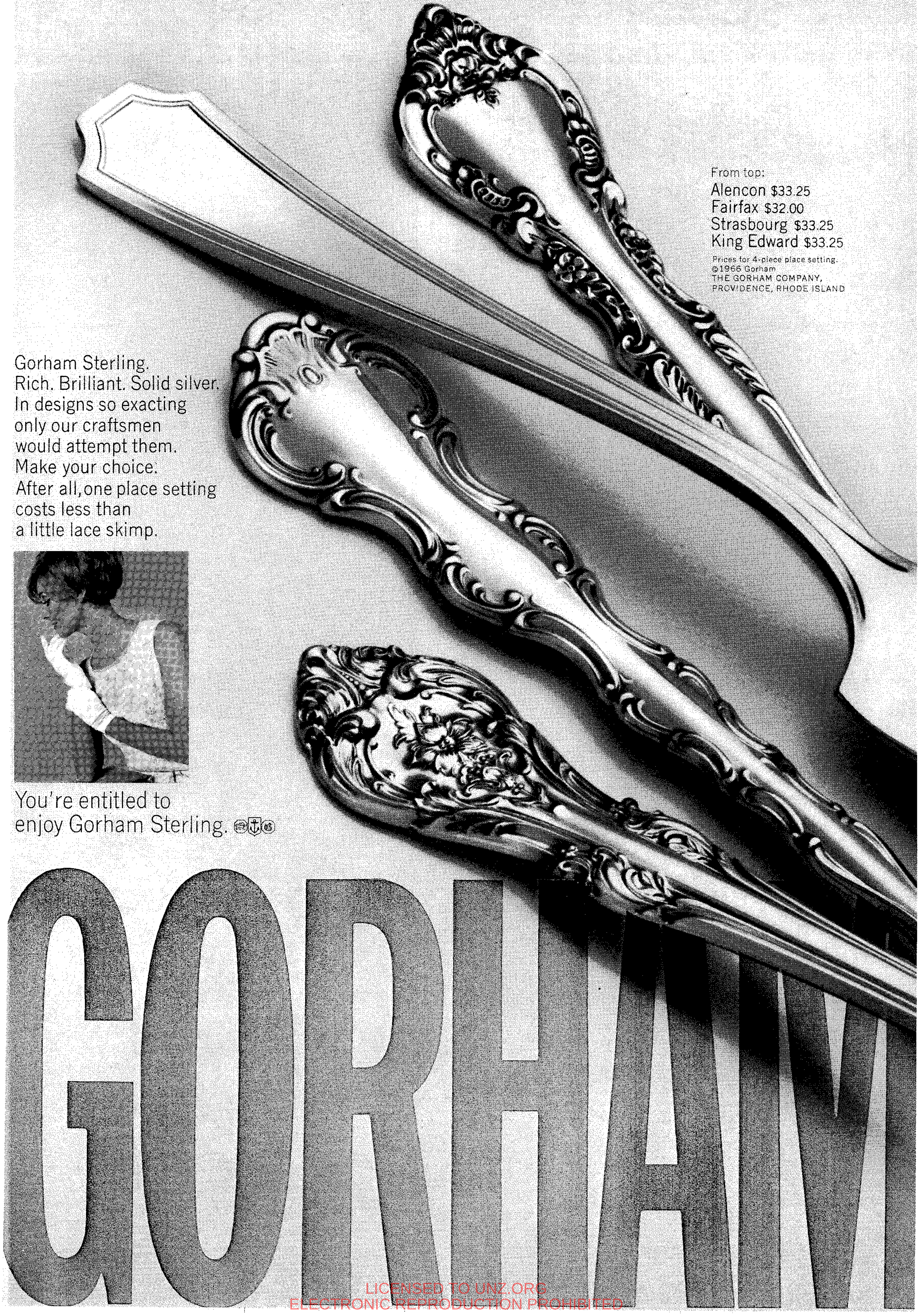
London, having severed its formal ties with Kuhn, Loeb, opened a subsidiary of its own in New York.) Another of the five brothers, Fritz M. Warburg, was also active in the family's business affairs, but the eldest, Aby M. Warburg, chose to devote his life to scholarship rather than banking, and as a young man he jokingly told his brothers that all he asked of them was that they pay for his books. That turned out to be a fairly expensive proposition, for he proceeded to set up in Hamburg a Kulturwissenschaftliche Bibliothek, which was incorporated into the University of London in 1944 and is known today as the Warburg Institute.

WITH a barely perceptible hint of regret, Siegmund Warburg often says that he might easily have become one of the "non-banking" Warburgs himself—a university don, a scientist, a philosopher, or a writer, like his American cousin James P. Warburg. His father, Georges Siegmund Warburg, a cousin of the five sons of Moritz Warburg, never showed any particular interest in banking; a man of considerable wealth—at least until inflation beset Germany after the First World War—he devoted himself, as a trained agriculturist, to a large estate he owned outside Urach, an old town not far from Stuttgart, in the Swabian Alps. It is lovely country, with green hills and clear streams, and Siegmund Warburg, who was born there on September 30, 1902, sometimes goes back for a visit; he still feels at home there, he says. Some of his Jewish friends protest that they don't understand how a Jew—and particularly a Jew who is passionately devoted to the future of Israel and is active in Jewish philanthropies, as Warburg is—can feel at home even now in the country of Goebbels and Hitler. Warburg has explained that the Germany he visits is the country of Goethe and Heine. A verse of Heine's—"*Denk ich an Deutschland in der Nacht/So bin ich um den Schlaf gebracht*" ("When I think of Germany at night, I cannot sleep")—describes the way he feels about Germany. But he dislikes generalizations about any people—Germans or Jews or any others. He points out that while Baron Konstantin von Neurath, who became Hitler's Foreign Minister, was a Swabian, so was Theodor Heuss, the cultured and highly respected President of the Federal Republic from 1949 to 1959. They were both neighbors of the Warburgs, and Heuss and Siegmund Warburg remained friends until Heuss died, in 1963. As for Neurath, who



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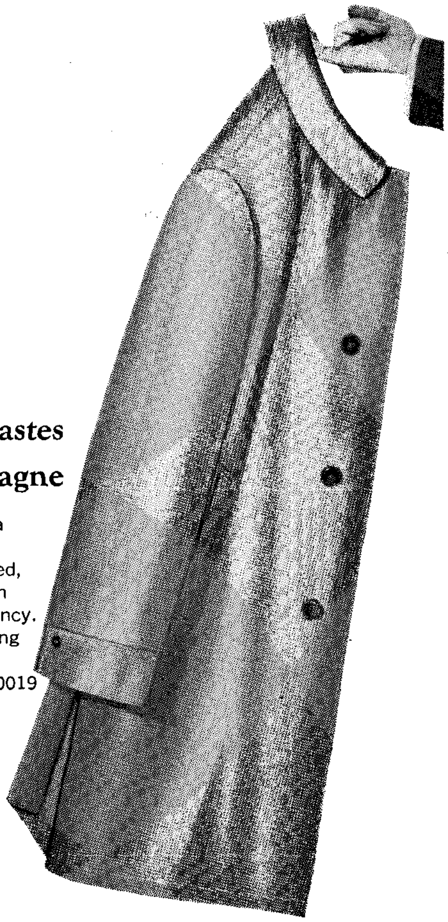

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represented *another* Germany, he eventually played a brief but decisive role in Warburg's life.

Warburg, an only child, was devoted to his mother, Lucie Kaulla Warburg. She herself had been brought up, in Stuttgart, by the strict standards of an almost puritanical Jewish family, and she impressed upon her son the importance of self-discipline. Warburg says that he often finds himself quoting her, particularly when he lectures young people on the dangers of cigarettes (he does not smoke), or when someone passes him a box of chocolates (he loves them) and he doesn't take one. After his mother's death, in 1955, he wrote a moving reminiscence of her for his children—a son, who is an accountant (but not at S. G. Warburg & Co.), and a daughter, who was a teacher until her marriage to a man who is a financial consultant (but not at S. G. Warburg & Co.). In telling them about their grandmother, he drew a picture of his childhood and youth, and traced something of the development of his personality:

> My Mother told me that her father often used to say, "My child, if you have to choose which way to go, always ask yourself first which is the harder and choose it. It will be the right one." She had a deep sense of duty, which she managed to combine with cheerful serenity. Goethe and Beethoven formed her conception of life. Her home was a strict, almost Spartan school, but at the same time a happy environment. What had to be done was done with absolute thoroughness; what had to be thought out was thought through toward the last consequence; what had been recognized as the important aim was pursued with utter tenacity....
>
> My Mother loved music and wrote some compositions. They express her feelings succinctly. One hears in them her happy dreams beyond all earthly conflicts and worldly problems. After her marriage, she had to take care of a vast estate—a task for which she had not been trained and which sometimes severely taxed her frail constitution. In those years she developed an enormous willpower.... When my Father became very ill after they'd been married over twenty years, my Mother kept away from him all work and worry. Despite my Father's prolonged illness and his deep depressions, there was great harmony in our home. This sense of harmony was the most important thing she gave me in my formative years....
>
> She would always assist me with my homework, and she was very strict about it. If I made a small mistake, I had to write the whole page once more, and sometimes there were tears. She would repeat her criticism of something I'd done, again and again, until she was certain I would not forget it. Today I am deeply grateful to my Mother for being so strict with me.... She made me pray

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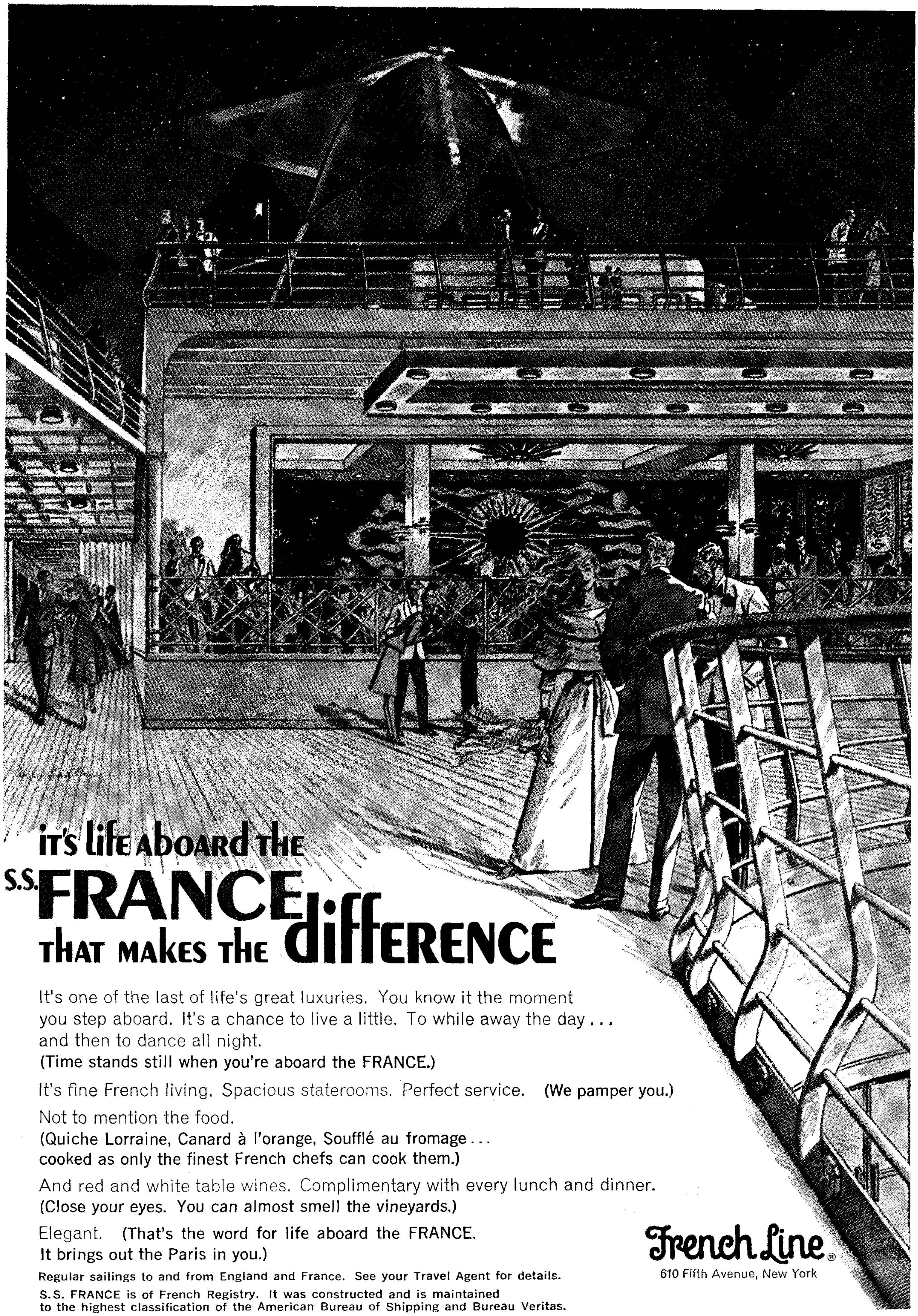

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every night, but she was never dogmatic about religious matters....

Once we discussed the difficulty of telling the truth to close friends—the reason why people often lie to each other because they don't want to hurt one another's feelings. My Mother would say that a lie always corrupts, even a well-intentioned one, that one must tell one's friends the truth, as tactfully as possible. And she would always tell us that one must never stop doing the best one can do for other people. She liked to quote Hofmannsthal, "It makes much difference whether people live their lives merely as spectators or are actively involved, suffering, enjoying, feeling guilty or happy with others: only such people really live." Another favorite quotation of Mother's was

Dein Glück, oh Menschenkind,
Glaub es mitnichten,
Dass es erfüllte Wünsche sind.
Es sind erfüllte Pflichten.

Roughly translated, those verses mean "Happiness is not the fulfillment of desires but the fulfillment of duties," and they probably sum up as well as anything could the code of behavior that was urged upon Warburg throughout his early years in Urach. As a pupil of the *Gymnasium* in nearby Reutlingen, he distinguished himself in the classical languages, and thereafter he entered the Evangelical Seminary, in Urach, and became the first Jewish student there since the institution was founded in 1479. Then, in 1920, a summons arrived from Max Warburg, the senior partner of M. M. Warburg & Co. Siegmund was to come up to Hamburg and talk about "going into the bank." He went, and during the interview it became clear that he was hesitant about embarking on a banking career. He would prefer to continue his studies for a while, he said—he thought he might like to go into teaching. Max Warburg looked at the young man thoughtfully and said yes, he understood, but how about taking a job as an apprentice for a couple of years, just as an experiment. If he didn't like banking, he could still become a scholar. They shook hands on it.

The Warburgs and the Rothschilds had a long-standing agreement to exchange their young men as apprentices, and after a period of initiation in Hamburg, Siegmund Warburg went to work for N. M. Rothschild & Sons in London. Having discovered that he liked banking a good deal more than he had thought he would, Warburg—by now a married man—continued his training in Boston and New York. In Boston, he worked for a firm of accountants, and in New York he started with the International Acceptance Bank and then joined Kuhn, Loeb. In

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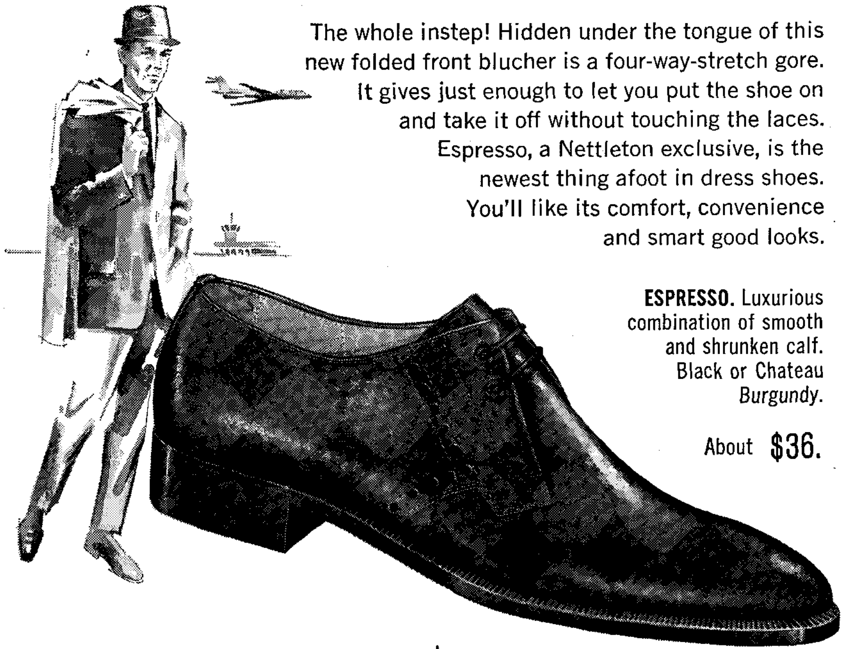

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1930, he was taken into the family bank in Hamburg as a partner. The following year, he started a branch office for the firm in Berlin.

One explanation of Warburg's success may be that he is always expecting the worst to happen, and preparing for it. In any event, he certainly had ample opportunity to study misfortune during his banking life in Germany. "It was fantastic," he has said of the financial disaster that started in Vienna when the Rothschilds' Creditanstalt was unable to meet its obligations in 1931. "People everywhere had been sure it couldn't happen. Well, it did happen. The fall of the Creditanstalt set off a terrible chain reaction all over Europe. People withdrew their deposits, and the liquidity of many banks was endangered. Many institutions collapsed. That's the sort of experience one never forgets. Sometimes I try to tell my young people at the bank about it, but I don't really succeed. They listen politely, and then they forget. No theoretical teaching equals the value of painful experience. There were a few brilliant people in Europe who did foresee the great crisis, but even they took no action."

Warburg himself has always been a man of action, and in March, 1934, after some Jewish and Catholic friends of his had been arrested in Berlin, he decided to call on the highest official he knew in Hitler's government, Foreign Minister Neurath. Several times in the past, on returning to Germany from trips abroad, Warburg had gone to the Foreign Office to see Neurath; on those occasions Warburg had offered his impressions of the places in which he had been doing business, and Neurath had apparently found them useful, for he had always urged Warburg to come back whenever he had anything of interest to report. Neurath received Warburg jovially, asking whether he had been to London, Paris, or New York this time.

The visitor shook his head. "As it happens, *Herr Minister*, I've come to report on some happenings right here in Berlin that worry me a great deal," he remembers saying. He asked Neurath if he was aware that people were being arrested in the middle of the night and sent to prison without any judicial procedure.

Neurath, no longer jovial, said that he had heard of such things happening occasionally. He called it "*sehr unerfreulich*" ("most unpleasant"), but he attempted to pass it off as "the inevitable aftermath of a revolution."

Warburg disagreed. He said it was

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"*eine Willkürherrschaft.*" That means "arbitrary rule"—pretty strong language to use to any Cabinet member about his government.

Neurath said that no one regretted these events more than he did, adding, "But, after all, what can I do about it?"

Warburg suggested that the *Herr Minister* could go see President von Hindenburg. According to Paragraph 19 of the Weimar Constitution, he pointed out, the President was authorized to dismiss the Chancellor if he committed an offense against the Constitution, and Hitler had obviously done just that. "The *Reichswehr* would stand behind President von Hindenburg," Warburg said. "And it is well known that you have influence with him."

Now Neurath shook his head. "I have to tell you, my young friend, that I myself am considered politically unreliable, and must be very careful," he said. "I'm sorry, but there is nothing I can do."

Upon leaving the Foreign Office, Warburg did not go back to the bank. He went straight home and told his wife to start packing, because they were going to leave Berlin at once. He had concluded that if the Foreign Minister himself was afraid, there was not much hope for anyone else in Germany.

AT one time, Warburg thought of emigrating to the United States, where he had many family and business ties, but he concluded that he was basically too much of a European for that, so he settled in England. Shortly after he arrived in London, he started a business of very modest size called the New Trading Company, which was to specialize in the exchange of goods by barter, but his main occupation during the years after his emigration from Germany until the end of the Second World War was helping other refugees to get out of Nazi-dominated countries and to find means of livelihood. It was not until 1946 that he founded S. G. Warburg & Co. and began in earnest his phenomenal rise to wealth and prominence in the City of London.

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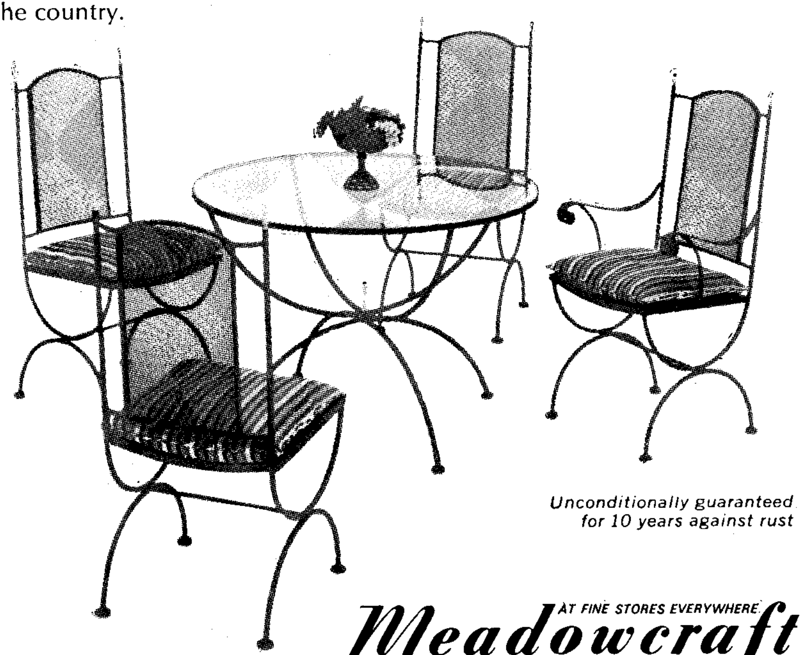

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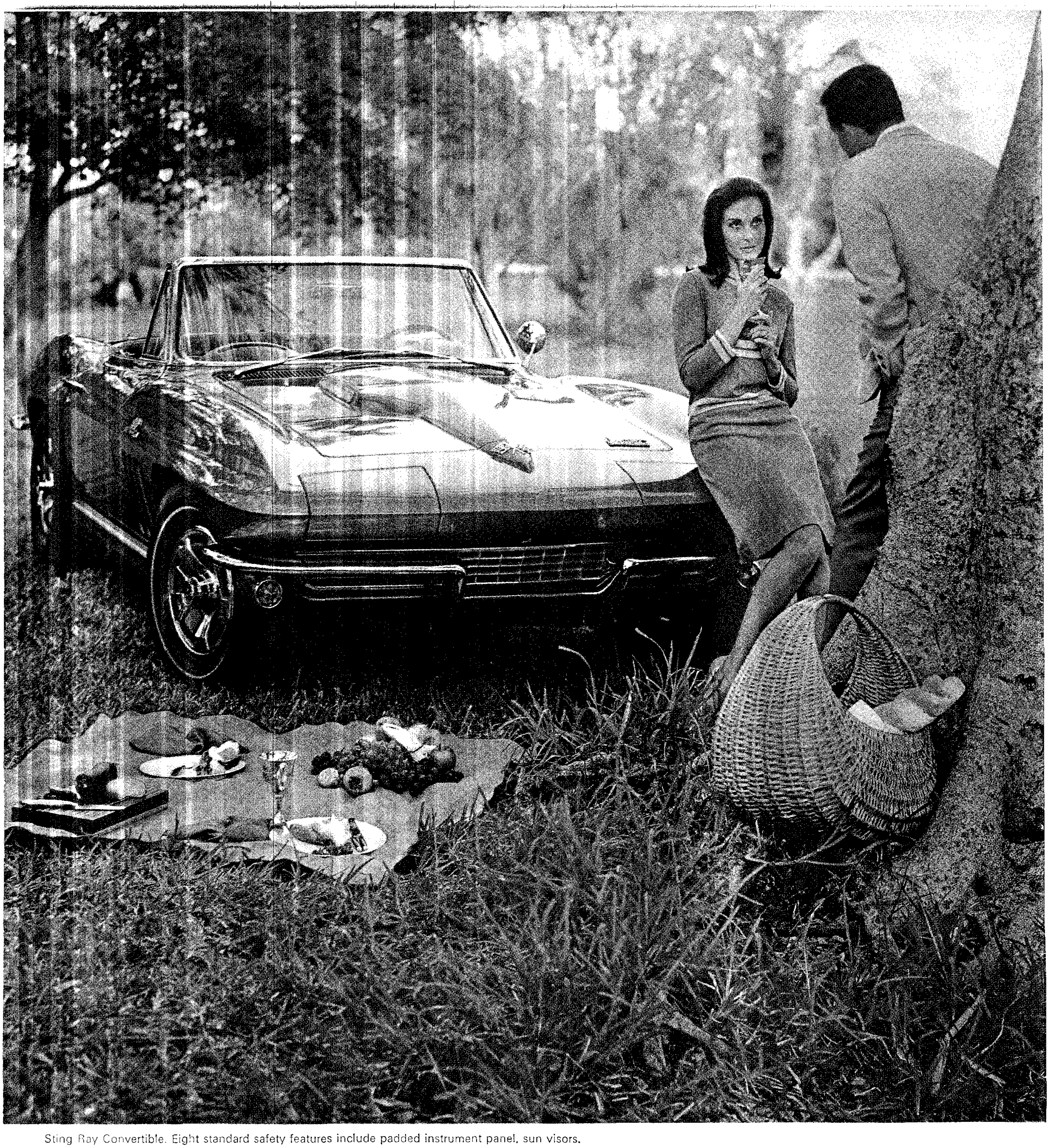

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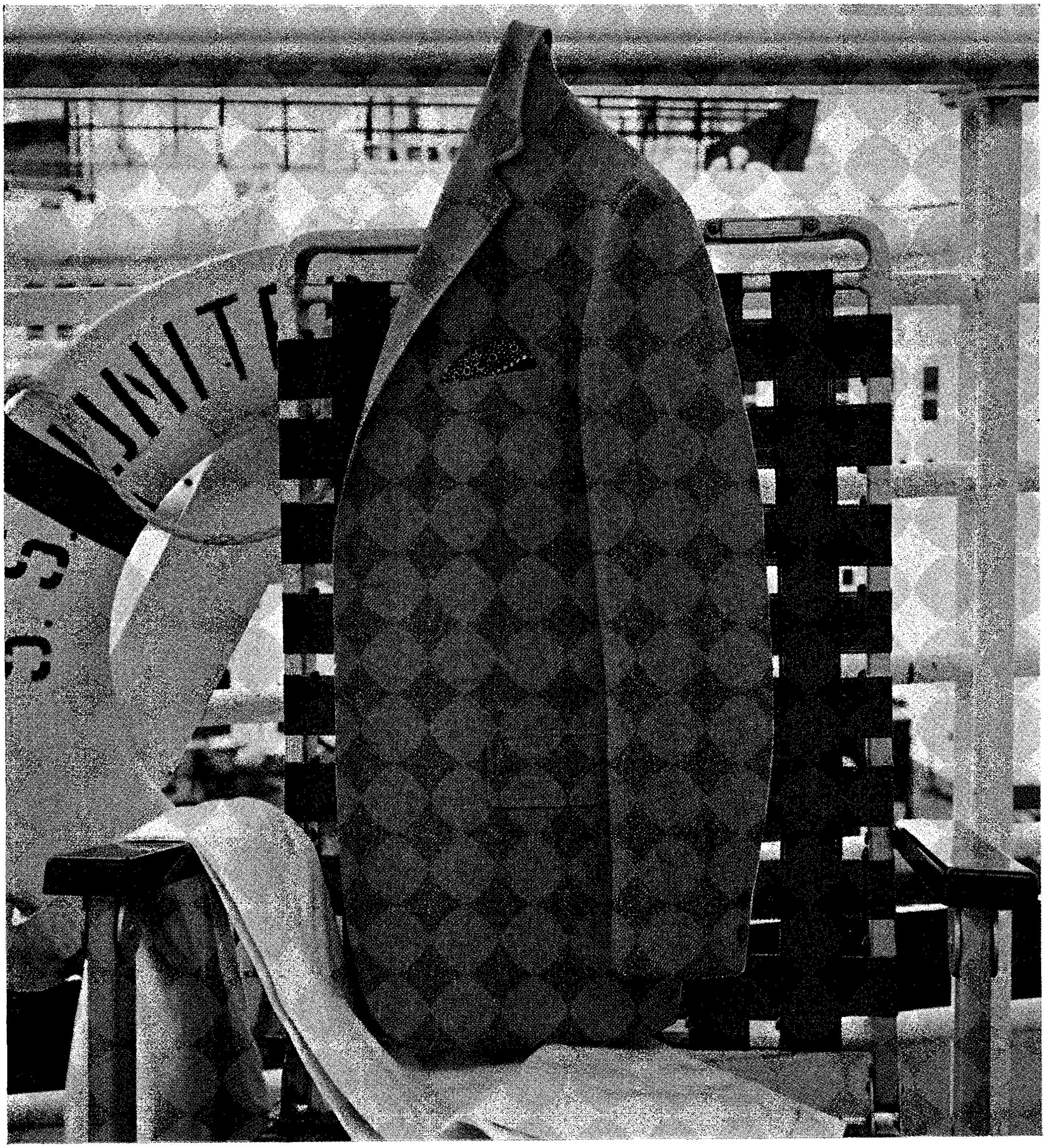

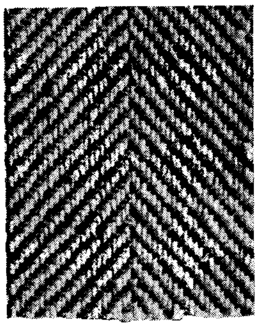

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the concept of the merchant banker as primarily a dealer in money was out of date. As he expressed it in an official report to some of his colleagues not long ago, his bank's "advisory services to individual clients in England and abroad" have always ranked far ahead of "credit and money business," which, like the issuing of bonds and the management of accounts, has become little more than a sideline. Right from the beginning, S. G. Warburg & Co. acted as a kind of catalyst for international business dealings. In 1947, Warburg's firm joined the Banque Nationale pour le Commerce et l'Industrie to form the British & French Bank, an important economic bridge across the Channel. Warburg's also made a specialty of repatriating companies that had been uprooted during the war. It brought back to England from the United States a twenty-five-per-cent interest that General Electric had acquired in Associated Electrical Industries; it restored to British ownership a number of London office buildings that had been bought by an American group; it transferred the Brazilian Warrant Company, a coffee plantation and trading firm that British interests had acquired, back into Brazilian hands; and it returned to European investors the International Telephone & Telegraph Company's twenty-per-cent interest in the L. M. Ericsson Telephone Company, which makes telephone and other communication equipment. Warburg's also advised the Timken Roller Bearing Company, of Canton, Ohio, when it was buying up all the shares of its British subsidiary, and the bank introduced a number of foreign securities on the London Stock Exchange, including Chrysler from the United States, Farbenfabriken Bayer and Hoechst from Germany, Finsider

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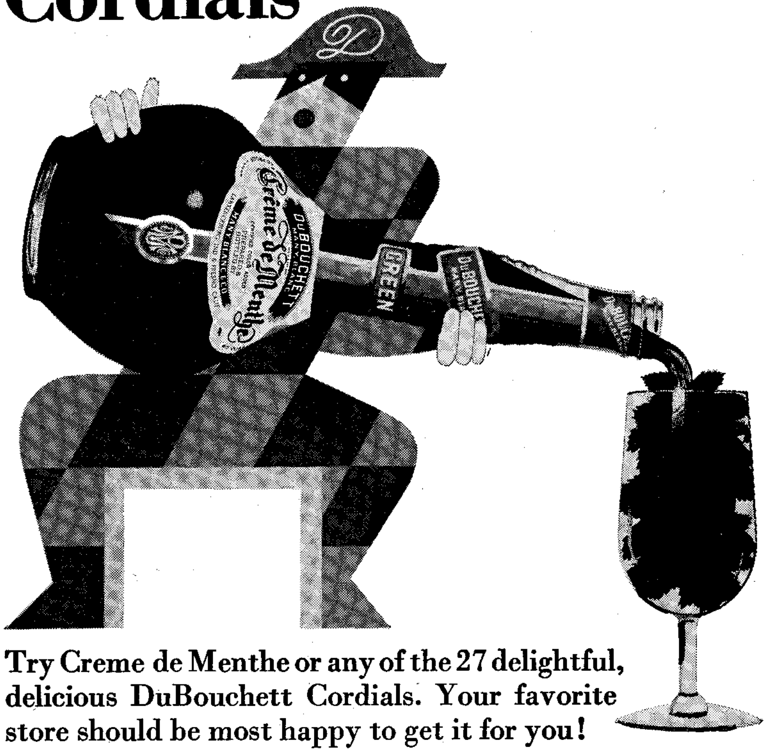

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from Italy, and the Discount Bank of Israel. As Warburg acquired customers, he also added carefully selected experts to his staff, and before long his firm was widely known for the excellence of the advice it could provide on nearly any phase of Europe's new economic expansion.

Warburg has compared his role as a modern merchant banker to that of a family doctor, who must get to know the people he is serving better—in some ways—than they know themselves, and who, though he may call in specialists as they are needed, always bears the full responsibility for the ultimate success or failure of the treatment. Of course, the patient's confidence in the man who is prescribing for his health and well-being may be an important ingredient of the therapy, and Warburg's intensely serious, slightly melancholy manner has in no way detracted from his reputation for possessing what he himself has called "the occult powers" of a successful merchant banker. "Every good doctor will admit that a cardiogram tells you a lot but not everything," he has said. "The rest is a matter of instinct, an extreme sensitiveness that comes with knowledge and experience."

"Warburg's greatest asset is his inner authority," a colleague who has often watched him during intricate negotiations has said. "There are quite a few men with brilliant minds in the merchant-banking fraternity. Warburg has a brilliant mind, but he also brings to bear a conclusive force that is based on lucidity of thought and economy of expression. Talk is cheap in the City, and people will pay a premium for those qualities today. I've seen Warburg enter a room where some of the world's great industrialists were assembled—men used to issuing orders and being listened to respectfully. When Warburg sat down, they all became silent. They paid attention to him because they had learned that he would not utter a single superfluous word. He clarifies complicated issues without oversimplifying them."

The Warburg personality was something of an anomaly in the City, and his growing success inevitably produced resentment. A client of his who has become a close friend has said, "People who don't like Siegmund accuse him of being clever, which is always rather a suspect thing to be here, you know." Warburg's Germanic precision has puzzled many of those who are accustomed to the informal ways of the City. The same client has declared, with a mixture of amazement

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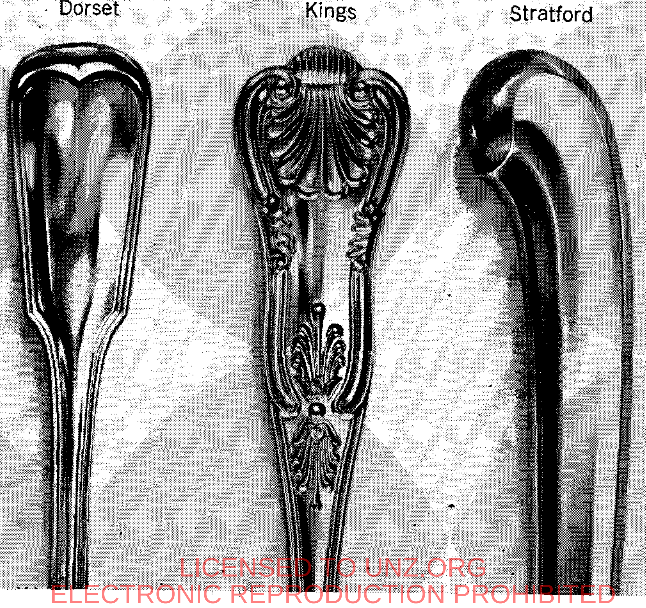

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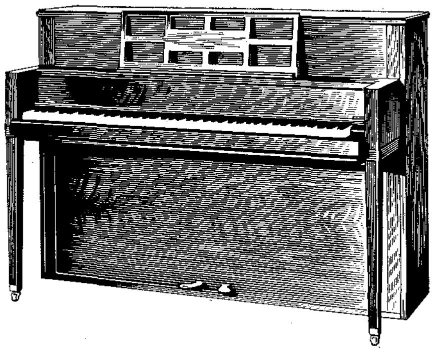

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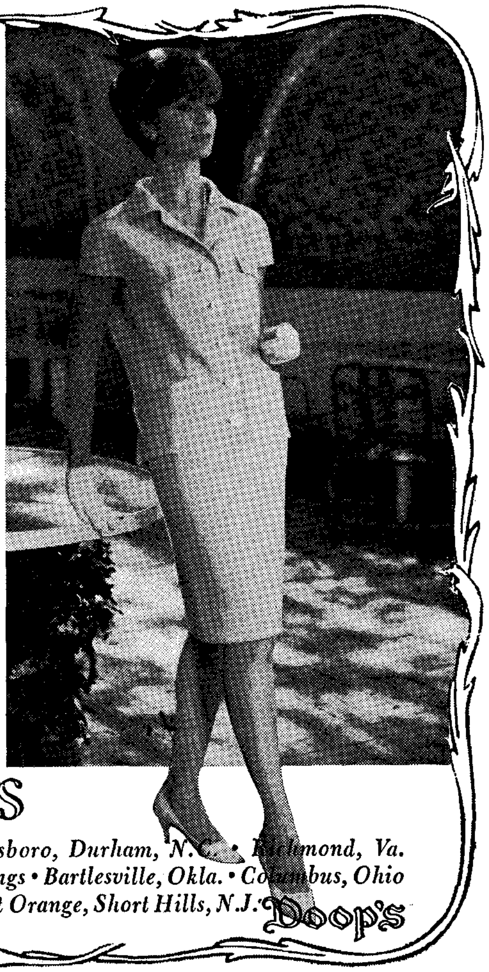

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and exasperation, "You know, I believe Siegmund could tell you exactly who it is he'll be having dinner with three weeks from today. And it took me a long time to realize that he never uses conventional phrases to smooth things over, as we English so often do, without really thinking what we're saying. Siegmund says exactly what he means. He's offended a lot of people that way, but I will say that if he tells you he'll get back to you about some matter on the seventeenth of December at 4 P.M., you can be sure he's going to do it. There may be a war, a blizzard, an earthquake, and a general strike, and all the lines may be down, but Siegmund will get through somehow. In this unreliable world, it's good to know that there is somebody left who never forgets a promise."

More and more clients came to depend on Warburg not only because of his reliability but also because of his uncanny skill at sizing up their problems and recommending solutions. In 1957, after merging with Seligman Brothers, S. G. Warburg & Co. became a member of the Accepting Houses Committee, which is made up of firms that have the backing of the Bank of England when they guarantee bills of trade by accepting them as obligations of their own. There are sixteen such firms in the City of London, and they are generally regarded as the only true merchant banks. For some time, Warburg was still spoken of as a foreign upstart in the mahogany-panelled chambers of quite a few old firms that were founded, it is easy to forget, by other foreign upstarts. But his place with the Barings, the Hambros, the Lazards, and the Rothschilds among those who have been called "Princes of the City" has not been subject to question since his victory in a bitterly contested financial engagement that has gone down in history as the Aluminium War.

THE conflict started late in 1958, when two American companies, the Reynolds Metals Company, of Richmond, Virginia, and the Aluminum Company of America (ALCOA), began maneuvering to gain control of the British Aluminium Company, an extremely valuable prize, not only because it offered access to expanding European markets but because it had substantial production facilities in Canada. Britons have long been sensitive about American take-over bids, and the proceedings were described in the *Financial Times* as "a fight between two vast empires for a distant province—

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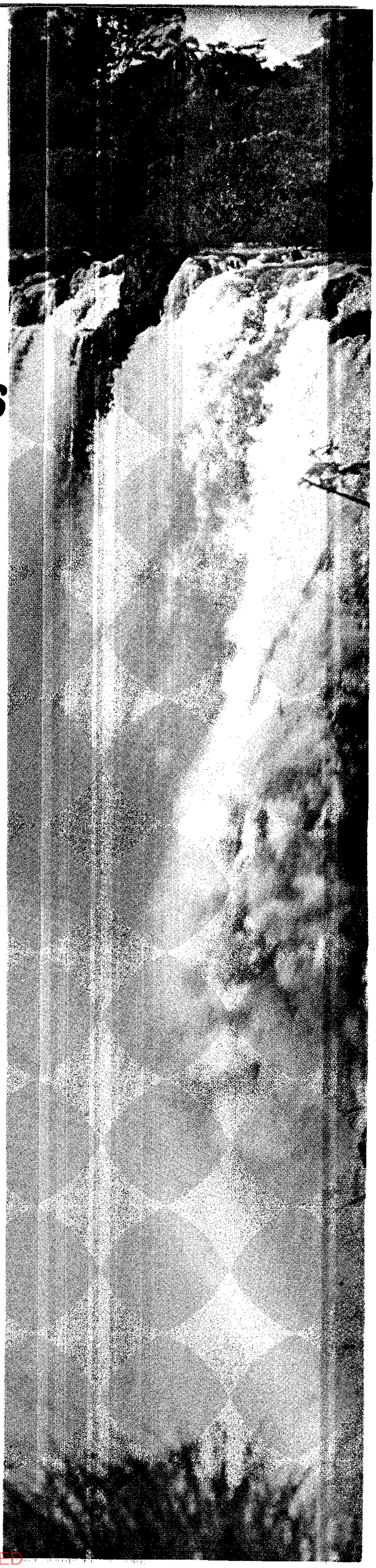

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almost like Russia and Austria-Hungary fighting in the Balkans in the old days." The paper went on to note that the fight was "building up grudges which should not exist between leading institutions of the City." Among the "leading institutions" drawn up in battle array as allies of the metal companies were five of the City's merchant banks. Take-over bids are always complicated operations, and they can be extremely hazardous when, as was true in this case, the shares that are needed to gain control of a company are spread among thousands of people; in the postwar years, merchant bankers have become specialists in the strategies—both offensive and defensive—needed for coping with the particular hazards involved. Hambros and Lazards had been retained by British Aluminium to work out an acceptably "British" solution to the problem of a merger, and these two venerable merchant banks were sometimes referred to in newspaper accounts of the contest as the "Gentlemen." The "Players" in this analogy from cricket were the advisers of Reynolds Metals—principally S. G. Warburg & Co., a merchant bank that had come into existence only a dozen years earlier. Warburg had joined forces with Schroders and with Helbert Wagg, whose chairman, the late W. Lionel Fraser, was also scorned in the City, because he was a "self-made" banker rather than the scion of an ancient banking family.

Long before the struggle erupted into open warfare, Warburg advised Reynolds to coöperate with a British firm in order to make the take-over bid less painful for the British public, and Reynolds reached an agreement for this purpose with Tube Investments, of Birmingham, another large metal manufacturer. Reynolds and Tube Investments, again on the advice of Warburg, began to buy shares of British Aluminium, moving cautiously—indeed, anonymously, through "nominees." By October of 1958, the insurgents held ten per cent of the British Aluminium shares. "It was the best-kept secret there has ever been on the Stock Exchange," a merchant banker in the losing camp said later.

The people at British Aluminium suspected that somebody was after their shares, but they didn't know who. The company's chairman, Viscount Portal of Hungerford, who had been Chief of the British Air Staff during the war, and its managing director, Geoffrey Cunliffe, who was the son of a former Governor of the Bank of England—a pair of Gentlemen if there ever was

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one—were well aware that their firm was a natural target for a take-over bid. Two years before, its shares had been selling at around eighty shillings, but they had recently fallen as low as thirty-seven shillings, and while the firm's current earnings were small, its potential profits were considerable. The directors needed money to expand the company, and their own choice for the source of new financing was ALCOA. While the buying of their shares by unknown, and presumably sinister, forces continued, the directors of British Aluminium decided to offer ALCOA a convenient means of acquiring a large minority interest in their company by purchasing some four and a half million pounds' worth of shares that had previously been authorized as "treasury stock," to be held or sold as the directors saw fit.

The war moved quickly toward a climax. On November 3rd, Sir Ivan Stedeford, the chairman of Tube Investments, met with Lord Portal and told him that he would like "to have an association for future development." (Certain traditions are observed in British take-over bids, like publishing the banns for a marriage.) Portal turned the proposal down—"stiffly," according to newspaper reports—declaring that he was already negotiating with another group. Undaunted, Stedeford informed Portal two days later that he was prepared to make a specific offer for British Aluminium shares that would be quite attractive in terms of the market price. This time, Portal replied that he had already reached an agreement with ALCOA to sell that company all of British Aluminium's unissued treasury stock. He refused to pass Stedeford's offer on to British Aluminium's shareholders.

The next step in Warburg's strategy was executed in a masterly fashion. Stedeford summoned a press conference and announced that he would bid the equivalent of seventy-eight shillings per share (half in cash, half in stock) for all British Aluminium shares, issued or unissued. The shares thus purchased would be vested in a new company with a fifty-one-per-cent controlling interest in British hands. As Warburg had known, and as everyone else knew shortly afterward, the British Aluminium board had asked ALCOA to pay only sixty shillings per share for treasury stock. Headlines exploded. Lord Portal and his advisers, Lazards and Hambros, were angrily criticized. Why hadn't the board of British Aluminium consulted its shareholders before making such an important deci-

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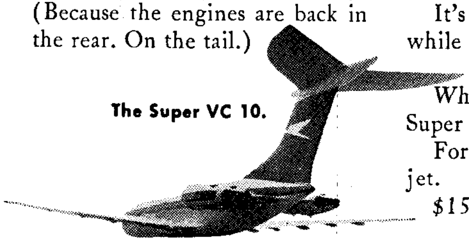

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For the price of an ordinary jet.

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Or take it to Nassau for the price of an ordinary jet.

$115* round trip.

Or to Bermuda for the price of an ordinary jet.

$95* round trip.

And do it soon, mon. You look terrible.

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sion? Lord Portal didn't improve matters when he declared (whether "stiffly" or not is unrecorded), "Those familiar with negotiations between great companies will realize that such a course would have been impracticable."

As the thunder of heavy guns grew louder, Warburg went to see his opposite numbers at Lazards and Hambros and made one last effort to work out a negotiated settlement. But although he tried his best to make it clear that he was not speaking from a position of weakness, he did not succeed in convincing his rivals. Lazards and Hambros decided to call what they thought was Warburg's bluff. And so, on New Year's Eve of 1958, there began a fight to the finish between the Gentlemen and the Players—between the great powers of the City's past and Warburg, the newcomer. Olaf Hambro, then chairman of Hambros, and Lord Kindersley, then chairman of Lazards, declared in a letter to British Aluminium's shareholders that the Reynolds-Tube Investments offer must be resisted "in the national interest." The two old merchant banks stood at the head of a formidable consortium that was now prepared to buy British Aluminium at eighty-two shillings a share in cash—four shillings more than the Warburg forces had last offered. A number of the other great merchant banks in the City had joined the consortium, among them Morgan Grenfell, M. Samuel, Samuel Montagu, Brown Shipley, and Guinness, Mahon. One banker was quoted as saying, "We must save British Aluminium for civilization."

For Warburg, those were nerve-racking weeks. As he understood even better than his adversaries, the really big investment money had passed from the hands of merchant bankers and their wealthy clients to institutions such as insurance companies, pension funds, and the Church of England Commissioners. The managers of the institutions that controlled large blocks of British Aluminium shares were not telling the merchant bankers which way they intended to move. Then, gradually, the fog began to lift, and the movement of the battle became visible, at least to Warburg. The institutions were beginning to sell British Aluminium—not directly to the consortium, as they had been urged to do, but simply at the going price on the Stock Exchange, where brokers who had been enlisted by Warburg were buying every share offered, at prices that ranged, at times, up to eighty-five shillings. The managers of several of the institutions said later that they had

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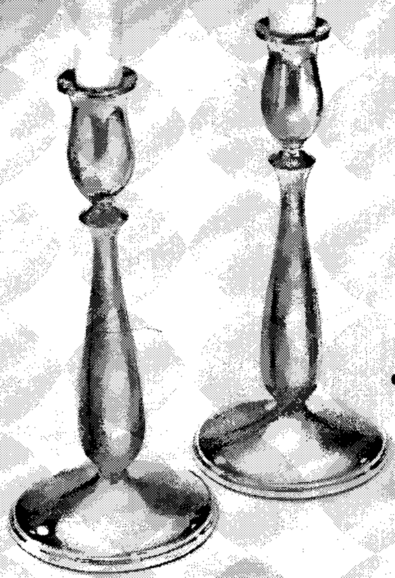

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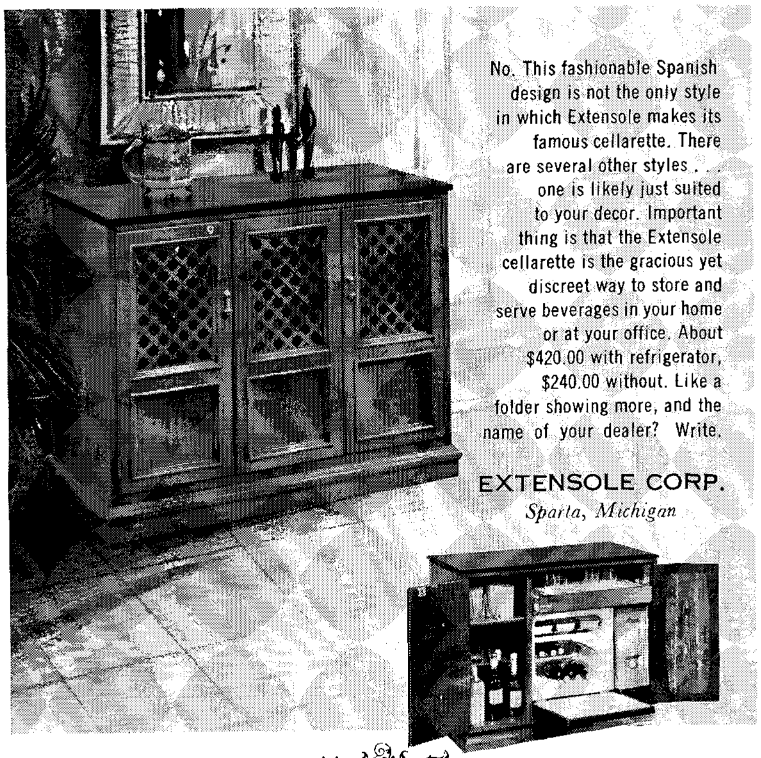

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One aspect of comfort is the way a car drives—if it makes you nervous, you aren't comfortable. Driving must always be effortless—secure, responsive and dependable. How does the new Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow handle?

To begin with, steering is power *assisted*—which means you get full assistance when you need it, such as when parking, going slowly, or if you get a blowout. When you're going fast, you still get an excellent *feel* of the road.

You can turn it full circle in 38 feet, as opposed to 42 feet or more for the car you're probably driving right now.

The new Rolls-Royce has independent suspension front and rear. Soft springs that compensate for even the most washboard surfaces. Front and back automatic hydraulic height control that *really works:* Helps keep your car and headlights from nosediving when you brake. Keeps doors from hitting the tops of high curbs when you get in and out.

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Power, performance, braking? You can accelerate from 0-60 in ten seconds or less—"... sports car stuff" as one automotive authority puts it.

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And little wonder. The Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow has specially designed disc brakes on all four wheels. They're virtually non-fading. Power assisted. And hooked up to no less than three totally separate hydraulic systems that *distribute* braking evenly for smooth stops—make it most unlikely that you will ever be without braking.

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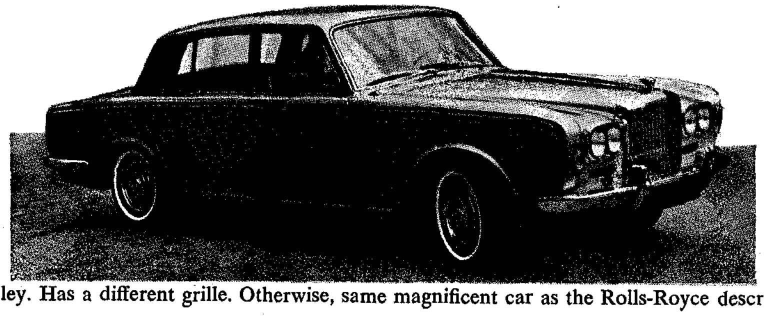

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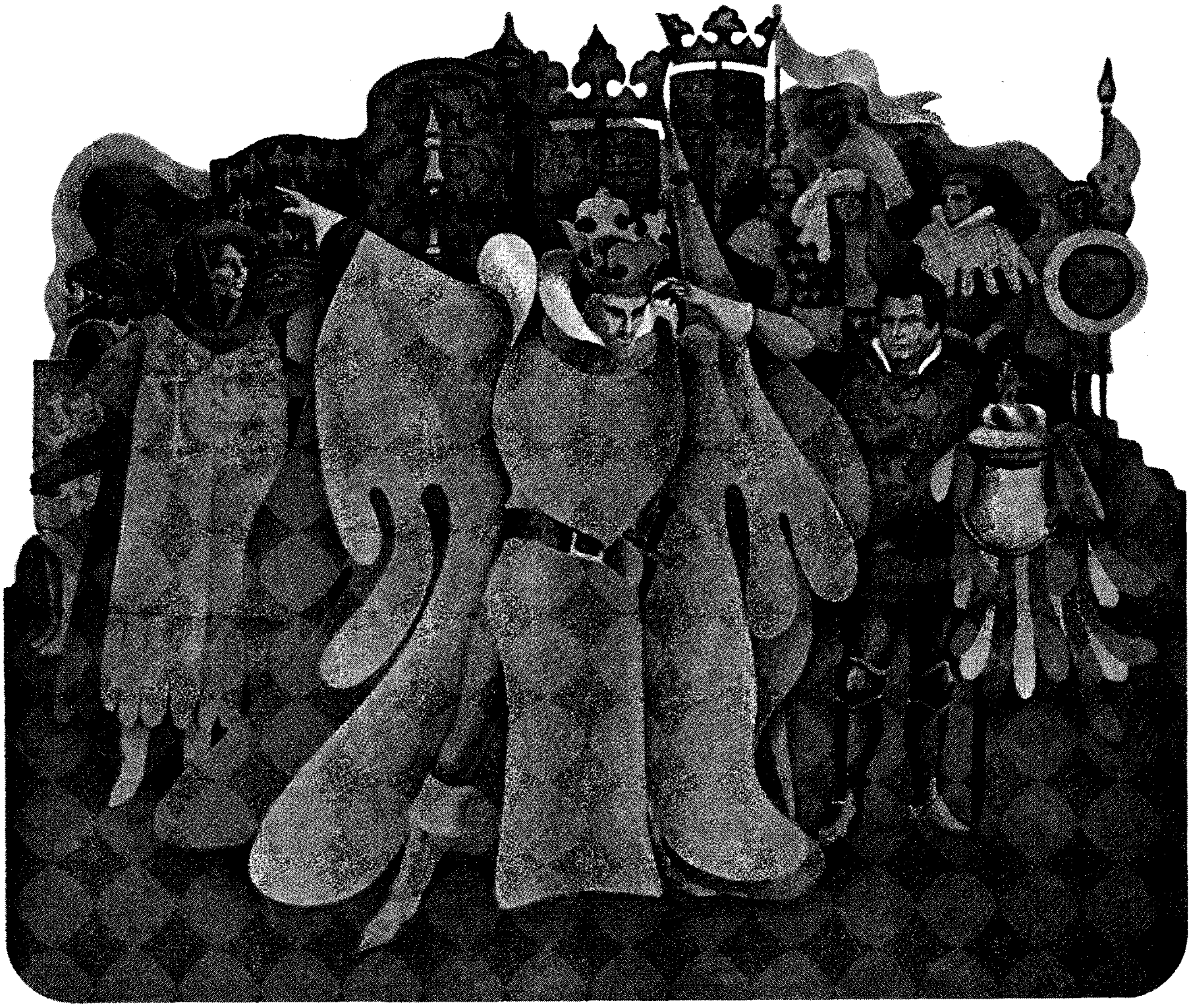

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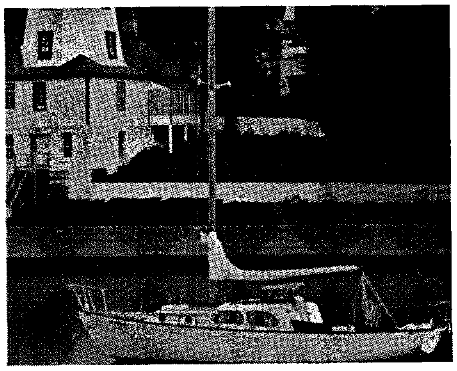

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been disgusted by the consortium's highhanded methods. In a single week, more than a million shares were traded, Warburg's clients had indisputable control of British Aluminium, and the war was over, although the grudges that had been deplored by the *Financial Times* persisted for some time. Lord Kindersley, of Lazards, was once heard to mutter, at a mention of Warburg's name, "I will not talk to that fellow."

THE planning and execution of corporate mergers are among the most important activities carried on by merchant bankers in an economic era characterized by mass production and what Warburg has called "the migration of capital." (The amounts involved in mergers have often been reckoned in millions of pounds, of which the merchant banks serving as advisers receive between half a per cent and two per cent in fees.) Warburg does not favor bigness for the sake of bigness, but since the end of the war he has been telling his clients that Europe would unquestionably have to follow the American trend toward amalgamation. This thesis has not always made him popular in the City, and neither has the fact that his firm has never lost a take-over bid. Not all mergers disintegrate into open warfare, however. By 1964, when Warburg's bank advised the Chrysler Corporation on a projected association with Rootes, which had Lazards as its adviser, the strong feelings that had grown up between the two banks during the Aluminium War had become a lot milder, and the advisers were able to reconcile their clients' interests to the satisfaction of everybody.

For a banker, Warburg takes an astonishingly gloomy view of the ultimate future of capitalism. He is convinced that money is losing value all the time, and he draws from his study of economic history the conclusion that the most prudent investors have been not those who lent money to earn interest but those who put money directly into the development of land, into trade in raw materials, and into the building and operation of machinery. Accordingly, for all his gloom, Warburg leads his forces with infectious confidence into business ventures that, in his view, involve new or more efficient means of production. This predilection has often led him, as a relative newcomer in the City, to champion the causes of other newcomers in Great Britain's financial realm. In July, 1959, for example, Warburg's advised Roy Thomson, who owned a number

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Note: Not all dealers have the new Silver Shadow yet. But they do have latest information.

See advertisement on pages 72 and 73

of Canadian newspapers but whose invasion of British journalism had then progressed only as far as Edinburgh, when he acquired control of the Kemsley chain, including the *Sunday Times*, for four and a half million pounds. A year and a half later, Warburg's found itself temporarily pitted against Thomson when Cecil Harmsworth King, another collector of newspapers and of magazines who had been a client of Warburg's for some time, set out to enlarge his empire by acquiring the Odhams Press, which was one of the largest British publishers of magazines and trade journals and which also published two mass-circulation newspapers, *The People* and the *Daily Herald*. Thomson, too, had his eye on Odhams at the time, and Warburg and his associates were obliged to inform him, regretfully, that, following the principle of seniority in client relationship, they were acting for King in this matter. King got Odhams, and now controls about thirty-eight per cent of Britain's daily-newspaper circulation, but the loser, who is now Lord Thomson of Fleet, is still one of Warburg's clients.

All his life, Warburg has sided with the forces of change against the forces of stability. In the summer of 1964, he demonstrated his consistency in this respect by resigning as chairman of the board of Mercury Securities, the position from which he has exercised close personal control over his bank and nearly all his other business ventures. He was replaced as chairman by Henry Grunfeld, an associate of long standing, and the letterhead of the bank now lists ten "executive directors" and fifteen "directors," S. G. Warburg's name appearing among the latter. "This division on the board is very important to me," Warburg has said. "When a man attains a certain degree of seniority, he should want to make room for other men by moving from the executive side to the advisory side. That does not mean that he won't go on working just as hard as he ever did." It certainly does not mean anything of the sort in Warburg's case; during a recent business trip to Frankfurt, where he has acquired control of a private bank that now bears his name, he kept appointments and attended meetings each day from nine in the morning until nearly midnight. Still immensely vigorous at sixty-three, he is obviously not about to retire, but he firmly believes that, as he has put it in one of the epigrams he hopes to publish someday, "good organization means to

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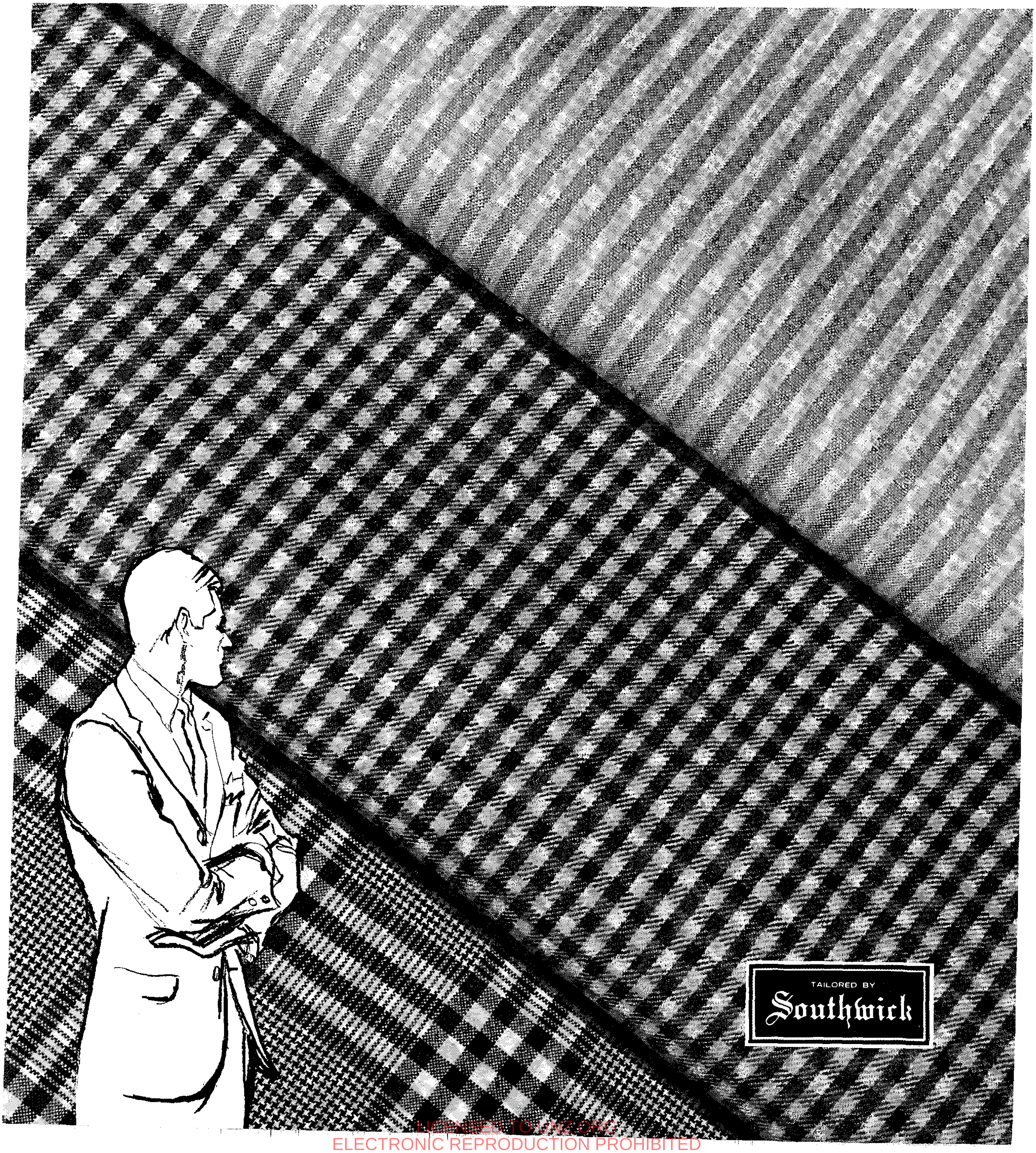

make oneself dispensable." In his final statement as chairman of the board, he wrote, "Leaders in industry and finance are often inclined not to step down before the decline of their capacities becomes manifest, holding on too long to their positions and thus preventing the formation of a strong chain of potential successors." This latest of Warburg's many assaults on the traditions of merchant banking struck some prominent figures in the City of London as the least forgivable of all.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

MR. HALL. I appreciate the gentleman taking the floor in behalf of this book by Clark Mollenhoff entitled "Despoilers of Democracy." Certainly none of us want democracy despoiled, no more than we want the representative Republic under the Constitution despoiled. This book hangs up some valiant red lights about how it can be done, not only in the areas which the gentleman has referred to, but this author, with his keen perceptiveness and his stick-to-it-iveness and his prudent judgment, the man who wrote "The Pinnacle of Power," I believe, just before this, wherein some of the goon administrations and gangster control of labor unions which were despoiled, or at least brought to light, so that normal processes of good government could despoil reprehensible practices in that movement, has clearly laid out deficiencies in the appointive system of the Cabinet office, errors documented and depicted in the administration of the Department of Defense, which has not only been policy-making in its lately assumed powers under the Curtis-McCormack amendment to an appropriation bill of a few years past, toward the end of empire building in more than 18 instances, that has again brought to public light and for considered consumption and decision of informed opinion by necessary repetitive process, such errors in administration as the Billie Sol Estes, the Bobby Baker cases and many others which have indeed despoiled the good name of democracy as spelled with a small "d" in the last few years.

Again I compliment the gentleman. Certainly this fine author will not be despoiled by expediency in what he has brought before the American public.

MR. QUIE. Mr. Speaker, I thank the gentleman for his contribution.—*The Congressional Record.*

So do we. He's better than Proust.

•

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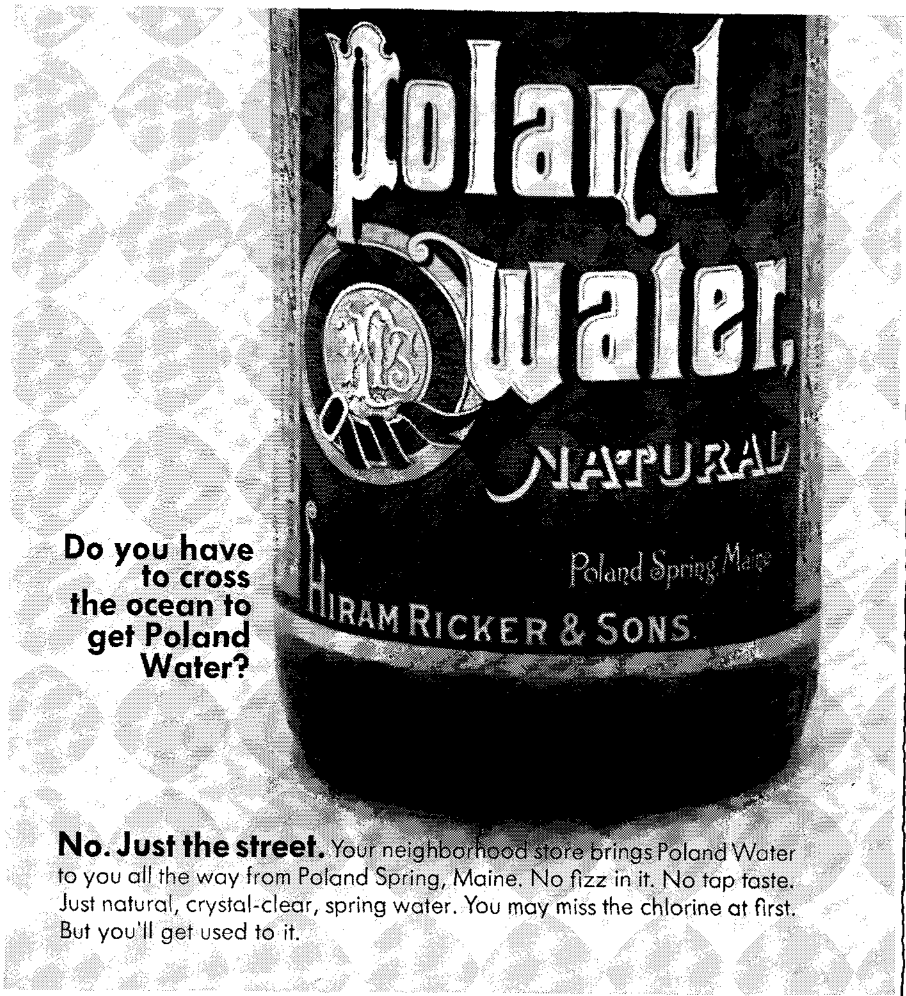

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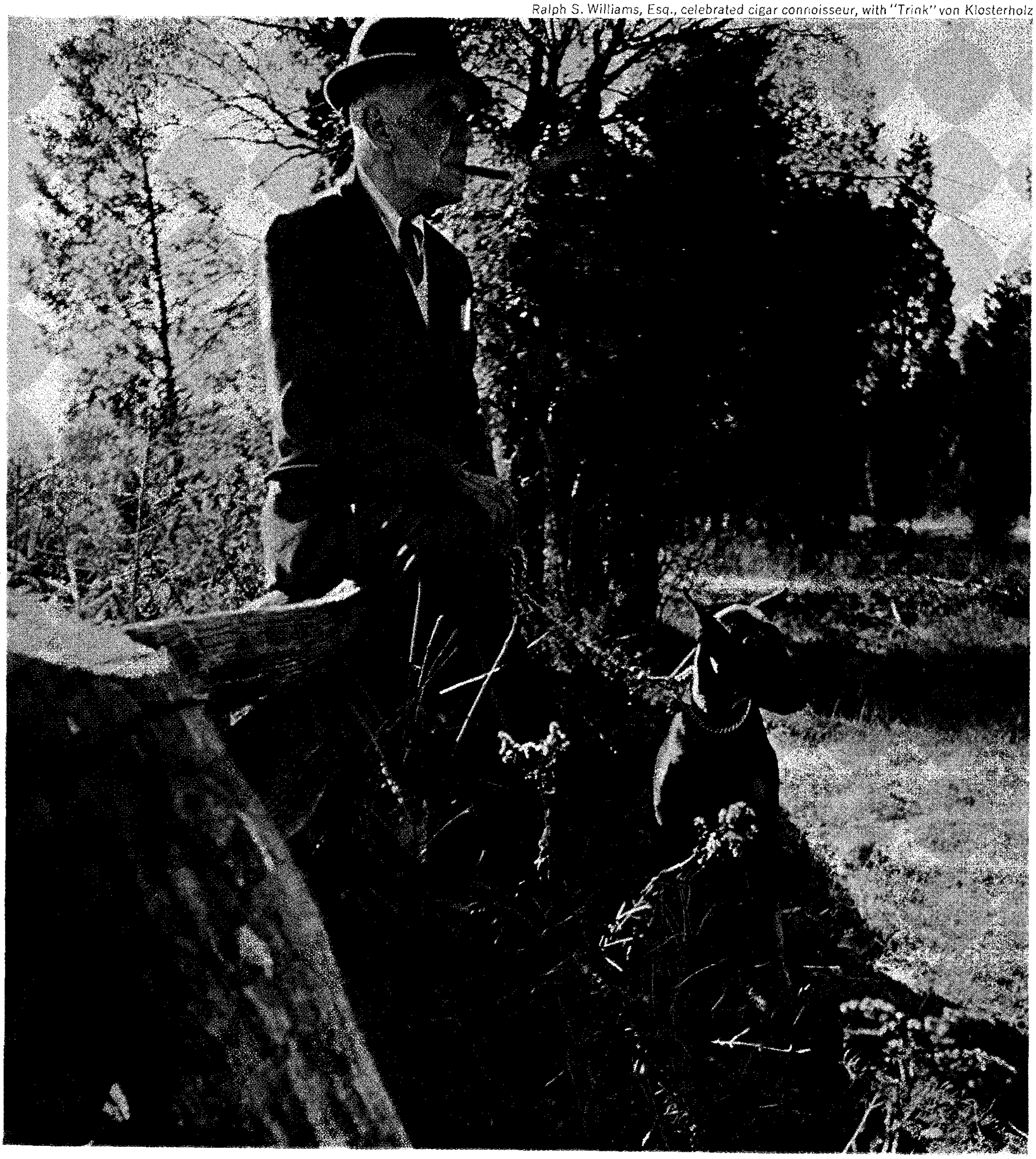

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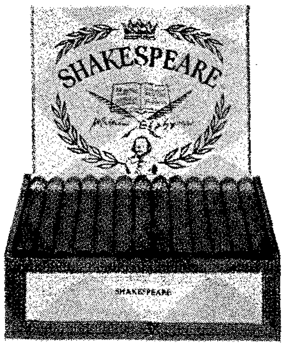

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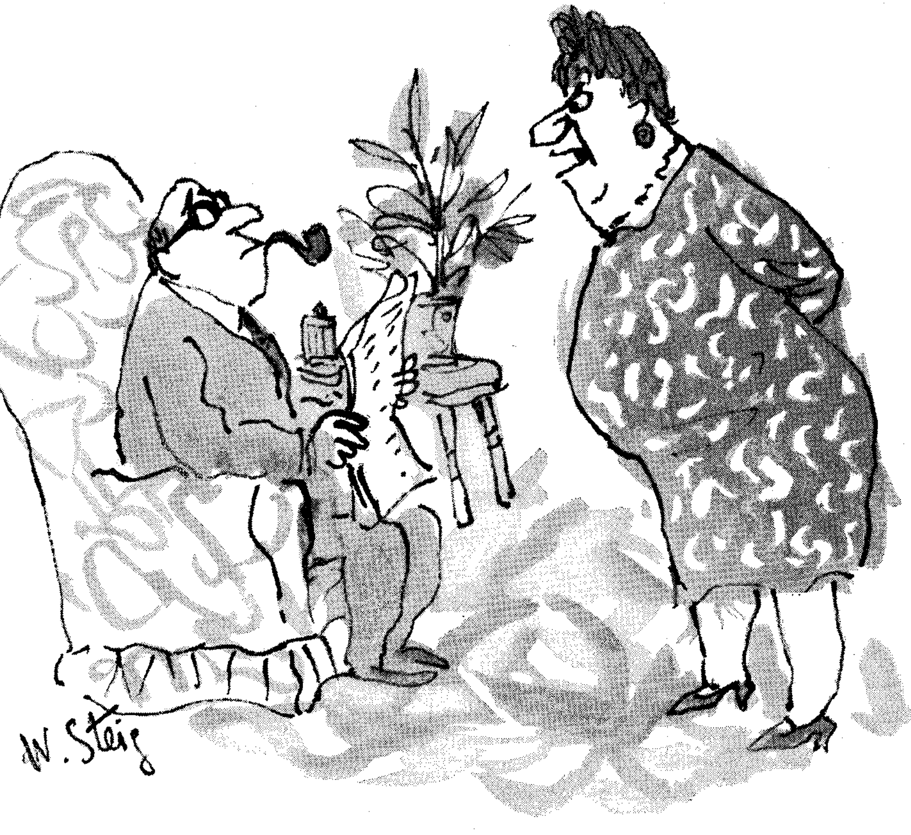
THE THEATRE

THE CLOD FROM KRYPTON

"It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman," at the Alvin, is an elaborate spoof of a comic strip that was popular a couple of decades ago. The strip, as you probably know, had as its hero a phenomenal fellow from outer space whose parents had rocketed him to earth just before their home planet, Krypton, disintegrated in the course of a heavenly upheaval. Having been reared on earth by a couple dedicated to clean living and high thinking, the celestial immigrant, upon reaching maturity, determined to war on all things evil. He was well equipped for battle. He had X-ray eyes, radar ears, the strength of Hercules, and the ability to fly without mechanical assistance. When skirmishing with wicked people, he was Superman, a dazzling figure in a leotard and cape, but when he wasn't busy frustrating criminals he went about disguised as Clark Kent, a lowly reporter on a newspaper in a city called Metropolis. Whether functioning as Superman or as Clark Kent, he was a great big bore, and for the life of me I cannot see why, at this late date, he has been inflicted, however satirically, upon us once again. But if Superman is an unlikely subject for full-dress treatment in a musical comedy, the show in which he figures is not without redeeming aspects. For one thing, it has been gracefully and colorfully mounted by Robert Randolph, and attractively costumed by Florence Klotz, and it has the further advantage of a pleasant, if undistinguished, score by Charles Strouse and some occasionally lively lyrics by Lee Adams. And if the book, by David Newman and Robert Benton, grows sadly frayed, the cast, even when the material is at its thinnest, is always alert, enthusiastic, and inventive.

In this account of the adventures of Superman, which was directed by Harold Prince, one of the bad people is a mad professor, much like Moriarty, who is determined to destroy him because he is a symbol of good. The professor has a down on goodness because he is convinced that over the years he has been persistently swindled out of the Nobel Prize; just why this makes him the enemy of virtue is hard to figure out. Superman has another foe, and *he* has transparent motives for wanting to destroy him. This second rogue is a newspaper columnist, and it is his lunatic ambition to replace Superman as the most eminent upholder of law and order in Metropolis. As portrayed by Bob Holiday, both Superman and Clark Kent are noble, oafish, and even lovable—and lovability puts this Superman one up on his cartoon predecessor. Yet it is the villains in the piece who have the most rewarding roles, and Michael O'Sullivan, who plays the mad professor, and Jack Cassidy, who plays the columnist, make the most of their opportunities. Shuffling about in a fright wig and a rummage-sale ensemble, Mr. O'Sullivan looks about as menacing as Harpo Marx, but he is often funny, and he is particularly so in a scene in which he brainwashes Superman, causing our hero to lose all faith in his supernatural powers. As for Mr. Cassidy, he is delightful whether he is dancing, singing, protesting his patriotism in the fulsome manner so often affected by columnists, or simply scheming to dispatch the hated marvel. By way of support for the trio I've mentioned, we have a very charming and melodious heroine in Patricia Marand, who has to be saved so frequently by Superman that he hardly has time for his other duties. Another meritorious performer is Linda Lavin, who puts a lot of spirit into her assignment as the columnist's secretary. And, finally, there is Don Chastain, properly upright as a young scientist all aglow with love for Miss Marand. Contributing a bit of vaudeville to the proceedings are five tumblers called the Flying Lings, who function as the professor's Oriental assistants. What with the Lings jumping about and Superman soaring aloft on a wire every now and then and mock explosions taking place, the musical has plenty of action. But, alas, the commotion does not suffice to disguise the frailty of its design.

—John McCarten



"Are you getting me angry on purpose?"

•

Memorandum to Members of the Visual Arts Committee

We regret that during the confusion of a move of our office from room 509 to 708, an empty envelope was sent to you recently. The purpose of this memorandum is to apologize for any inconvenience caused you, and to let you know that nothing should have been enclosed in the envelope.

L. K. Dollimore,
secretary to the co-ordinator.

—*Memo received by a member of the Visual Arts Committee, Canadian Centre for the Performing Arts, Ottawa.*

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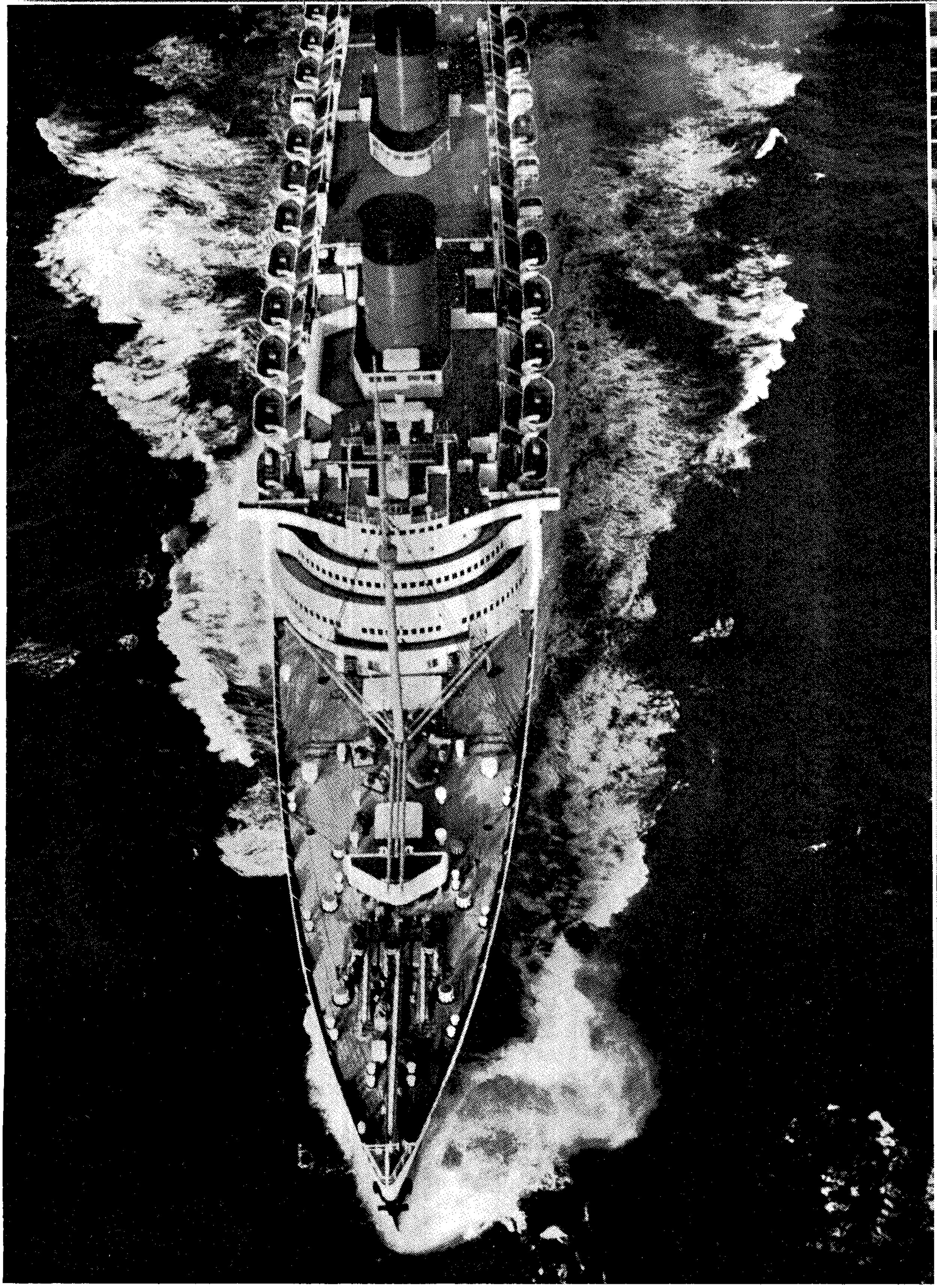
THE RACE TRACK

Florida Pickings

IF ever there was a thriller, with a razzle-dazzle upset at the end, it was the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park last Saturday, when Abe's Hope, who had come within a nod of beating Buckpasser in the Flamingo last month, flashed past the winning post in a tight photo finish with Williamston Kid, Bold and Brave, and Sky Guy. Then Combest, who rode Sky Guy, lodged a claim of foul against Baeza, on Abe's Hope, charging crowding and bumping twice in the run through the stretch. An inquiry followed, after which the stewards disqualified Abe's Hope, and the judges moved Williamston Kid, who paid $183.60, into first place, Bold and Brave into second, Sky Guy up to third, and Abe's Hope back to fourth, behind the colt he crowded. As everybody knows, horses who are not quite top class can put on as good a show as their betters, and those in the Florida Derby unquestionably did. Bold and Brave, who is rated by some the next best thing to Buckpasser among the Phipps and Wheatley Stable three-year-olds, got off on his toes and tried to make a runaway of it. At one point, as I watched the race on television, he was five lengths in front and going easily. Even though he slowed down a furlong from home, I thought he would last, but Abe's Hope, repeating his spectacular Flamingo run, and Williamston Kid, coming up fast on the rail, passed him in their final strides. The time for the nine furlongs was 1:50⅗, and it took nearly fourteen seconds to run the last one. Williamston Kid, a bay colt by Piet out of Miss Berea, is owned by Paul Ternes and Jim Bartlett, and is trained by the latter. His best previous effort this season was third in the Louisiana Derby, nine lengths behind Blue Skyer and Stupendous. Now he's a Kentucky Derby probable.

Though the television shots of the race itself were first-rate, I can't say as much for the announcing. In the long interval between the time the runners passed the post and the time the placings were changed officially, no mention was made by name of the colts who had finished second and third, and it seems to



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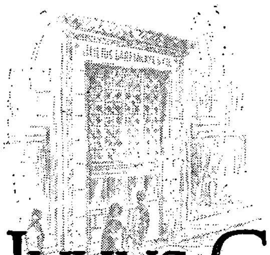

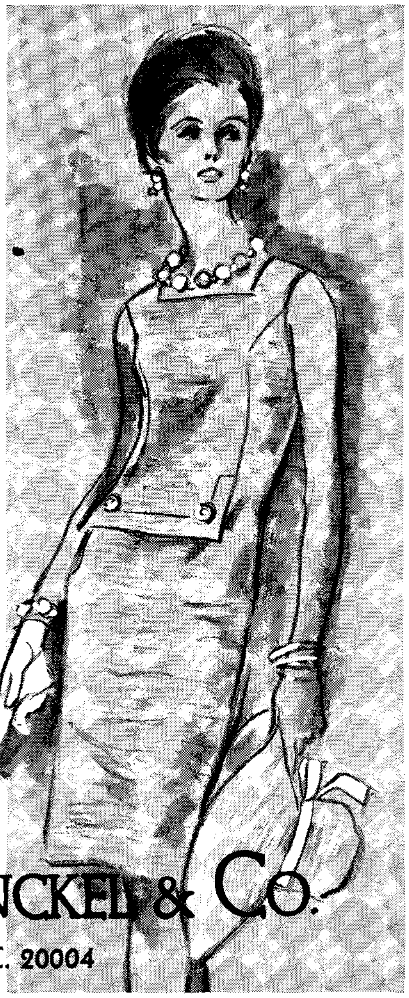

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me that this would have been more interesting to watchers than the story of how Abe's Hope got his name, followed by a flattering account of horse breeding in Florida. But perhaps I'm captious.

WELL, Aqueduct had its first five-million-dollar day of the season last weekend, with a crowd of 50,372 wagering $5,018,251 on the nine races. R. Thomas, who hadn't been first in half a dozen tries since he won the Vosburgh Handicap there last November, mowed down the leaders in the stretch in the Westchester Handicap, the main attraction. Cupid was second, a length and a half behind, and Seaman was third. It was a clear case of horses for courses. That goes for Queen Empress, too, who was the best two-year-old filly of 1964 but proved a disappointment last season; returning to competition at Hialeah this winter, she couldn't win a stakes race, but in the Correction Handicap on her home grounds at the Big A last week she made short work of the Jacobs entry of Adorable and Admiring, along with five others of her sex. And, to get back to the three-year-olds, Max Hirsch certainly has a runner—and more than a forlorn hope for the Kentucky Derby—in Indulto, whom he trains for Mrs. Edward Lasker. The colt beat Exhibitionist and Advocator at a mile in the smart time of 1:35⅖ the other afternoon. It was his first start this season. Lightly raced last year, he won the Flash Stakes and was third in the Hopeful and fourth in the Futurity. Hirsch, if you've forgotten, has saddled three Derby winners—Bold Venture in 1936, Assault in 1946, and Middleground in 1950.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

A native of Delaware, Ohio, she was graduated from Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, studied at the Chicago Theological Seminary and several other universities which have given her suitable background for both writing and a career in several mental hospitals.—*The Journal-American.*

You can't get *anywhere* today without a degree.

•

Mrs. Mason had the complicated task of seating everyone at the dinner at the opening of the Copley exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts last Saturday evening. And she did a superb job of mixing everyone up.—*Alison Arnold in the Boston Herald.*

Like that couple who sat on one chair.

Vital Statistic

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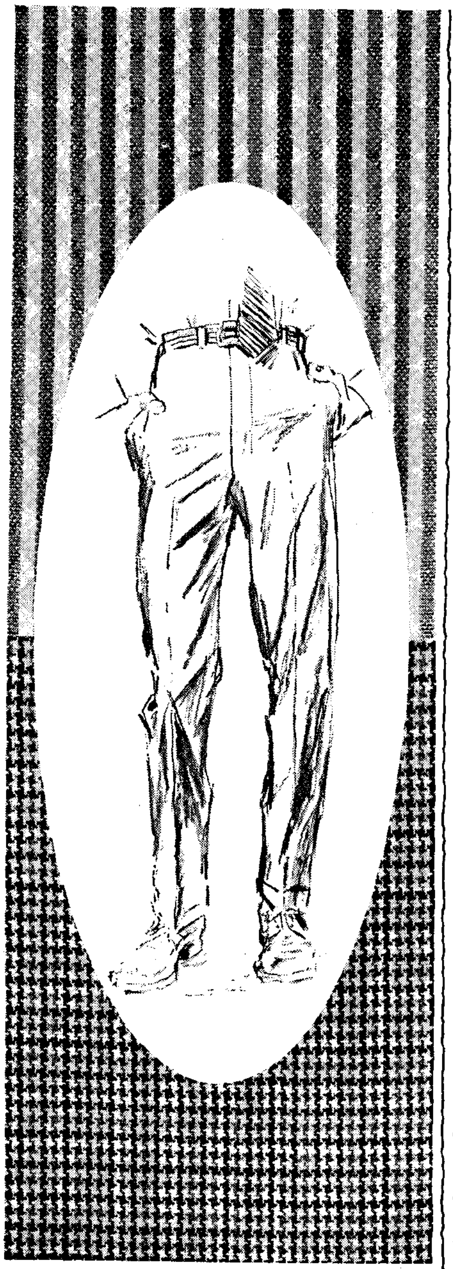

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MATINEE 3 SHOWS
COMEDY SHORTS

"MORGAN!" is an exceptionally interesting movie, which I had better risk praising too much in order to make sure that I don't praise it too little. Like "Darling," with which it shares an English origin, "Morgan!" amounts to two different movies in one, depending upon the nature of the viewer. To the casual moviegoer, the "Morgan!" that is all glancing surfaces and fashionable camera prankishness should prove continuously entertaining, if a trifle long and overbearing; to the dedicated moviegoer, another and darker "Morgan!" will seem not merely a couple of hours of welcome diversion but an ambitious and unexpectedly successful assault on our received ideas of what is permissible in comedy. As a rowdy, sometimes stumbling march into what James called the enemy country—the famous country of the general lost freshness—it has for its eponymous hero a young artist who seeks with barbaric gusto to smash every last convention and transform our contemporary opulent and unloving wasteland into . . . well, into a paradisal canebrake of inarticulate, shyly affectionate great apes. Yes, apes. This goal, laudable as it may be, is obviously not an easy one to achieve in the London of 1966, and we perceive that the troubled young man will wind up either mad or dead. Since I like even a black comedy to provide a comparatively light-gray ending, I am relieved that David Mercer, the author of the screenplay (itself taken from a TV play by Mr. Mercer), has found a couple of delightful reasons for Morgan to embrace the first of these alternatives instead of the second; our hero survives his grotesque, self-induced pratfalls and self-dug pitfalls, and the price he pays, though desperately high, is made to seem worth paying.

Morgan is the consummate misfit—an ugly, loving, irritable, ranting, unreasonable lout. His talent has permitted him to leap up out of the lower depths and marry a wealthy and very pretty member of the upper middle classes, but as the movie opens, his wife, having had enough of his literally beastly evangelicalism, is divorcing him in order to marry a gentlemanly art

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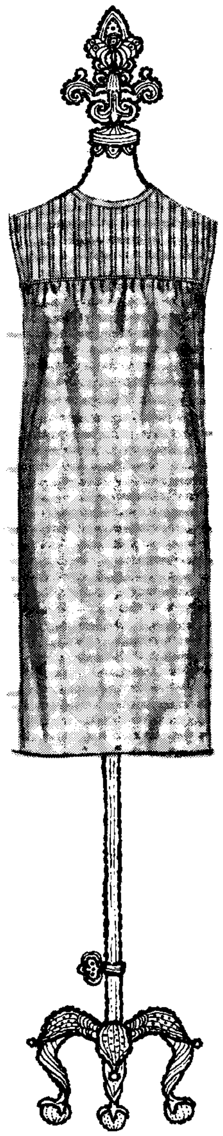

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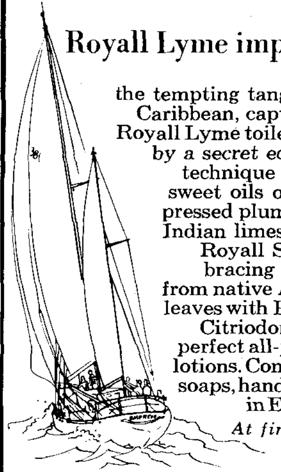
dealer. Morgan arrives home from a holiday just as the divorce is being granted, and in a characteristic gesture of reconciliation wrecks their exquisite house, attempts to murder the art dealer, bullies his wife into making love, and dynamites his mother-in-law. His twin gods are Karl Marx and King Kong, and in the climactic scene of the movie Morgan, dressed in a frighteningly realistic gorilla costume, scales the face of a London hotel, breaks up his ex-wife's wedding to the art dealer, accidentally sets fire to himself, races through London on a stolen motorcycle, and catapults himself, a blazing, anguished imitation great ape, into the Thames.

The role of Morgan, as you can perhaps deduce from the foregoing, is a hard one with which to win an audience's sympathy, and I congratulate David Warner (the Blifil of "Tom Jones") on having worked what amounts to a miracle—at the start of the movie I could scarcely bear to look at his coarse mug, much less listen to his horrible, whining Cockney voice, but by the end of the movie I was ready to champion him against all comers. Vanessa Redgrave, as his much put-upon wife, is a charming creature; she takes her place in my pantheon of adored actresses in a niche beside Julie Christie. Also deserving of praise are Robert Stephens, as the distraught art dealer; Irene Handl, in a small, delectable role as Morgan's passionately Marxist mother; and Larry Pizer, the director of photography, who has taken superb advantage of his London settings. But my greatest praise must go to Karel Reisz, for the force and courage of his direction. In scene after scene, he has taken terrible chances, and it gives an unmistakable distinction to a movie when, such chances having been taken, the risk of total failure is seen to resolve itself into the certainty of something close to total success.

"Cast a Giant Shadow" is an embarrassing movie. It purports to tell the story of a real man—Colonel David Marcus, a West Point graduate, later a member of Mayor LaGuardia's administration, still later a prominent figure in the Second World War, and finally, in 1948, the organizer and first head of the Israeli Army. Colonel Marcus must have been an extraordinary person, and it is too bad that he should be made to suffer posthumously the humiliation of being apotheosized by Hollywood. Melville Shavelson has provided the picture with a screenplay of flawless vulgarity and has directed it

The Magic of the Islands



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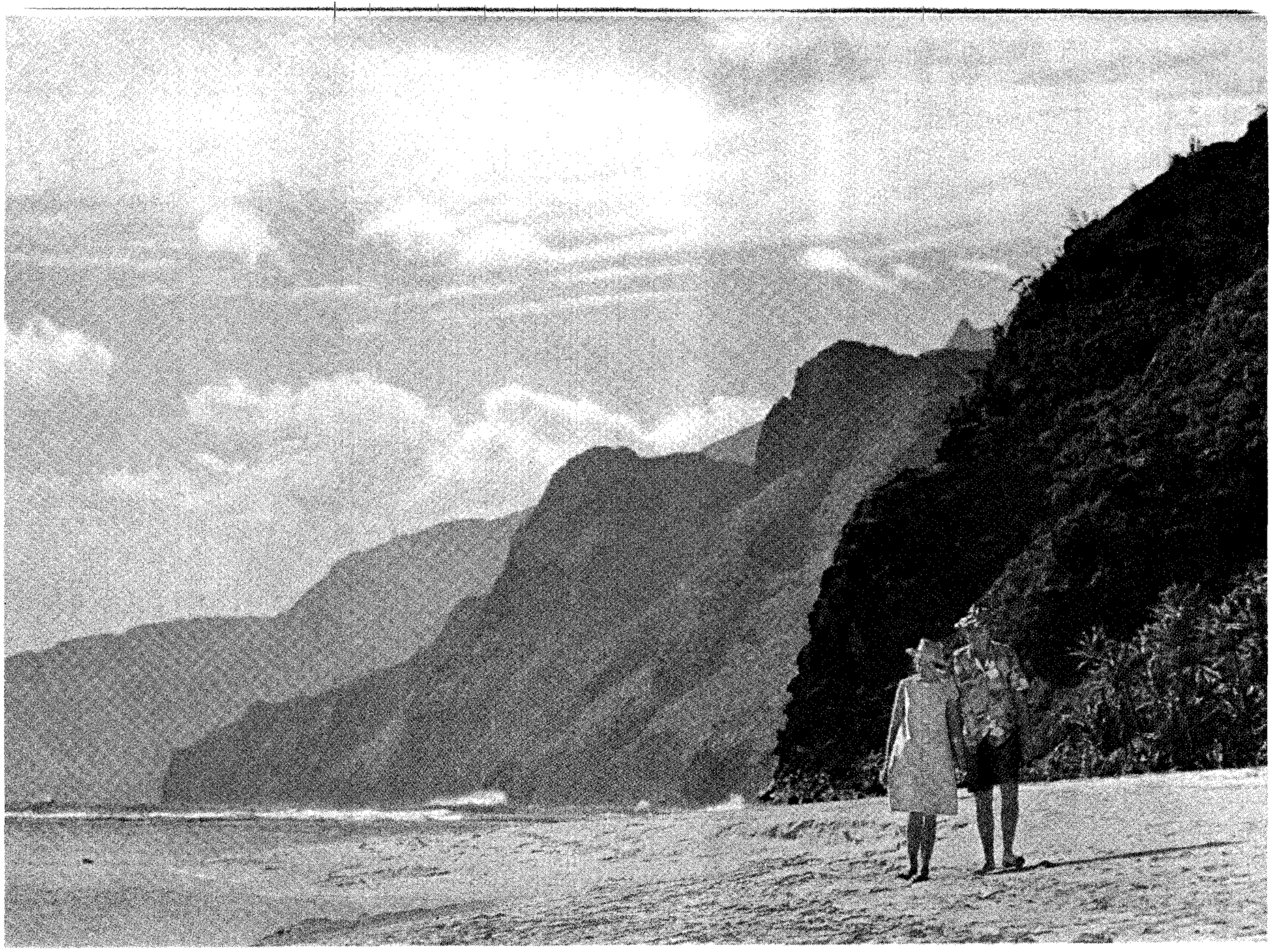

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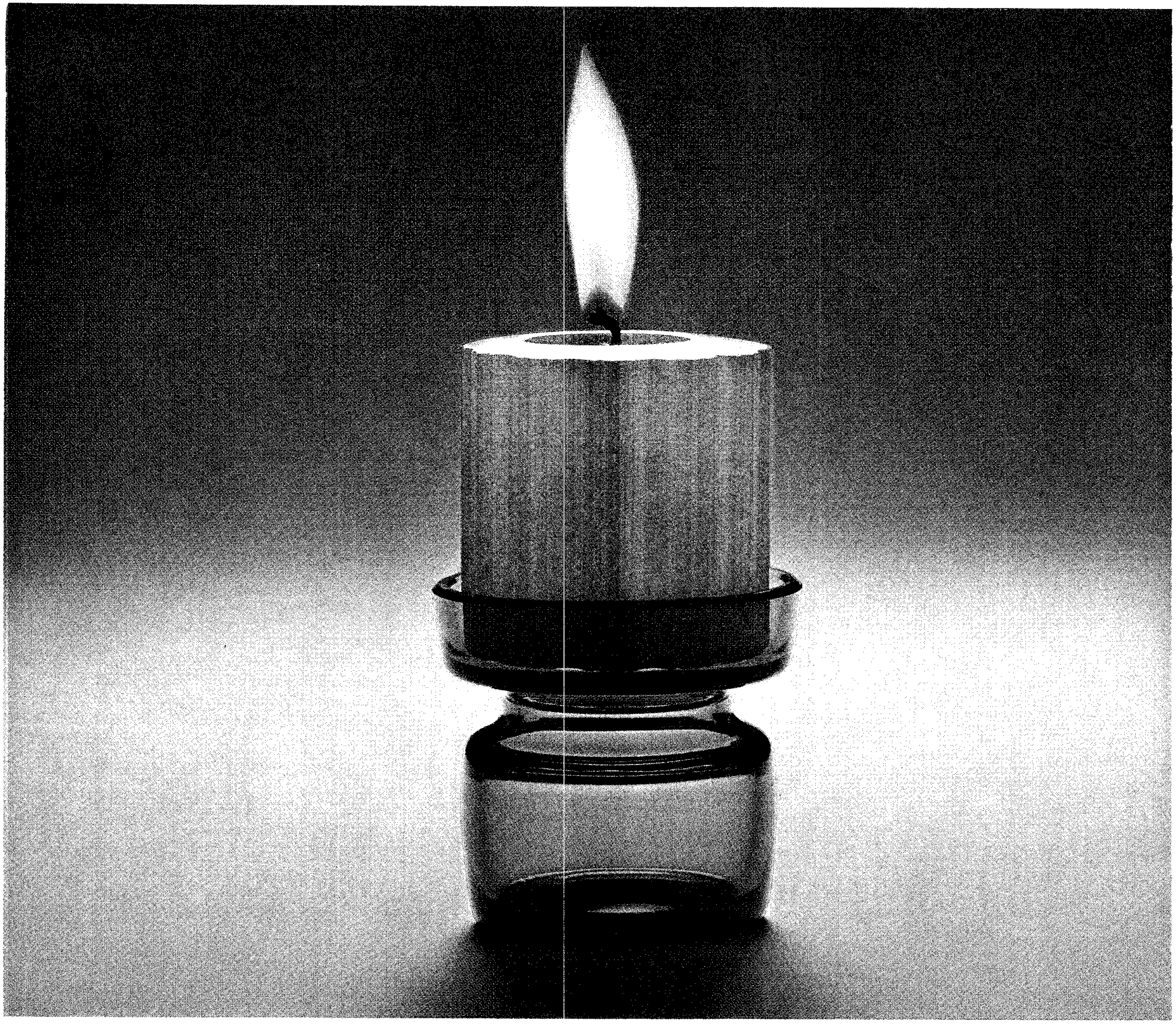

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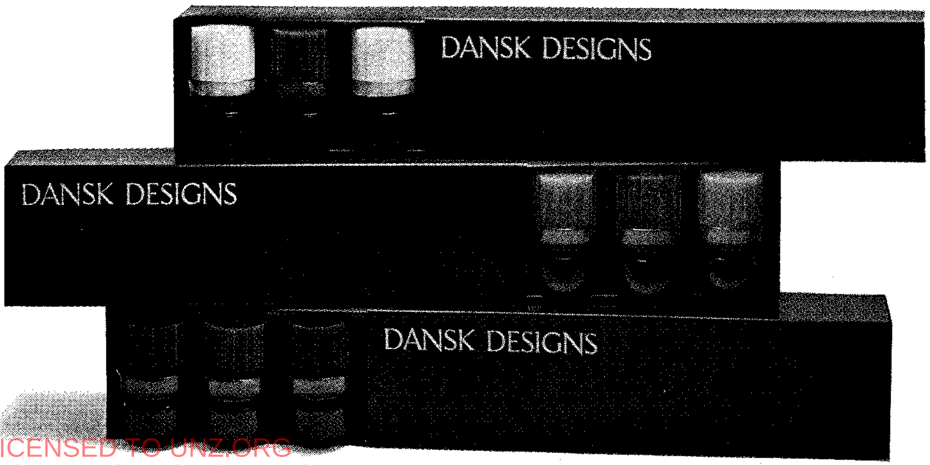

in an appropriate fashion. Kirk Douglas plays the role of Colonel Marcus, but it is impossible to believe for as much as a fleeting moment in even the darkest of the nighttime scenes that he is anyone but Kirk Douglas. Angie Dickinson has a thankless, tearful part as Mrs. Marcus, a lady constantly abandoned for the delights of war, and Senta Berger plays an Israeli girl on the make. Miss Berger is sensationally good-looking, and it will be a pleasant surprise if, someday, we discover that she can also act. Fugitively on hand in "Cast a Giant Shadow" are Frank Sinatra and John Wayne—dead ringers for Frank Sinatra and John Wayne. Why no Dean Martin? In such company, he is bound to be looked for, if not missed.

—Brendan Gill

•

PETER

Peter sleep-walks.
And is my brother.

Not knows why. But does.
Not knows why. But is.

Because my father and my mother.

And this night in pyjamas,
Barefoot,
Left the house and walked
Five hundred yards to my sister's house
And knocked
To be let in.

Let me in. I knock.
Let me in.

And walked back,
Saying he did not remember.

I knock. Let me in.
I am asleep.

He was.

O let us in.
We are all asleep.
We are asleep, let us in.

—Michael Dennis Browne

•

Common Pleas Court Judge Thomas M. Reed, Detective Inspector Joseph M. Brophy and Detective Sgt. Joseph M. Schuck are among 13 men being honored today by Food Fair Stores, Inc. They are being cited for helping a gang of 17 men who stole an estimated $200,000 in food products from warehouses in 1960 and 1961.—*Philadelphia News.*

Most of us would have just stood by and watched, without raising a finger.

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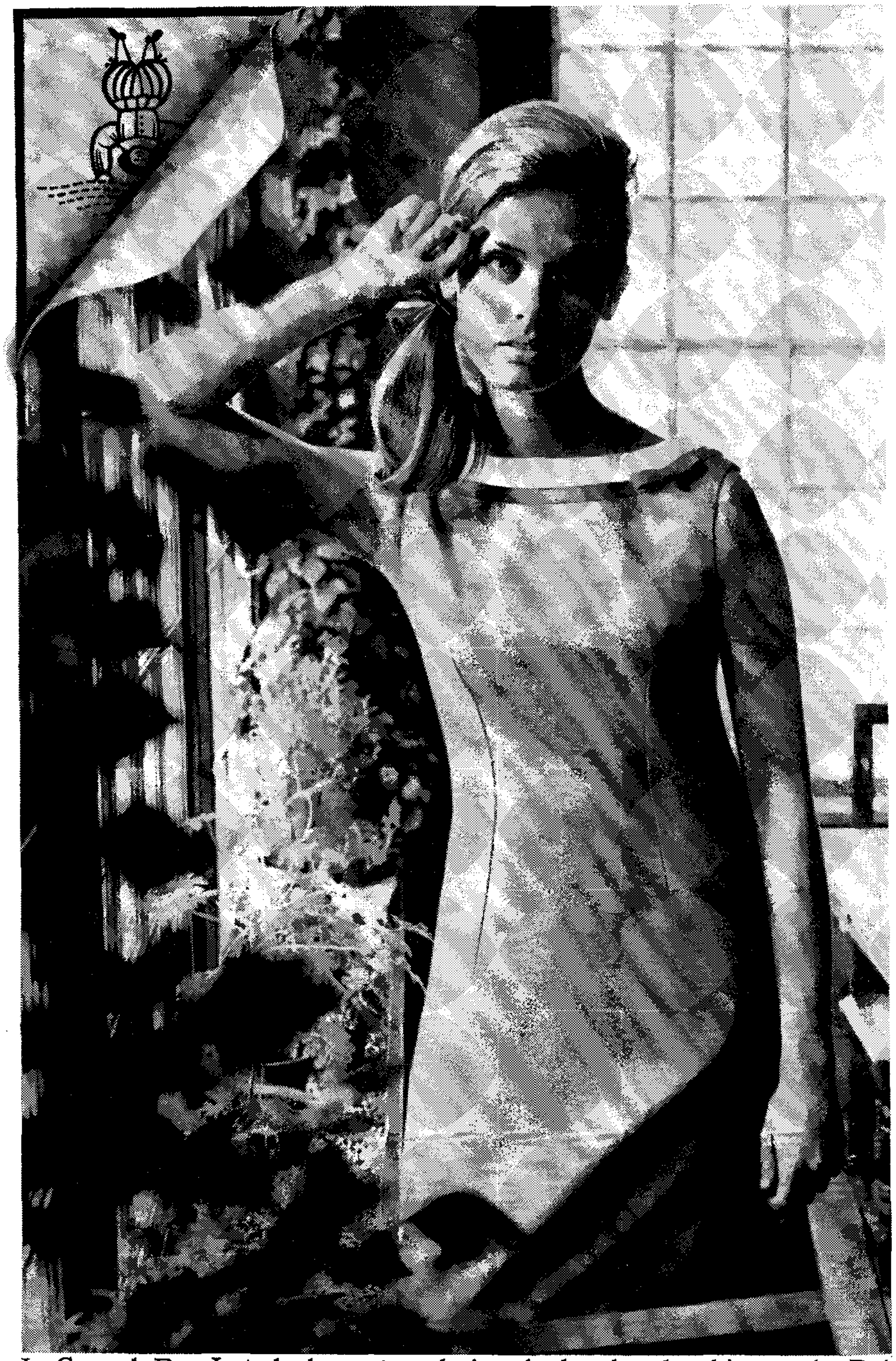

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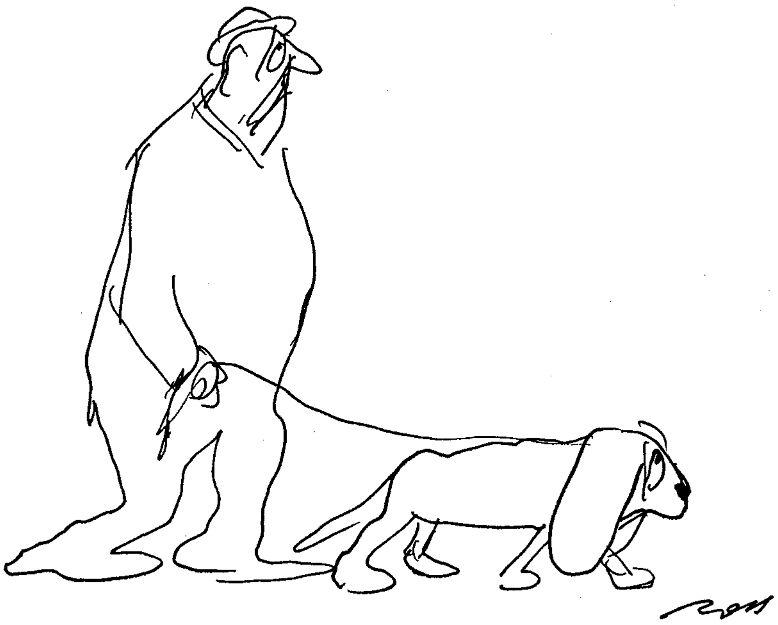
ANNALS OF ESPIONAGE

AN AGENT IN PLACE—III

On the morning of June 20, 1963, an employee of the Swedish Foreign Office on his way to work in Stockholm came upon a curious sight. As he approached the Riksbron, a bridge near his office, he saw two black cars that looked like police vehicles pull up and block both ends of the bridge. From one of the cars a person who looked as if he might be a plainclothesman emerged, and he walked toward a pedestrian on the bridge. The presumed policeman shook hands with the pedestrian, and after a few words the two men got into the car, which drove rapidly off. To the Foreign Office man, the most curious aspect of all this—so he told a colleague later that day—was that he was sure that the person who had apparently been taken into custody was Colonel Stig Wennerström, a retired Swedish Air Force officer who had held high diplomatic posts abroad and was at that time serving as chief adviser on disarmament matters to the Swedish Foreign Minister. The arrested man was indeed Wennerström, and the charge against him was "gross espionage"—specifically, on behalf of the Soviet Union. It was to take some time for the Swedish security police to determine just how gross Wennerström's espionage had been; that is, just how many of the most important defense secrets of his own country, and also of the United States, he had given away during fifteen years of work for Soviet Intelligence—years in which he was serving tours of duty as Swedish air attaché in Moscow and then in Washington or was assigned to posts in Sweden itself. And then the police, and the public, were to be faced with the deeper question of what had impelled Wennerström, a distinguished career officer from a respected military family, and a man apparently driven neither by strong political conviction nor by overwhelming greed, to become a spy in the first place.

At the headquarters of the security police, Wennerström at first firmly denied any wrongdoing. The police, however, were able to confront him with impressive evidence in support of their charge—evidence they had gathered in the course of raids on his home and his office. It included written instructions from the Soviet Intelligence service concerning future espionage tasks, and a few charred fragments of military documents that Wennerström had burned in his fireplace at home after making photographic copies of them, but which the Wennerström maid, an alert woman named Mrs. Carin Rosén, had been able to retrieve and hand over to the authorities. Also, in a safe in Wennerström's house, the police had found a bundle of new Swedish banknotes totalling fifteen thousand kronor, or three thousand dollars. Upon being shown all these items, Wennerström declared that they had to do with work that he had been performing as an agent for a movement to undermine the Soviet regime. Confronted with more evidence, he conceded that he had indeed spied for the Soviet Union—but, he maintained, only against the United States, not against Sweden. Then, however, the security police came up with still more damning evidence, which they had possibly acquired by discovering a way to develop some special Soviet film that Wennerström used to transmit secret material to his Soviet contacts—a type of film that did not respond to normal development processes. Wennerström thought things over, and, on the third day after his arrest, announced that he wanted to tell the truth. He admitted that he had been a Soviet agent for fifteen years and that he had in fact spied against Sweden, and he said that when he was arrested he had been about to flee the country. He explained that the evening before his arrest he had discovered the loss of two rolls of his special film—which had been taken by Mrs. Rosén, the one person who had done most to break the case—and had realized that his situation was very dangerous. Later that evening, he had gone with his wife to a diplomatic party at the United States Embassy, stopping off briefly at his office on the way to the party to make sure that, through some mixup, he hadn't left the film there. From the Embassy, he had slipped away for an emergency meeting with his local Soviet contact man, Major General Vitaly Nikolsky, military attaché at the Russian Embassy, who had given him the fifteen thousand kronor. At the time of his arrest, he said, he had been planning an immediate departure by air for Spain, and he had hoped subsequently to go to Vienna to attend a scheduled meeting with his direct superior in Soviet Military Intelligence—with whom he had hoped to agree on a lump-sum payment for all of his previous services to the Russians.



Later, during an extensive pre-trial interrogation, Wennerström said that while he regretted carrying on his espionage against Sweden itself, and had only done so under considerable pressure from the Russians, he had felt that his own national loyalty had to be subordinated to the solution of "larger international questions" (meaning, essentially, a balance of power between Russia and the United States, and hence world peace), and that he felt he had been working toward such a solution. He said that his predicament distressed him not for his own sake but for the sake of his family—his wife Ulla Margareta, to whom he had been married for fourteen years, and his two daughters. Mrs. Wennerström's situation was, for a time after the arrest, a difficult one. She was intensively questioned by the Swedish security police, and although she swore that

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she knew nothing of her husband's espionage, or of the special photographic equipment that he had kept in various parts of their house, the police informed her that she was under suspicion of complicity in Wennerström's activities. Whatever may be the answer to the riddle posed by the fact that Mrs. Rosén found Wennerström's films and the fairly elaborate photographic equipment he used and Mrs. Wennerström said she did not, it does seem reasonable to assume that Mrs. Wennerström, as the wife of a military man and a diplomat who regularly handled official secret documents, would, through the years, have developed a loyal habit of not expressing curiosity about such aspects of her husband's professional life. In any case, Swedish security police have never preferred any charges against Mrs. Wennerström.

Although Wennerström expressed concern for his family, he told his interrogators at the same time that his own situation, although frightening, did not crush him. He added that he felt this way either because he was a fatalist or because he had achieved "extreme nerve control" during his years of illegal intelligence work, in which, he said, he had "faced many a ghastly situation" requiring steady nerves and great self-discipline.

This self-dramatizing description suggests some of the difficulties encountered by those who have tried to distinguish the accuracies from the inaccuracies in the long and painstakingly detailed account of espionage activities that Wennerström gave the police during more than six months of pre-trial interrogation. He said that he had first become interested in undercover intelligence work in the nineteen-thirties, when, as a young officer, he was sent to Riga, Latvia. There he had met a man purporting to be a British agent, and had witnessed espionage activities against adjacent Soviet territory. Then, in 1940 and 1941, he said, while he was assigned to Moscow as Swedish air attaché, he had begun dabbling in improper activities by furnishing the Germans with intelligence about Soviet military matters. And in 1946, back in Sweden, he claimed, he had been approached by an American agent who, by revealing his knowledge of those pro-German activities, had prevailed upon him to serve as a courier on a trip to Russia.

In the following two or three years, Wennerström testified, he had assisted American Intelligence in various ways. Then, in 1948, he had begun what he termed his "penetration" of Soviet In-

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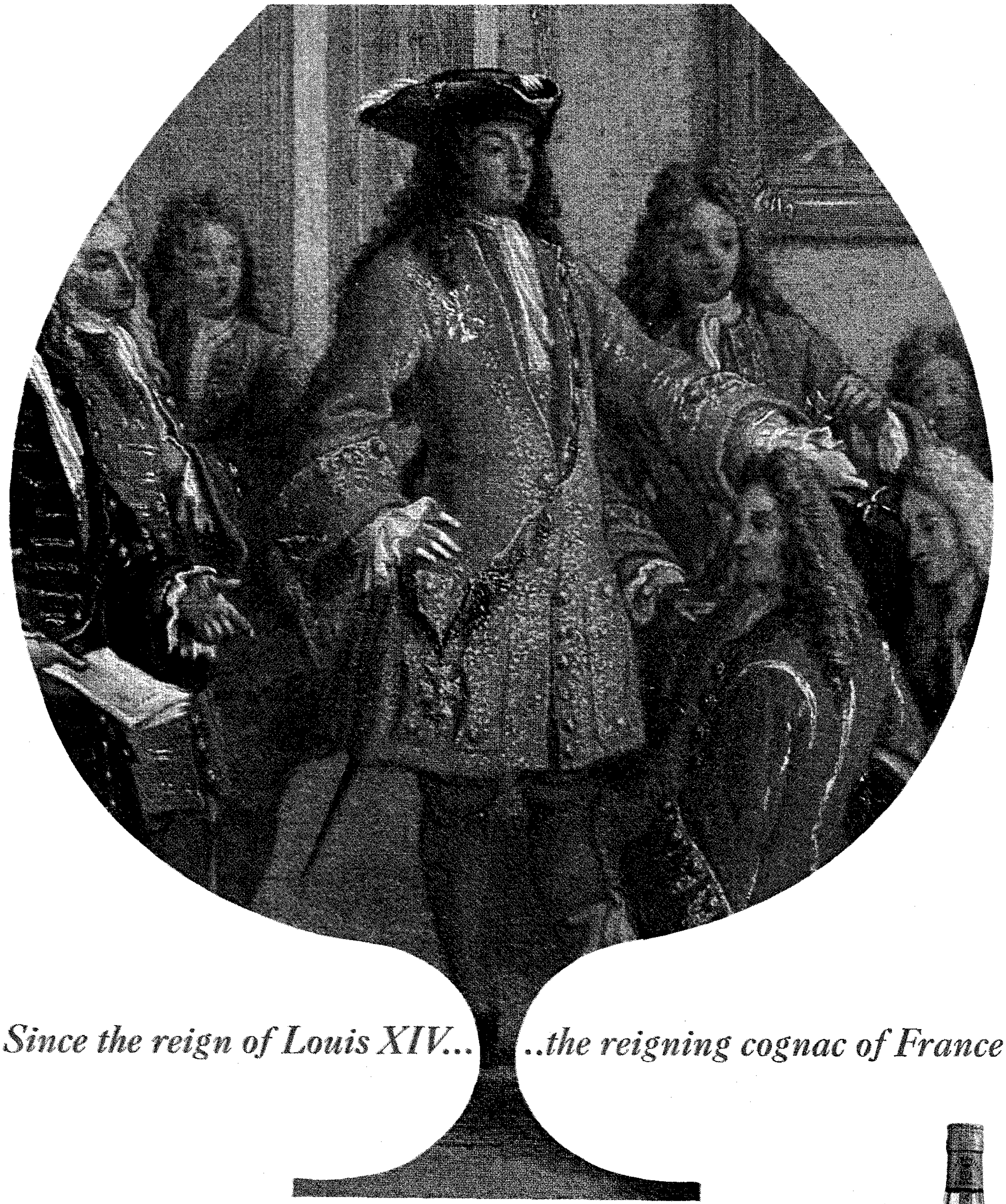

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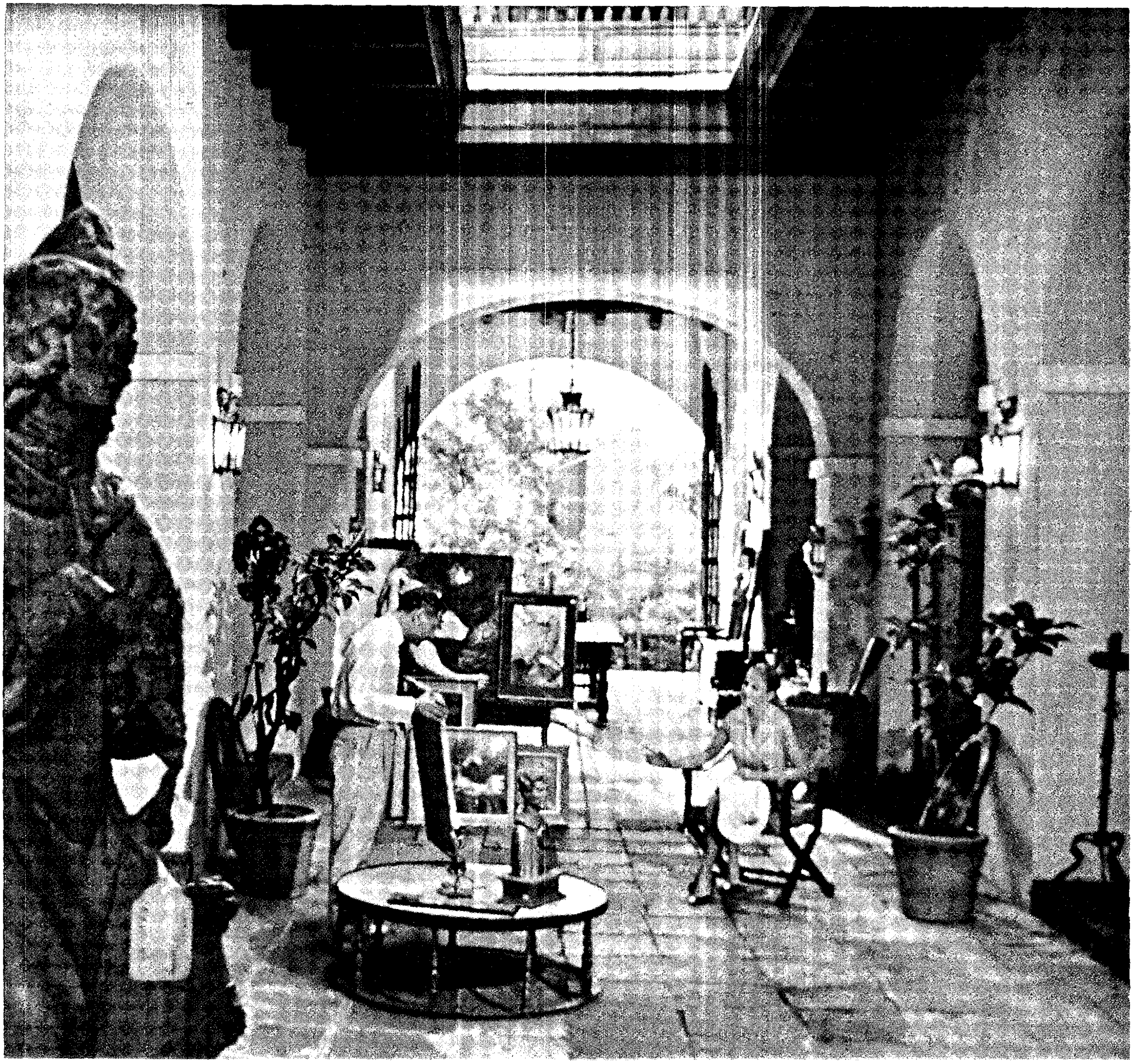

This was once a Conquistadore *cabildo*, or town hall. It has been restored, from roof to dungeon, as an antique store. Photos by Tom Hollyman.

Something beautiful is happening to Old San Juan

The people of Puerto Rico are restoring this historic American city brick by brick, beam by beam and balcony by balcony. Today, Old San Juan is beginning to look like a brand-new 18th-century city.

Its cathedral is older than St. Paul's in London. Its governor's mansion is older than Versailles. Its fortress was repelling the English and Dutch long before Louis XIV built Versailles.

But Old San Juan was beginning to feel its age. Paint was peeling, balconies were teetering.

Then a few years ago, an old Spanish town house was restored to its original elegance, and turned into a museum for rare books. Next, a 300-year-old convent became a luxury hotel. And suddenly, the rejuvenation of the aristocratic old city was under way.

The people of Old San Juan are painstakingly restoring town houses and transforming them into antique stores, art galleries, shops, restaurants—even night spots. Or they are restoring them as dream homes with patios, balconies, elegant arches and ceilings beamed with ancient ironwood.

Authentic replica

Puerto Rico's Institute of Culture guides the owners by digging out original plans, and by advising on authentic furniture and décor. Someday, Old San Juan will be virtually a brand-new 18th-century city, but already there are hints of the elegant replica to come.

Corner of *La Casa del Arte*, one of many new art galleries and museums which find ideal settings in the city's restored town houses.

Typical exterior of restored town houses, which have become dream homes for writers, artists, musicians, executives and expatriates.

Hotel El Convento, above, was once a convent. Here you see the Ponce de León Room, decked out with tapestries, chandeliers and furniture from Spain. Some restored town houses are now night spots. Below, Las Cuevas d'Altimira.

As you walk past the "new" buildings, you soon become aware of the vigorous new spirit of Puerto Rico. Here is an island creating whole new industries so that it can have new homes, new schools, a higher standard of living.

Yet as it pulls itself up by its bootstraps, this young Commonwealth still cherishes its heritage. The restoration of Old San Juan is a noble example.

This is one in a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for facts on productivity, profits and incentives, to Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept.CE4,666 Fifth Ave., New York, 10019.

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You spray it on so your hands don't get sticky.

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In fact, we make a cologne and an after shave, even a shaving cream and a soap using the same scent.

We call it Habit Rouge (which is French for hunting coat).

Since Habit Rouge was introduced in Europe, it has proved a stunning success.

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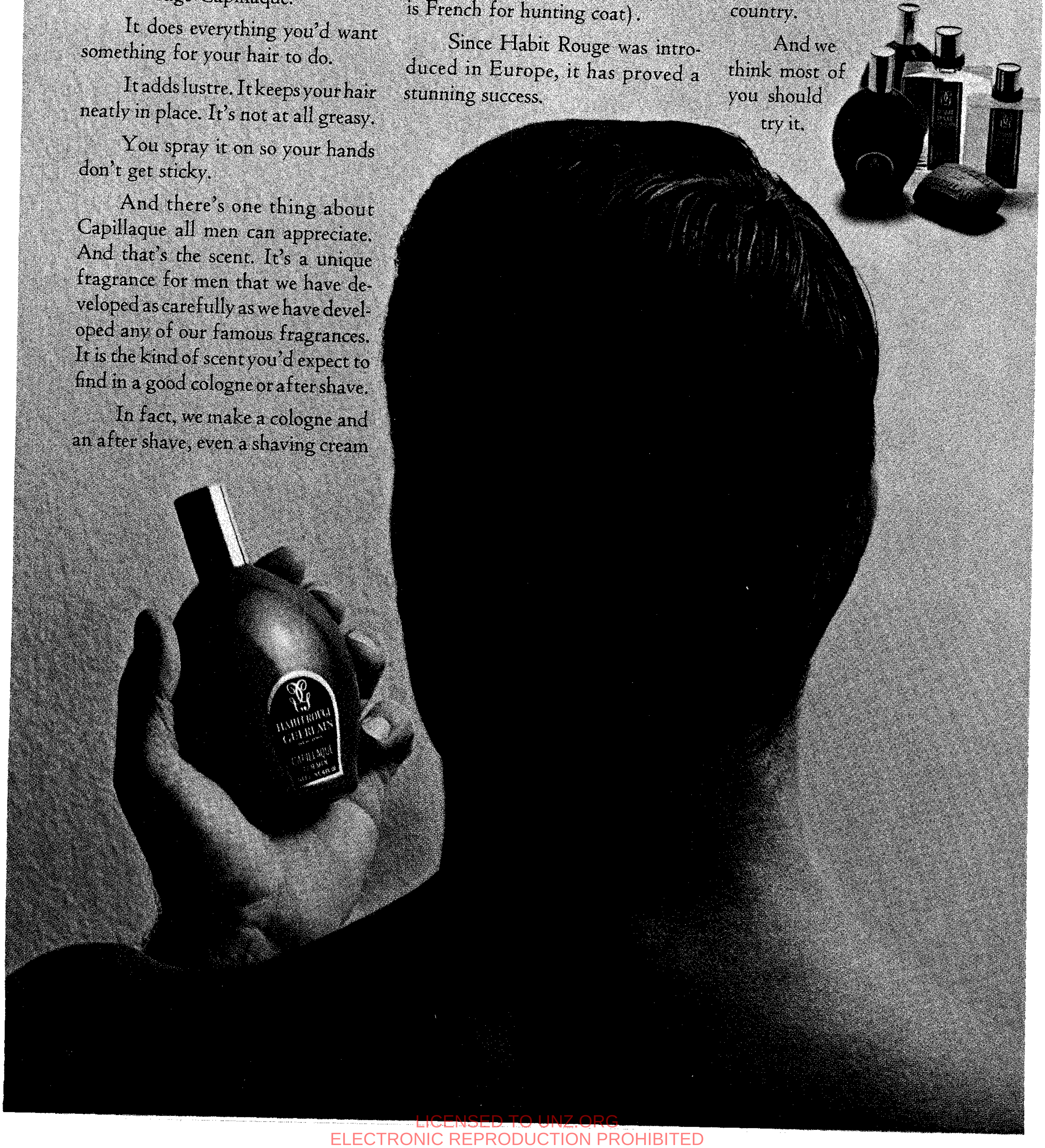
And we think most of you should try it.



telligence—initially, he said, in the interest of the West. His first act had been to convey to a Russian officer in Stockholm a map showing the position of a secret Swedish airfield. The following year, upon being reassigned to Moscow as air attaché, he continued to do chores for the Americans, he said, but began to coöperate more and more closely with the Russians, under the tutelage of a high-ranking Russian officer whose name had been given him as General Pyotr Pavlovich Lemenov, and whom he usually referred to as "the General." To the General, Wennerström turned over more and more American and Swedish defense secrets—though the General professed no great interest in the latter—as he became more and more deeply committed to the Soviet view of international affairs.

When, in 1952, he was posted to Washington as air attaché there, the reaction of his Soviet Intelligence friends was, he testified, "somewhat as if they had won the big prize in a lottery," and in the next five years, by his account, he amply justified their optimism, passing to the General, through Soviet contact men in Washington, hundreds of rolls of microfilm bearing photographs of American documents and of drawings of American secret equipment. And in the last phases of his espionage career, Wennerström admitted, he had, while employed at the Defense Ministry and the Foreign Ministry in Stockholm, turned over to the Russians elaborate details of Sweden's supersecret and immensely complicated air-defense system and had performed innumerable chores of a more routine variety. In recompense for all this, he said, he had been accorded the special Soviet status of "top agent" doing what his Russian employers called "pair work" with the General; he had been awarded, by a four-star general identified to him as the chief of Soviet Intelligence, three Soviet decorations (which were being held in safekeeping for him in Moscow) and the rank of major general in Soviet Intelligence; and finally, he said, the Soviets had established a large secret bank account for him, most of the funds remaining in Moscow.

THE news of Wennerström's arrest, his confession that he had been a paid Soviet spy for so many years, and reports of the extent to which he had betrayed Swedish defense secrets sent a great wave of shock through Sweden. The Supreme Commander of the Swedish armed forces, General Torsten Rapp, probably

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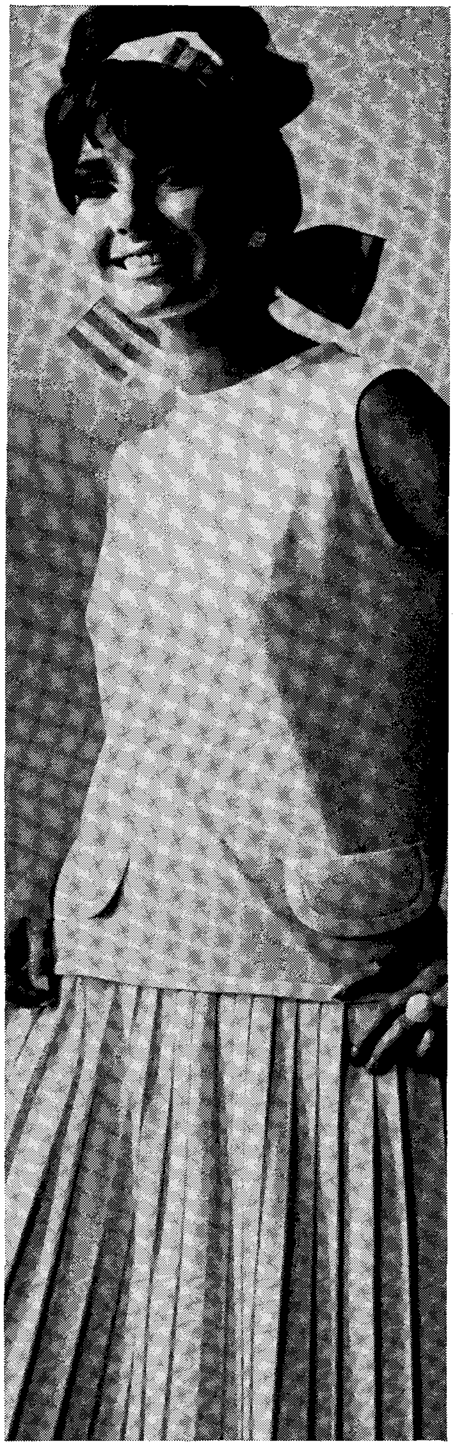

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summed up the national response when, addressing the nation on television, he said, "To me it is unbelievable that a Swedish officer could lend himself to anything of the sort. The occurrence quite naturally has aroused deep gloom throughout the entire military establishment." And the Stockholm daily *Expressen*, whose circulation is the largest in Scandinavia, ran an article declaring, "The Wennerström spying has knocked out essential parts of Swedish defense. . . . Frantic measures are being taken to repair any of the damage that can be repaired." There were demands from all sides that the government explain why Wennerström's spying had gone undetected for so long, and in order to comply the government appointed a special commission of three judges to investigate the Wennerström affair. The commission's report—after cautioning that full regard must be taken of the constitutional rights of a Swedish citizen whose case was still *sub judice*—concluded that it was to Wennerström's skill and guile as an agent, rather than laxity on the part of the government security people, that his remarkably long career in espionage could be attributed.

Wennerström's arraignment was eventually set for October 26, 1963, but on the twenty-fourth he was rushed unconscious to a Stockholm hospital, having attempted suicide by taking a large number of sleeping pills. Because he had been complaining of headaches and sleeplessness, Wennerström, for some time previously, had been given sleeping pills under the eyes of guards who were constantly in his cell with him, but in spite of this supervision he had managed to hide a large stock of the barbiturates. The most striking thing about this episode is not Wennerström's ability to make his guards believe he was taking the pills when he was secretly accumulating them but, rather, the manner in which he managed to acquire them in the first place. Instead of telling his guards that he had to have sleeping pills every night, he asked for them only irregularly, saying that he didn't want to become dependent on them. It was this little aside that, as much as anything, disarmed the authorities.

The doctors at the hospital were able to pull Wennerström around fairly quickly, and after they had done so he was transferred to a psychiatric clinic at Långholmen Prison for examination. He was found to be sane and fully able to stand trial, and, after a second extended period of interrogation, he was finally arraigned in Stockholm in Feb-

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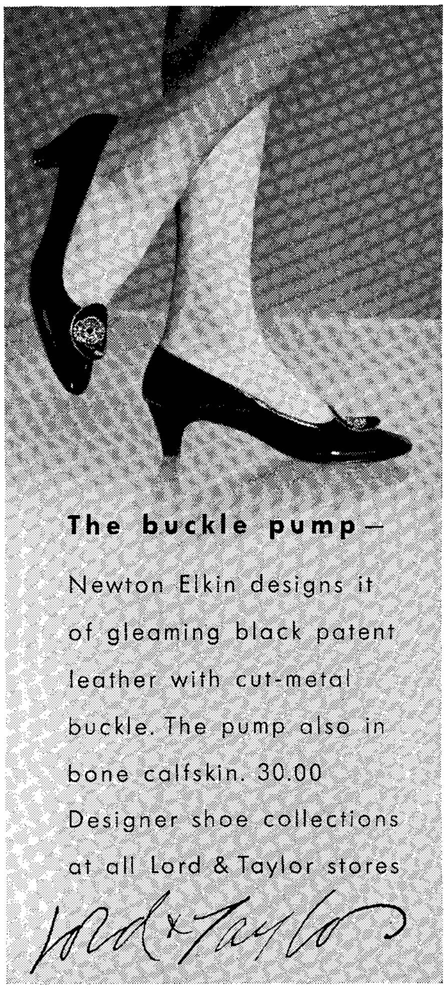

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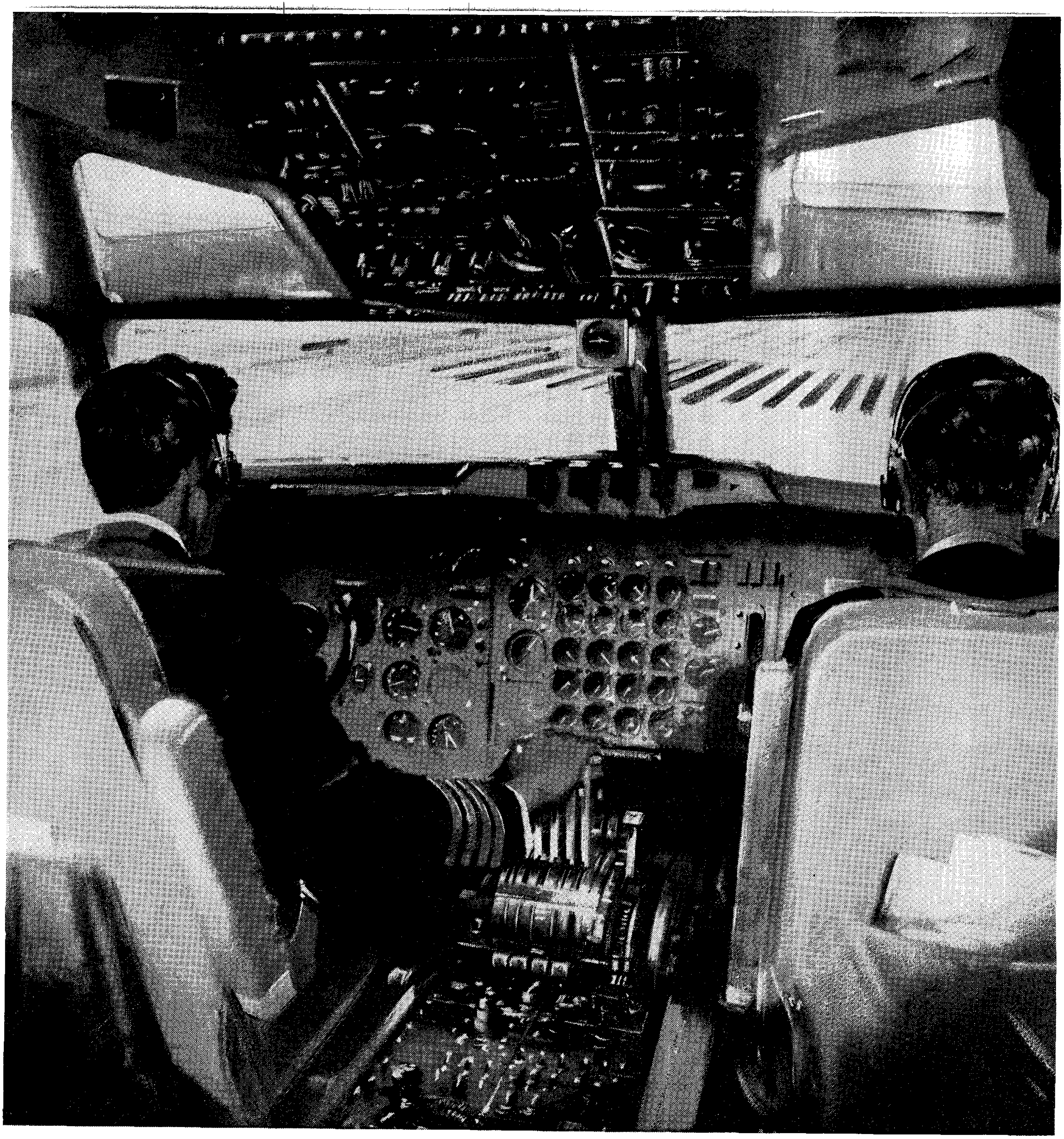

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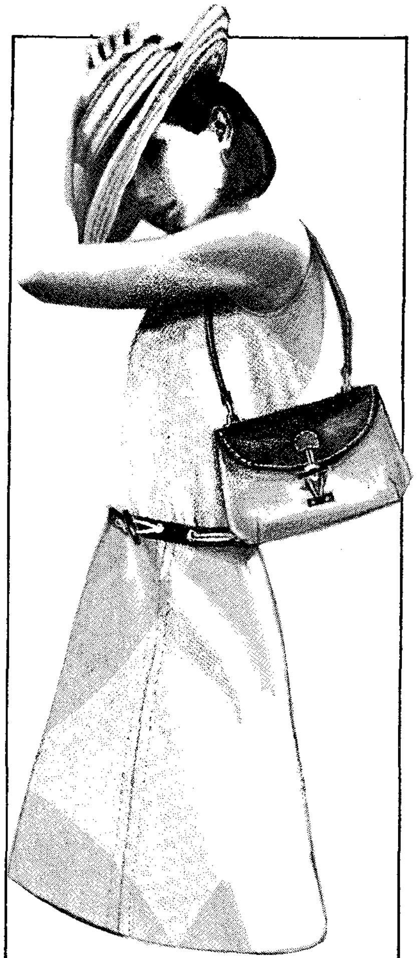
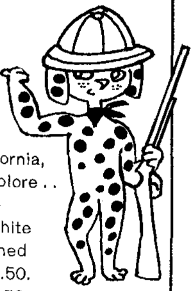
ruary, 1964. His trial, by three judges in a Stockholm magistrate's court, was secret, and only brief summations by his lawyer and by the prosecutor, Werner Ryhninger; a final plea to the court by Wennerström; and part of the text of the judgment have been made public. (For security reasons, the remaining records of the trial were ordered sealed for fifty years.) The prosecutor declared in his published summation that "Wennerström's treason is the most serious one inflicted on our country in history." He described the accused as a vain opportunist who "with utter ruthlessness" had "exploited his official position and the confidence of his colleagues" for very considerable financial gain. And he demanded that Wennerström be given the maximum sentence under Swedish law, which is life imprisonment.

On behalf of Wennerström, whose attitude during the trial was described by someone present as "very coöperative" and whose bearing was called "calm and correct" (words that have been used to describe his mien in many other circumstances as well), Carl-Erik Lindahl, a lawyer appointed for him by the court, declared that the motives behind his client's espionage were not financial but ideological—that it was "his ambition to serve the peace" that "separated Wennerström from his national ties." Wennerström told the court in his final plea, "My activities have been interwoven in the international Great Power espionage struggle which is a factor in the Cold War," and "During the years, I have gone through a gradual shift in outlook. At first, I was wholly devoted to working for NATO, and thereafter to working as an agent for both sides, until I finally decided to work exclusively for the Soviet Union. . . . Sweden was not the primary objective. I was working against a wider perspective. . . . I believe that the Soviet Union's course of peace and coexistence is seriously meant." He concluded his plea by saying, "I am fully prepared to stand the juridical consequences of my actions."

On June 12th, the court found Wennerström guilty of gross espionage and sentenced him to life imprisonment at hard labor. The court also ruled that, since in his fifteen years of spying Wennerström had received from the Soviet Intelligence service approximately a hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of sums presumably still being held for him in Moscow, he was to be fined an amount equivalent to what he had actually received. In this matter, the court took note of Wennerström's ob-



our safari skirt



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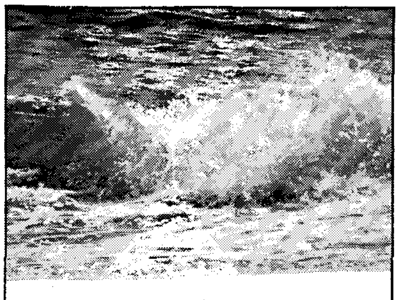

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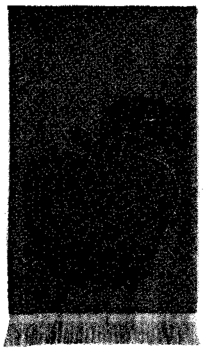

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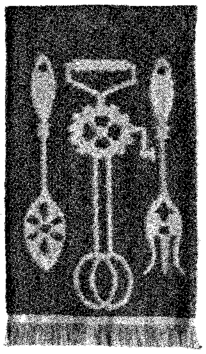

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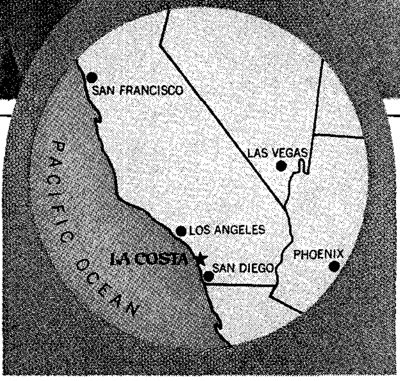

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jection to the prosecution's contention that the money he had not yet received from the Russians should also be subject to Swedish forfeiture. The court further ordered that Wennerström be stripped of his rank. Wennerström was informed of the judgment and the sentence in his cell at Långholmen Prison, and he was reported to have taken the news "with composure."

In the meantime, the affair had precipitated a national political crisis, in which the Social Democratic government of Tage Erlander barely avoided a parliamentary motion of censure. A month before this row, the government *had approved the first installment of a* special appropriation for the repair of the military damage caused Sweden by Wennerström's espionage. It was estimated that repairs, made over a period of seven years, would cost sixty million dollars. The damage to the morale of the Swedish military was perhaps even more costly. "I've seen tears come to the eyes of Swedish officers at the mention of the Wennerström case," a man attached to the United States Embassy in Stockholm said a while ago.

THE notion that a respected senior Swedish officer should for years have been a double-dealer in important military information with the great powers and then have become a top Soviet agent holding the rank of major general in the Soviet Intelligence service has proved disturbing not only to the Swedes but to people throughout the Western world who have read accounts of the "Swedish master spy" and his activities. Yet Wennerström's story of his espionage work, widely accepted though it may be, deserves further examination, if only because a good deal of it is based only on his version of events, and many of these events, having occurred behind the Iron Curtain, are difficult to check up on. It also deserves careful scrutiny in the light of Wennerström's own personality, in the light of his rather complex relations with his principal Soviet contact, the General, and in the light of modern international espionage practices.

Perhaps a good starting point in an appraisal of Wennerström's story is his testimony on how he first became involved in United States Intelligence activities against the Soviet Union. In 1946, Wennerström had been officially invited to attend a Soviet air show outside Moscow, and shortly after this invitation was extended, he said, he was approached in Stockholm by an American agent, who informed him that in the files of the so-called Gehlen organi-

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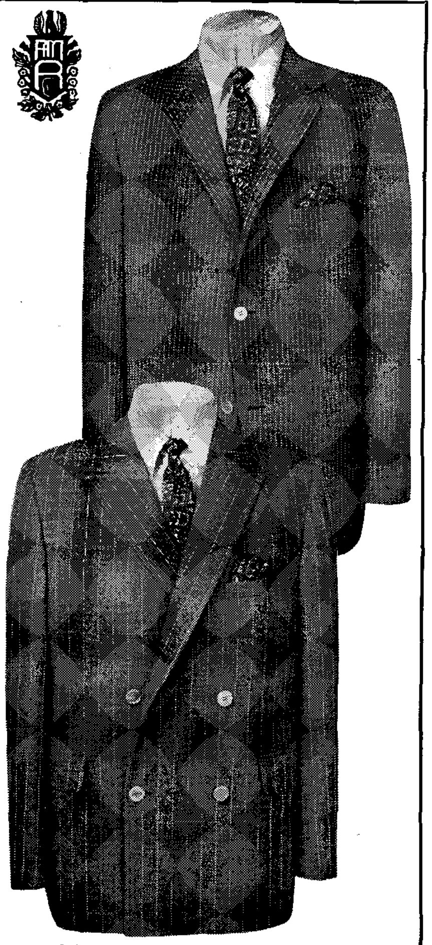
zation (a West German Intelligence agency partly reconstituted from a German agency that had dealt with Soviet and Eastern European affairs during the Second World War) the Americans had found Wennerström's name listed by the Germans as a "valuable contact." The American agent, Wennerström testified, had told him that since the Americans knew about his wartime assistance to the Germans, it might be a good idea for him to help the Americans now. Then, Wennerström said, the agent asked him to undertake a mission for the Americans—specifically, to mail a parcel, which Wennerström understood to contain radio equipment, for them while he was in Leningrad. Wennerström has said that he performed the mission as directed.

It would be ironic if American Intelligence, rather than Soviet Intelligence, should prove to have been responsible for getting Wennerström started on his postwar career of international espionage. Shortly after his arrest, the United States Embassy in Stockholm issued a statement to the effect that no record existed of his having been given any intelligence task by any American organization. In such cases, such statements, naturally, do not mean much, being in the nature of routine disclaimers. The Americans undoubtedly had some secret agents operating in the Soviet Union in 1946, and the American organization most likely to know about the activities of these agents and what part, if any, Wennerström played in them is the Central Intelligence Agency—for, although it was not formed until 1947, it then took over the records and the functions of the cloak-and-dagger Office of Strategic Services. Not surprisingly, the C.I.A. people have nothing to say about Wennerström, about his activities, or, for that matter, about the activities of the C.I.A. It happens, however, that the Agency—as the C.I.A. is known to many people in the Pentagon—is by no means the only American governmental organization engaged in what the participants, when they can be brought to discuss it at all, tend to refer to simply as "this business." There are in Washington at least six other substantial organizations—several of them with headquarters in the Pentagon—that have available to them a considerable body of information on the Wennerström affair. Of these specialized outfits, one, in particular, has made a very wide-ranging investigation of the Wennerström case, and a few results of this investigation, including Wenner-



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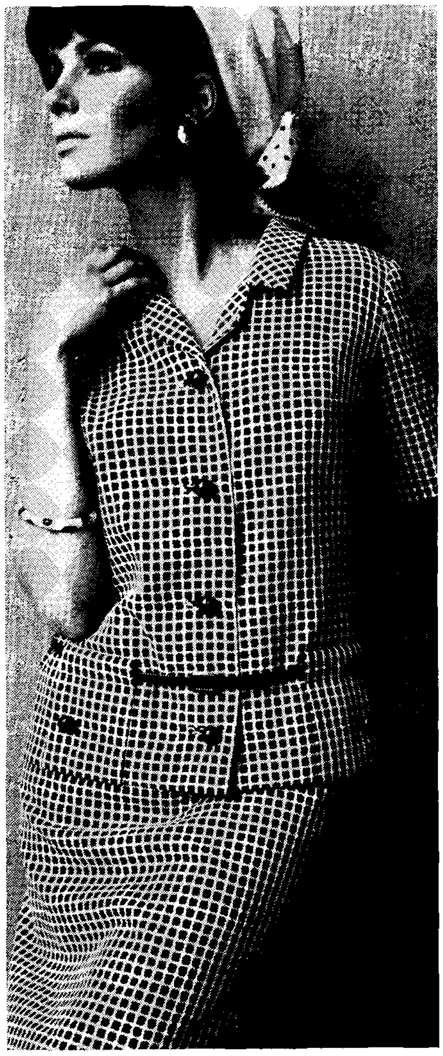
strom's account of his alleged contact with United States Intelligence in 1946, have recently been discussed, on the record, by certain people connected with it.

According to one of these men, even the most extensive search of government files and the most extensive interrogation of Intelligence people have failed to uncover any evidence that Wennerström did in fact carry out the 1946 mission he says he carried out. "The trouble is that we are, of course, unable to prove that Wennerström *wasn't* approached by an American agent in Stockholm in 1946," this Pentagon man said. "Wennerström says that the agent came to Stockholm from West Germany, and he could be correct in this. The fact that there is no record of such an approach in any Intelligence file we can get our hands on could be explained by the passage of time. You have to understand that in 1946 in Berlin there were between forty and fifty *known* United States Intelligence agencies, and they engaged in intensive competition. They didn't have a central body coördinating all this work, and the agents often tried to outfox one another, like a bunch of newspaper correspondents. The situation was pretty chaotic. It is quite possible that one of these organizations worked in Sweden. Most of them have long since become defunct, the personnel have gone their ways, and the records may have been destroyed as well. As for the Americans' alleged discovery in wartime records of the so-called Gehlen organization that Wennerström had collaborated with the Nazis, we haven't been able to check on that, either. Some of the material in which his name might appear is in our possession, but it's hopelessly mixed up with other captured records, and years of work would be needed to go through it all."

In any case, most sources, inside and outside the Pentagon, agree that, whether or not Wennerström actually was approached by an American agent in Stockholm in 1946, his story of his American Intelligence mission to Leningrad is, at best, a dubious one, and may very well have been part of an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of his interrogators. Such a mission, these sources say, would have been contrary to every security practice of American Intelligence. "If you wanted to get a parcel of, say, radio tubes to an agent in the Soviet Union in 1946, or at any other time, the last thing you would ever do was use a neutral as a courier," a man in "this business" said



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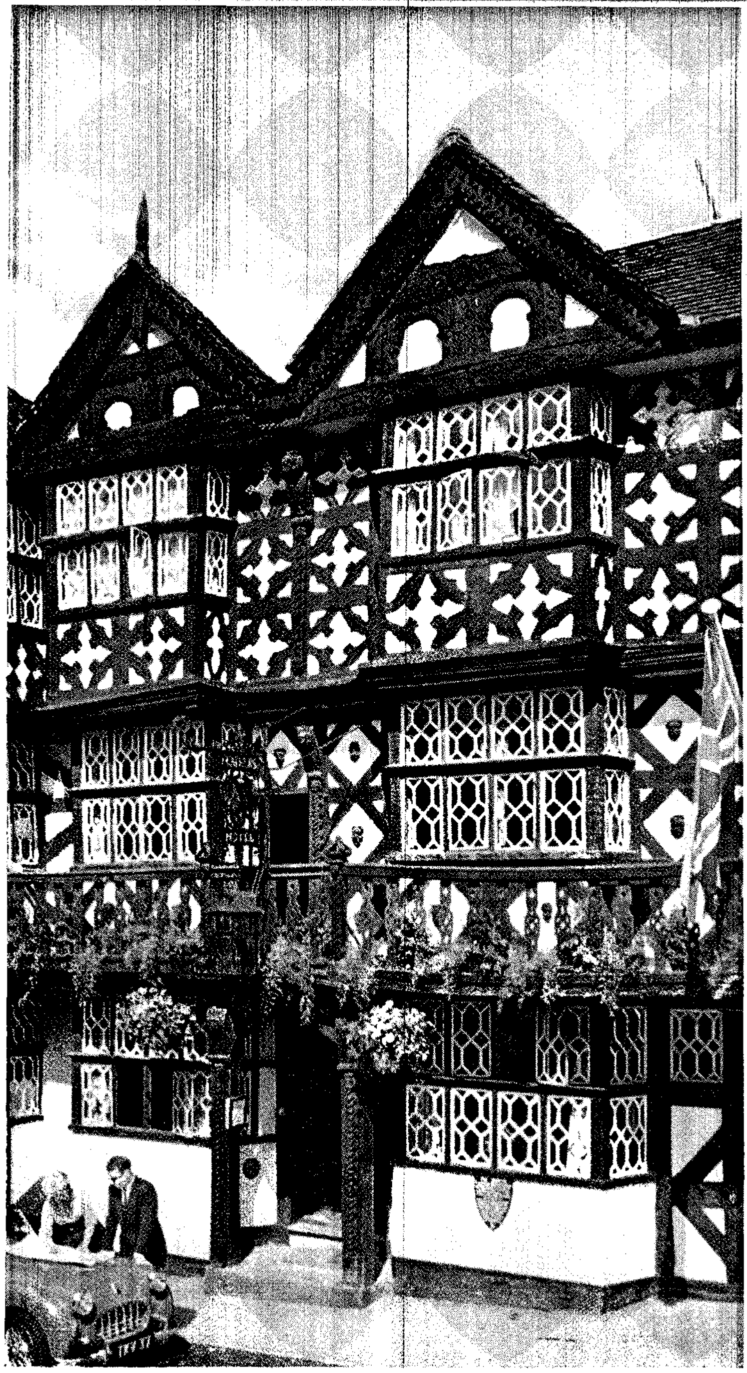

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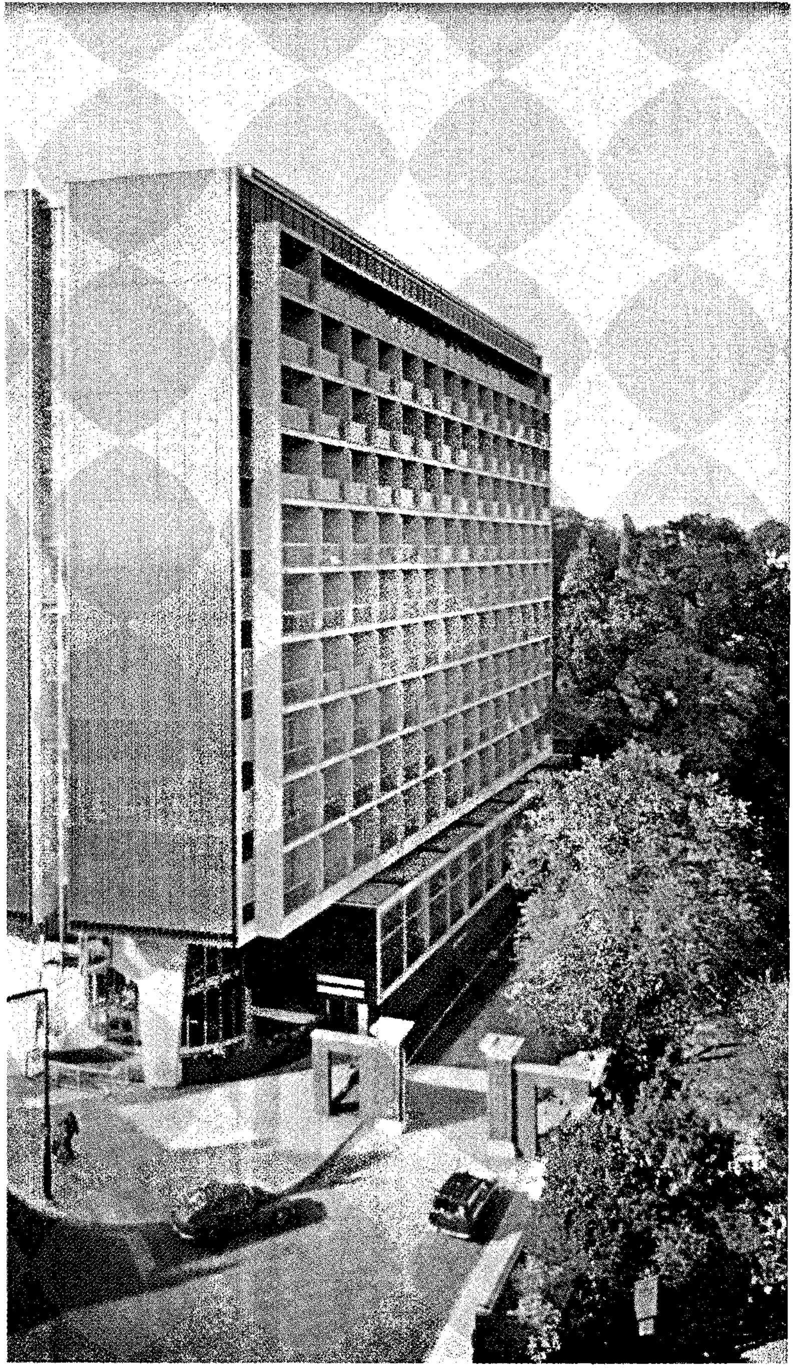

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a while ago. "You would never expose any agent to the dangers involved in such an operation, and you certainly wouldn't use a neutral, because you would have no control over him. In this business, enough thought goes into just the mailing of a single letter to one of your assets [contacts] abroad to make the kind of cowboy approach suggested by Wennerström's account highly improbable. And there are other circumstances to consider. Wennerström says he mailed the parcel in Leningrad to the person to whom it was addressed. There couldn't be a more effective way of exposing an operation. To mail a parcel in any of the major cities in the Soviet Union, including Leningrad, in 1946, you had to take it to a post office and identify yourself to a postal clerk before it would be accepted. The security police would have had agents at the Leningrad post office, and such agents were always on the lookout for foreigners. In those days, there were still anti-Soviet partisans in the Baltic woods. In Leningrad then you would probably also have had to open up any parcel you wanted to mail, and show the postal people the contents. And even if you did somehow succeed in mailing your parcel, the chances were that it would never arrive. People everywhere in the Soviet Union were extremely poor then, and the pilferage in the mails was terrible. In short, sending a Wennerström into the Soviet Union on such a mission at that time would make sense only if the recipient of the parcel were someone you wanted to get rid of."

Wennerström's story about his entrance into the Soviet Intelligence apparatus also has its peculiar aspects, it appears. By his account, in mid-1948, before his second term as Swedish air attaché in Moscow was to begin, a Swedish colonel briefed him on the extent of international espionage operations among the great powers—a subject that fascinated Wennerström. He told his interrogators that the briefing included discussions of the role played in these operations by agents of one power who, under various guises, penetrate the Intelligence services of another power, and that this subject held such interest for him that "there was awakened in me the idea of trying something of this sort myself." He was confident that his standing with the Russians in Stockholm was good, he said, for he had often been assigned as an escort officer and interpreter to their military attachés in Sweden. And he has said that while this scheme was still generally floating about in his mind, it

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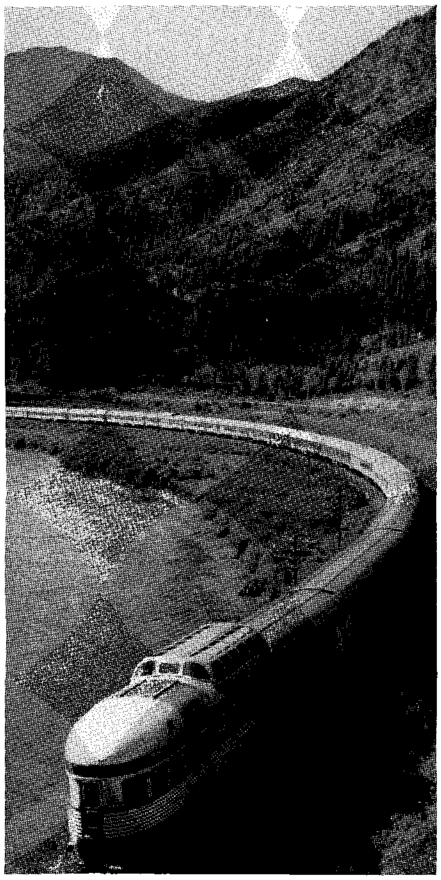

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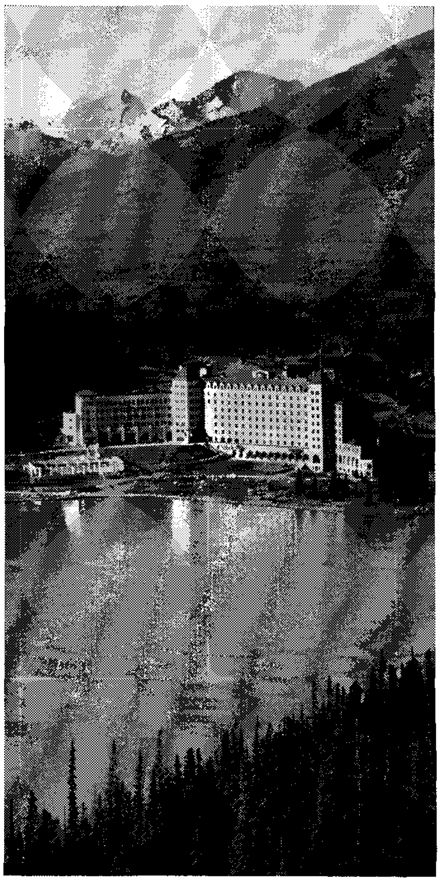

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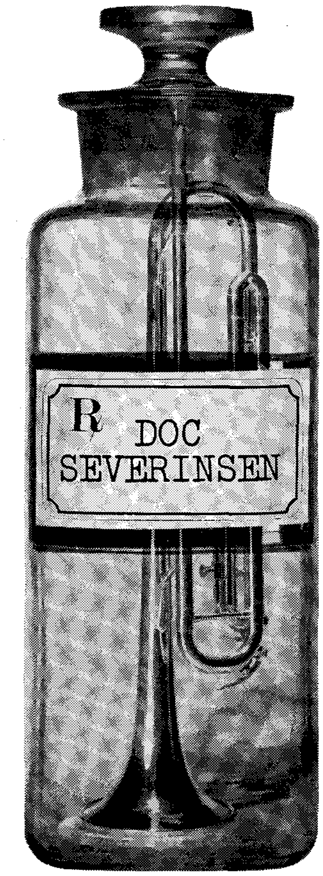

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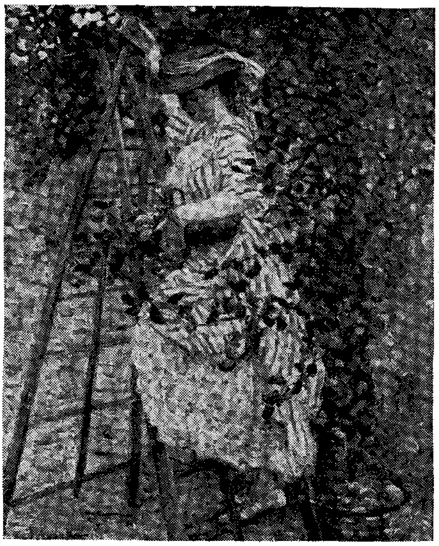
suddenly assumed a more exact shape one day in 1948, in the course of a conversation he had with the then Soviet air attaché in Stockholm, Colonel Ivan Petrovich Rybachenko. Several times previously, in other talks, Rybachenko had expressed great interest in a military airfield that then was being constructed in northern Sweden, and when the subject arose again, Wennerström remarked to Rybachenko, with a laugh, that if Rybachenko was so interested in the airfield, Wennerström would tell him what he knew for five thousand kronor—about a thousand dollars. The upshot was that one night, soon after Rybachenko's return from a trip to Moscow, Wennerström found himself standing outside his house holding a packet containing five thousand kronor—a situation that, he said, stirred in him "high conflicting feelings," which he explained this way: "It was satisfying that I had succeeded in my purpose and got at least a foot, so to speak, into the [Soviet Intelligence] organization. But [I also realized] that I was setting out on the most dangerous thing that one could possibly imagine." He eventually decided to continue, he said, and before long he delivered to Rybachenko a map with just a dot marked on it to indicate the position of the airfield.

All this has a certain plausibility, and it may be that Wennerström perceived what took place between him and Rybachenko as he has described it. But the business of deception, whether it involves the maneuverings of an advertising man preparing a great campaign for some worthless nostrum or the maneuverings of a man preparing to engage in espionage against his own country, seems to rest largely on a foundation of self-deception. It is entirely possible that Wennerström, in giving military information to Soviet Intelligence and receiving a fairly good sum of money in return, succeeded in persuading himself that his acts did not irrevocably commit him to the Soviet side—that what he had done could, in a pinch, be explained to the Swedish authorities, if they found out about it, as a clever attempt to worm himself into the Soviet Intelligence apparatus on behalf of his own country and the West.

To the Soviet Intelligence people Wennerström's activity must have appeared far different from the way it appeared to him. They must have singled him out as a potential recruit some time before the map episode, and it is probable that the talk about a Swedish military airfield was a series of deliberately planned elliptical swings



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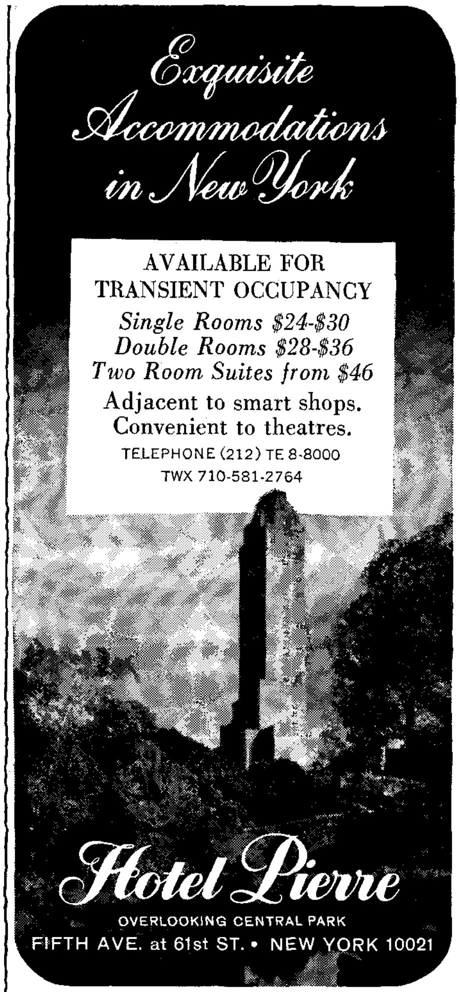
around the subject of Soviet Intelligence needs. It may seem rather remarkable that, out of the whole Swedish officer corps, the Soviet Intelligence operatives should have been able to put the finger on a man who could be prevailed upon to do their work. Yet this insight is not necessarily so exceptional but simply appears to be so because of all the mysterious trappings surrounding the business of intelligence. An example, far removed from that business, of precisely the same sort of acumen is afforded by the people who chose the contestants involved in the television quiz scandals a few years ago. How were they able to pick out almost unerringly, from among many candidates of high intelligence and good education, those who could be counted on to cheat? The answer appears to be that all the contestants chosen had some traits in common. They all had a gnawing desire for public recognition, they all needed money, and they were all willing to move over the barrier of conscience in order to gratify their needs. And these people were chosen not by experts in psychology but by more or less ordinary men in the television-programming business, who could justify their actions on the ground that they were just being practical—just filling a particular demand. The Soviet Intelligence people with whom Wennerström first made contact were not necessarily experts in psychology, either; they were simply experienced at seeking out disaffected citizens, and, in addition, they undoubtedly had at their disposal a good deal of useful information about their man. The Soviet file on Wennerström probably went back to the early nineteen-thirties, when he had begun his Russian-language studies in Sweden. In those days, there were very few Russian-language instructors in Sweden, and, according to several Swedes whose business it is to know such things, Soviet Intelligence almost certainly kept some watch on these men and their pupils, because of the likelihood that some members of each group would wind up in intelligence work of one kind or another. Similarly, when Wennerström obtained a scholarship to study Russian in Latvia in 1933, and did in fact develop there a decided interest in intelligence work, Soviet Intelligence was probably aware of it; Riga was a center for all sorts of intelligence activities concerned with the Soviet Union, and the Russians kept a sharp watch on anyone who was likely to have gone there to familiarize himself with Soviet affairs.

Then, in 1940, when Wenner-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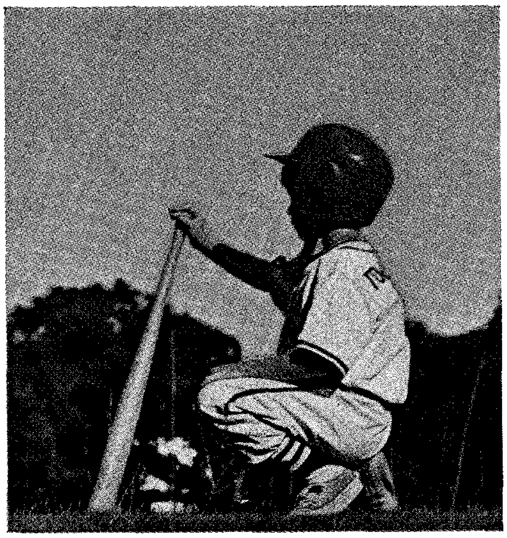

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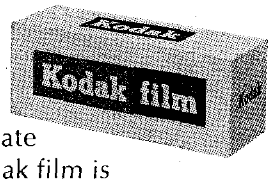

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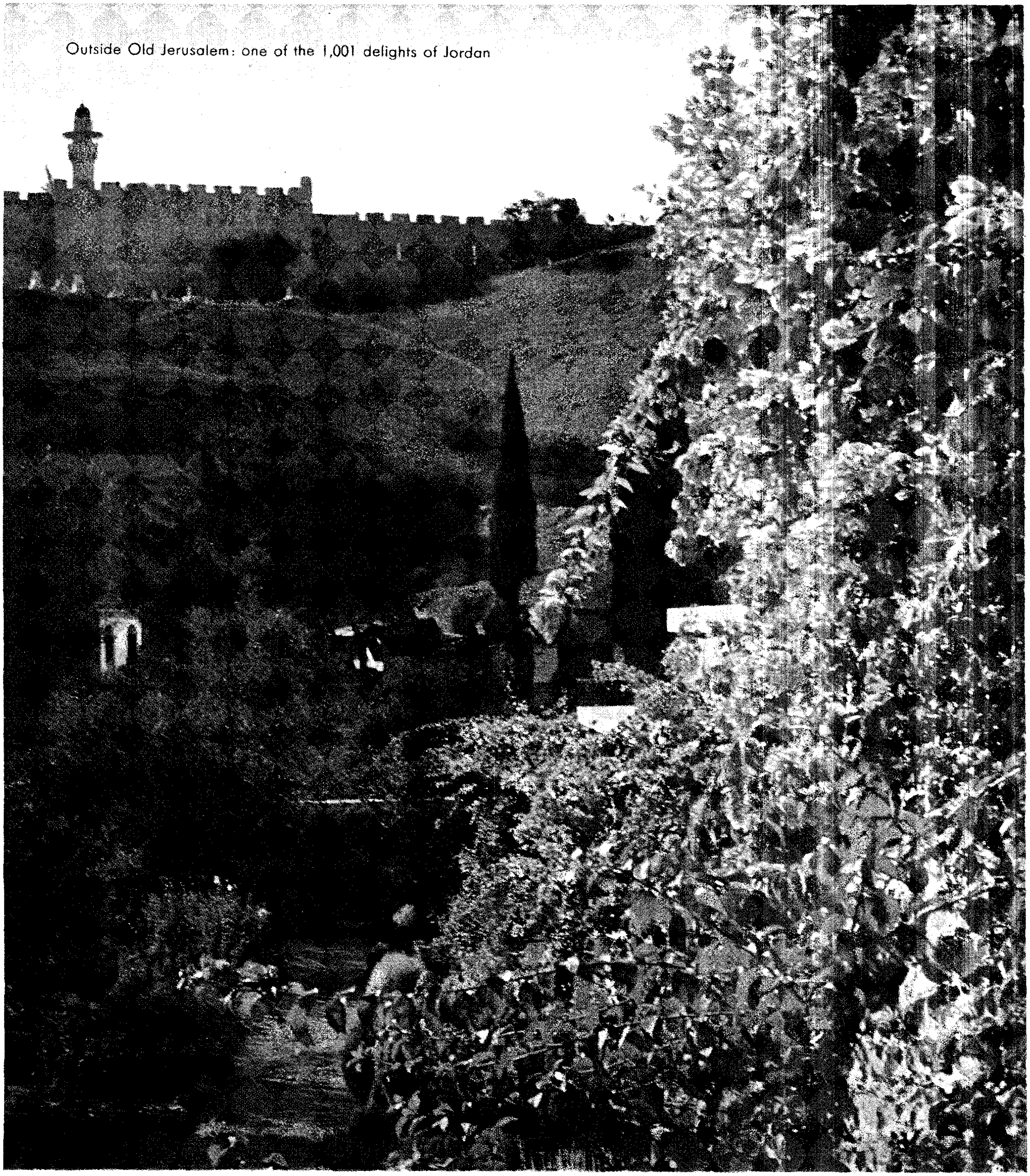

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HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

ström was assigned to Moscow as Swedish air attaché, Soviet Intelligence had a chance to observe him more closely, and through this surveillance the Russians certainly must have learned that he had frequent close contact with people in the German Embassy. They may even have found out about his intelligence transactions with the Germans—possibly through their own discovery of his name in captured German documents, since it was with the help of such documents, plus the interrogation of captured German Intelligence men, that the Soviets are believed to have been able to establish, through blackmail, a considerable part of their postwar espionage network in Western Europe. Furthermore, if Wennerström's name turned up in the files of the so-called Gehlen organization in West Germany after the war, the Russians would also have had access to that information; the Gehlen organization, it later turned out, although controlled by the United States, had been thoroughly penetrated by agents of the Soviet Union and its satellites.

When, at last, Wennerström made it plain that he might give Rybachenko information for a price, one of the first questions that Soviet Intelligence must have pondered was whether Wennerström really was trying to do what he later said he had intended to do—insinuate himself into the Soviet Intelligence apparatus in order to undermine it. He was, after all, about to be transferred to Moscow as a Swedish Military Intelligence representative, and, by Soviet reasoning, he might very well have been a *provocateur*. The Russians must have checked on Wennerström's current circumstances very carefully. When they did so, it would not have been difficult for them to discover that he had been refused promotion to a command position in the Swedish Air Force, and thus was likely to be a disappointed man. And the Soviet Intelligence people in Stockholm would know from their own connection with Wennerström that he liked to live well. In Soviet terms, then, Wennerström was a good risk, and whatever plans he might have had for playing a double game with the huge Soviet Intelligence apparatus, the fact was that from the moment he accepted the packet containing the five thousand kronor, he was irrevocably compromised.

BEFORE Wennerström arrived in Moscow, a Swedish officer in Stockholm had asked him to get some data about heat-resistant alloys that were used in Soviet jet engines. Wen-

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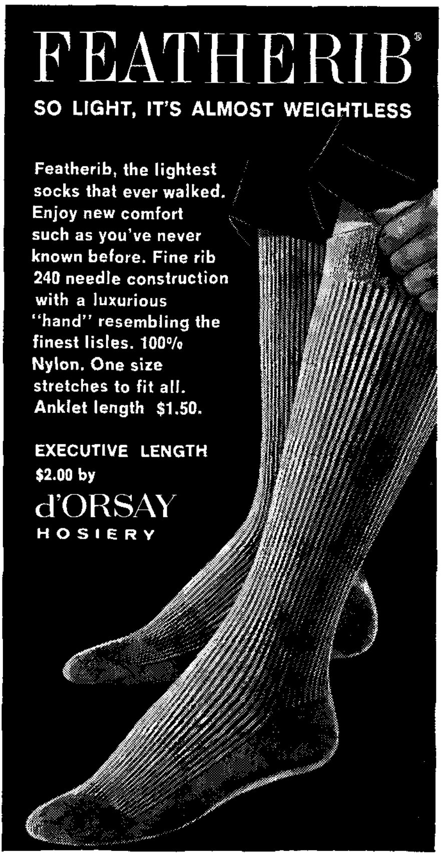
nerström later expressed the belief that the officer was requesting this information on behalf of the Americans. At any rate, Wennerström said, he was able to obtain it, though it was relatively hard to get, being unavailable in Moscow. He did so, it appeared, by going to a technical library in Leningrad and surreptitiously photographing a technical paper there. The film was relayed to Stockholm, Wennerström said, and he felt that he had pulled off an intelligence coup of noteworthy dimensions. A few weeks after this episode, Wennerström testified, Rybachenko arranged for him to have a secret meeting with Colonel Nikolai Nikitushev, the former Soviet air attaché in Stockholm, who talked to him about Soviet strategic problems and about the dangers that the Russians felt that NATO held for them. Nikitushev asked for and gratefully received Wennerström's assurances that Sweden had no secret commitments to NATO, and went on to say that his chief in the Soviet Intelligence service had asked to meet Wennerström. Wennerström said that, after some hesitation, he assented to this meeting, and was taken to a secret meeting place, where a Soviet general talked to him further about how important it was to the Russians to be able to count on Swedish neutrality. Then, after thanking Wennerström for the help he had given Rybachenko, the Soviet general produced the map that Wennerström had passed to Rybachenko in Stockholm, tore it up, and threw it in a wastebasket, with what Wennerström described as "a roguish glint in his eyes." There must have been a world of meaning in that look, for it signified to its recipient that Soviet Intelligence was not interested in paying sizable sums merely for dots on maps and that the time had come to get down to business. The Soviet general then asked Wennerström if he wanted to join the Soviet Intelligence service. He was to think the offer over, the Soviet general said, and if he didn't want to join, he could be sure that the subject would never be mentioned again. Whether Wennerström knew it or not, however, he had already been recruited by Soviet Intelligence back in Stockholm, and the officer was only going through motions designed to allow Wennerström to accept that fact in a coöperative spirit. An elaborate lunch was now served, and before it was over, Wennerström says, he announced, with no further prompting, that he had decided to join up.

According to Wennerström's ac-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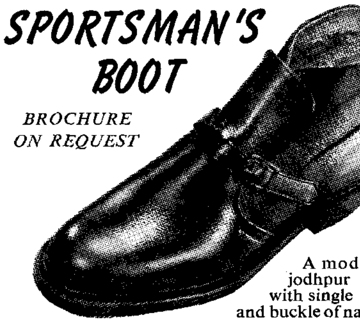

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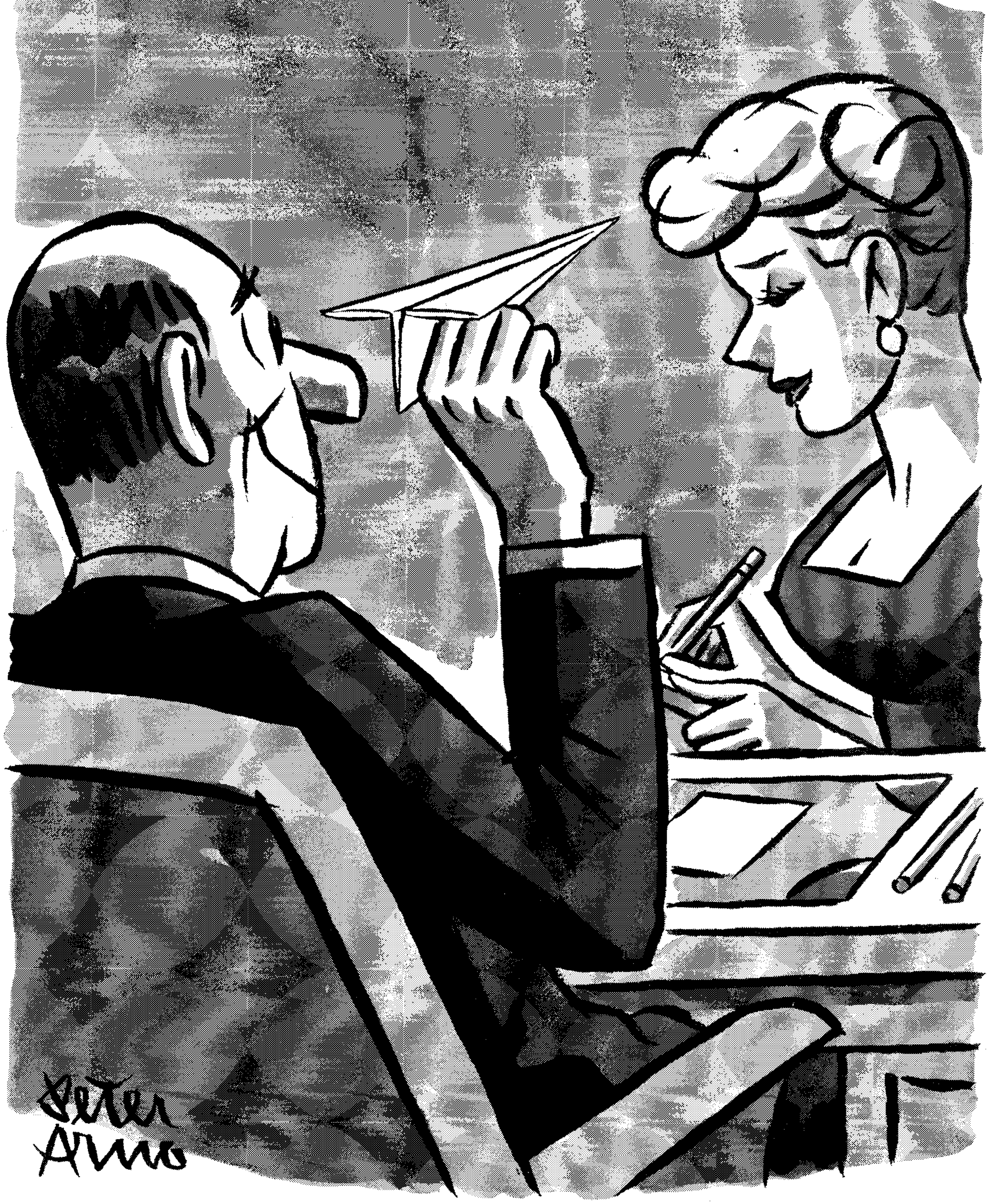

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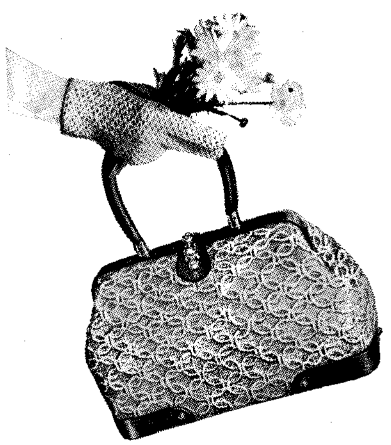

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count of the events that followed, he now began to pass on extensive information about NATO plans and policies, yet he felt that the Soviet Intelligence people were still somewhat reserved about him, and he came to believe that it would be advisable for him to “pull off more or less a sort of coup” to make him fully accepted by his new employers. His chance to do this came late that spring, when he returned to Stockholm on an official visit. At the time, he had “normal feelings of loyalty toward Sweden,” he said, but when the fellow-officer whom he suspected of acting on behalf of the Americans peremptorily demanded the source of his information on Soviet heat-resistant alloys, Wennerström’s resentment at the other man’s treating him as a subordinate, combined with his chagrin at having been passed over for promotion, caused him to “rage inwardly in a pronounced fashion.” The upshot was that he decided not only to conceal his relations with Soviet Intelligence but to further them—though at the same time, as the occasion arose, to act as “an independent agent” on behalf of American Intelligence. Now Wennerström discovered that, under cover of his legitimate work, he could obtain an extensive top-secret report on Sweden’s strategic planning. He did so, and relayed a copy of it to the Soviets. When he returned to Moscow, Nikitushev told him that the report had caused a sensation in the highest echelons of Soviet Intelligence, that his probationary period was declared to be over forthwith, that in the future he was to be regarded as one of the more prominent Soviet agents, and that he had been assigned the code name Eagle. Soon after this, Wennerström testified, he was told that Nikitushev had been replaced as his principal Soviet contact man by Lemenov—the General. Wennerström was immediately impressed by the General, he said, and formed an increasing personal liking for him: “He was undoubtedly a considerable personality. . . . He had an altogether unique ability to arouse those around him to enthusiasm. . . . At times one had the impression that he had an almost hypnotic ability to carry people along.”

At the same time, according to Wennerström, he was still acting, as an “independent agent,” in the interests of American Air Force Intelligence in Moscow. He has said that on behalf of the Americans, by whom he was paid what he called “certain *valuta*”—including, on one occasion, Italian lire—he would make trips, supposedly on official Swedish business, and bring back information the Americans could use in compiling a list of bombing targets within the U.S.S.R. And on behalf of the Russians—by whom he was paid in rubles—he would report to the General what the targets in question were, without fully explaining how he came by this information. For a while, the ease with which he could carry on this double game struck him as “almost comical.” As time went on, however, he became increasingly impressed by the very thorough and painstaking way in which, at a special headquarters set up in a villa outside Moscow, the General would plot on a large map the information that Wennerström had obtained about American targets, and would discuss its meaning with him. For example, the General discussed with him some information that he had passed on about an American interest in the incidence of tin roofs (which could be used as reference points on the radarscopes of military airplanes) in communities in the Ukraine, and concluded that the military aim in this case probably had to do with bacteriological warfare rather than with the bombing of factories and the like. Some time after Wennerström reported that he had heard that a target map in the United States Embassy was about to be transferred by courier to Wiesbaden, the General produced a copy of such a map and asked him if the data on it conformed to what he knew of the American target plans, explaining that Soviet agents had been able to photograph the map while it was en route to Wiesbaden. It was as a result of this and other work on his part, Wennerström has said, that, on the General’s recommendation, he was given what was termed a “top agent’s” authority and the rank of major general in the Soviet Intelligence service. He was also told of the supposed arrangement whereby the General was assigned exclusively to him for “pair work,” so that the two could function together as a team, solving intelligence problems after their own fashion. By this time, according to Wennerström, both his interest in Swedish military affairs and his interest in working for the Americans had sunk into the background. He had begun to feel a “deep inner satisfaction” with the results of his Soviet Intelligence work, he testified, and his sympathies, which had previously been with the NATO powers, now swung fully over to the Soviet side. Partly because of his increasingly close relationship with the General, he said, “I came to feel myself more and more

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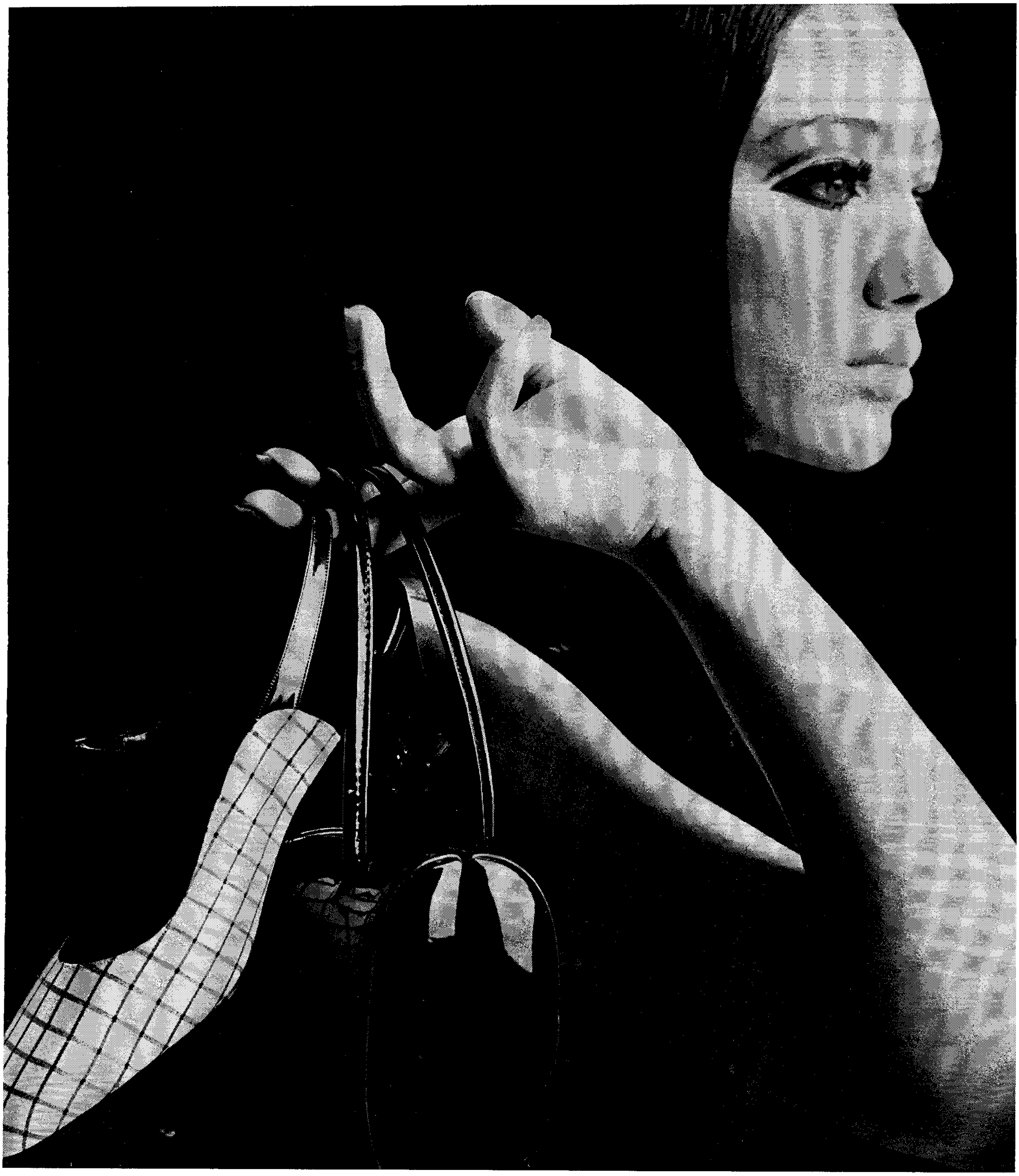

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a trusted member of a powerful organization."

Though Soviet Intelligence was delighted by the news of Wennerström's transfer to Washington, what he subsequently described as a terrible blow fell on him just before he left. The Russians, it seemed, had found out about his clandestine activities on behalf of the Americans, and at the villa outside Moscow the General, surrounded by Russian security men, confronted him with this information. The General told him, he testified, that the Russians had broken the United States Embassy code, and that the Americans, neglecting security regulations, had used Wennerström's name in a radio communication. Wennerström, who testified that upon hearing this he was filled with "unspeakable bitterness" against the Americans, expected to be shot out of hand. But the General told him that while at an earlier time the consequences would have been extremely serious for him, Soviet Intelligence was now confident of his loyalty. As a result, Wennerström said, his swing to the Soviet side was complete: "Instead of being a false agent inside Soviet Intelligence, I was now this same thing within the American organization."

THIS, then, is Wennerström's story of his surreptitious activities within the Soviet Union. Whatever his relationship to Soviet Intelligence may have been there, his description of his relationship to the Americans does not quite tally with the description offered by people in Washington. Wennerström's alleged activities on behalf of the Americans during his Moscow period have been the subject of as thorough an investigation as could be made, and while some of the people concerned concede that he probably did in fact give the Americans some information about Soviet military matters, they say they have been able to satisfy themselves that he never acted as any sort of accredited American agent. A man in the Pentagon said recently, "We've hauled into this headquarters every director of Intelligence, active or retired, who could have had anything to do with Wennerström in Moscow, every attaché who was in Moscow or in Stockholm during or around his Moscow period of service, every key Intelligence officer in Wiesbaden at the time, and officers in other stations as well. We've interrogated all of them exhaustively and checked every payment voucher we could get our hands on, and we've found no evidence that Wennerström ever received any money

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from our people. Unfortunately, we can't say absolutely that no arrangement with Wennerström *ever* existed, because two of the people who would know are dead. But we have been able to establish to our satisfaction that Wennerström's story of having received payment from us in Italian lire is a fabrication. What he did was to take bits and pieces from somebody else's life story and use them to try and confuse his interrogators by emphasizing that he helped the Americans as well as the Russians.

"Wennerström did give our people some information on a couple of occasions that we know of, but not as a paid agent, or even as an unpaid one. It's perfectly possible, even likely, that if a friendly neutral we know has been travelling in areas of the Soviet Union to which our own people are denied access, we will ask him questions about what he's seen. But that doesn't mean that we sent him on the trip, or had recruited him. To the best of our knowledge, no American organization ever sent Wennerström on any trips, or paid for them, and, as far as we have been able to discover, what he did give us on returning from his trips was quite fragmentary stuff, of no particular value. His drawings of Soviet airplane configurations, for instance, were pretty crude, to tell the truth. Of course, Wennerström's story of handing on information about the pattern of tin roofs in the Ukraine could fit with something we got going around 1949. It was known as Project Wringer, and it consisted of attempting to compile, mostly from interrogations of German prisoners of war returning to Germany from the Soviet Union, very rough simulated radar-target maps of the U.S.S.R. Information on tin roofs is the sort of thing we could have made use of in connection with that project. We have *not*, however, been able to find any evidence that a target map of the U.S.S.R. like the one described by Wennerström existed in the American Embassy during his Moscow period. It *is* remotely possible that there was some sort of small map that one of our attachés had worked up for himself. And it's conceivable that one of our men could have taken such a map to Air Force headquarters in Wiesbaden for a briefing. We don't think so. But we have no sure check on this, because, again, the two Americans who would really know are dead."

As far as Wennerström's activities on behalf of Soviet Intelligence are concerned, his description of them accords with what a man of his tempera-

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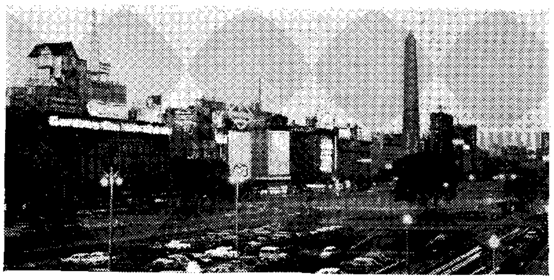

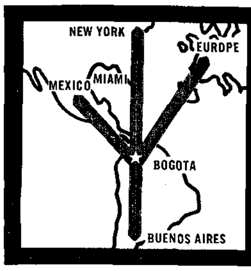

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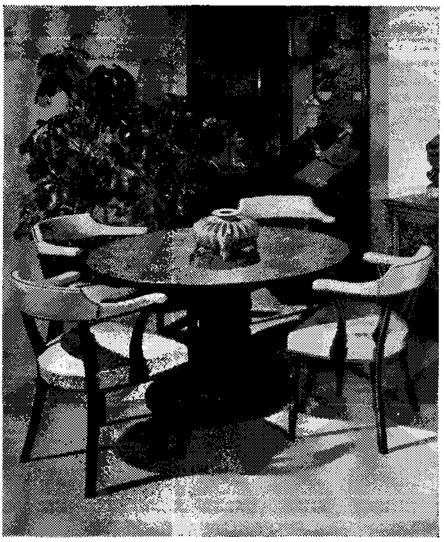
ment could be expected to perceive or conclude about happenings he was involved with. However, if one looks at his account from the Soviet point of view, the perspective is quite different. The arm of Soviet Intelligence that Wennerström had become involved with was the G.R.U. (Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravleniye, or Chief Intelligence Administration)—the military-intelligence service, as distinct from the civilian one, known at present as the K.G.B. (Komiteat Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti, or Committee for State Security). In their worldwide operations, the two organizations carry on a regular competition, and, at times—especially when so ordered from above—an uneasy collaboration. From the moment Wennerström set foot on Soviet soil, he was undoubtedly under continuous close surveillance and study by the G.R.U., and the people he dealt with certainly knew how best to use him. It was probably no accident that the General, rather than another Soviet officer, was chosen as his principal Soviet Intelligence contact; very likely he was picked as much for his ability to deal with a man of Wennerström's temperament as for his ability to exploit Wennerström's potential for delivering information of importance. It was in keeping with Soviet practice for such a contact to be chosen only after the recruit had been given a trial run by someone else—Nikitushev, in Wennerström's case—who would evaluate his reliability and report on the "feel" of him. The General was what is called in the trade Wennerström's "handler," or "case officer." People in "this business" in Washington are frank in expressing professional admiration of what Wennerström's confession reveals about the General's work. "One notable thing about the Wennerström case is the extraordinary ability of his case officer," a man familiar with the affair has said. Another man has remarked that the General "worked his case beautifully." A handler, or case officer, whatever country he may represent, combines the qualities of an animal trainer and a psychiatrist, and is to the agent he deals with a friend and counsellor, a confessor, an impresario, an illusionist, a never-quite-satisfied teacher, and, if he feels the circumstances call for it, a bully and a merciless blackmailer. His sole professional interest is to take a recruited agent and, by any means available, so bend him to his will that the agent is made into the most effective possible instrument of the Intelligence service the handler represents.



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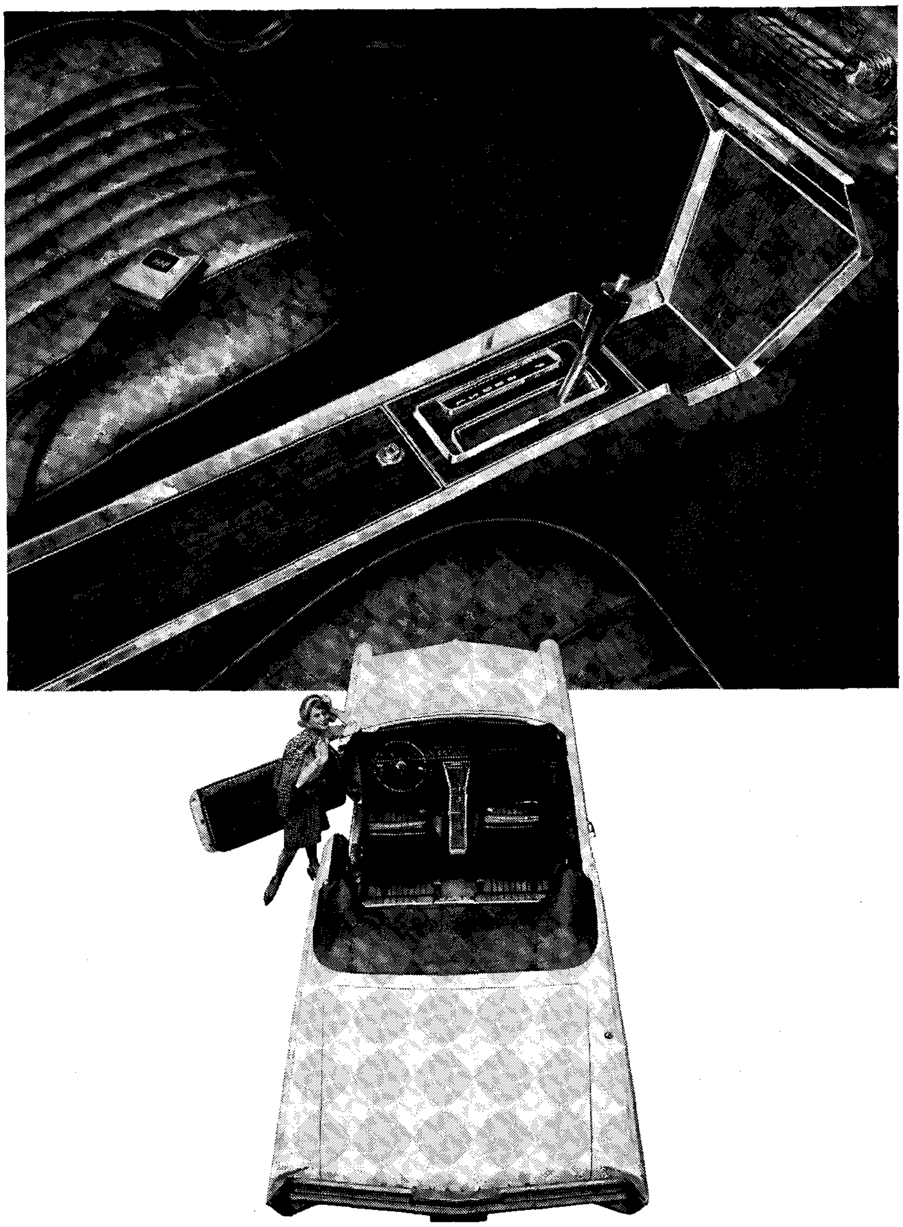
There is no evidence that the General ever used on Wennerström any of the direct blackmail methods that the Soviet espionage apparatus has often employed—for example, the exploitation of sexual irregularities. His approach seems to have been made with considerable finesse. What he had at his disposal in Wennerström was a man who, for all his outward elegance and social savoir-faire, showed signs—at least to an able case officer—of being as frustrated in his inner emotional life as he was in his Air Force career: a man remote and aloof, unable to maintain, or even make, intimate contact with other people, preyed upon by the complex of personal difficulties that passes for unusual vanity, possessed by an inordinate desire for recognition, and corroded, under his bland exterior, by resentment against his Swedish superiors. The depth of this last feeling was revealed during interrogation after Wennerström's arrest when, in a bitter aside, he spoke of his having been passed over for promotion: "Unfortunately, [in such a] situation one soon feels distinctly that one has been slighted. One feels that one is out of the game and made an exception of. One no longer has any influence, and hardly anyone pays attention to the views one expresses. . . ."

When Wennerström met the General, it was as though he had met someone he had been seeking for a long time. In the text of Wennerström's pre-trial examination, the General stands out in vivid fashion, perhaps less as a personality—a human being with all sorts of idiosyncrasies—than simply as an extraordinarily strong presence. Upon the stalled personality of Wennerström, the General must have acted as an energizing force, one that gave Wennerström the impression of having been granted almost a new opening on life. From the General, Wennerström received recognition of a worth quite undiscernible to the eyes of superiors and colleagues. It was certainly not by accident that the G.R.U. assigned to a man whose Air Force career had been blocked partly because he was an indifferent flier the grandiose code name Eagle. A source in Washington has said, "The first thing you have to do with an agent you have recruited is to build him up. Build him up, and then chop him down to size. You need to establish control over him so that he responds by Pavlovian reflex, almost." The General, when he took over as Wennerström's case officer, sought Wennerström's opinions not just on parochial military matters but on the



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broad strategic picture. He discussed with him the problem of maintaining the balance of power between East and West, and the chances of preserving world peace through knowledge of the dangers of war. In those days, quite a few neutrals tended to give a sympathetic hearing to the Soviet claim that the U.S.S.R. was being forced into an armaments race by the ring of NATO bases being formed around it, and this kind of argument must have had a powerful effect on Wennerström when he found himself—so he thought—the respected consultant of a Soviet general. People in "this business" in the West tend to find Wennerström's dramatic descriptions of his sessions with the General at "the special headquarters" more a matter for sardonic comment than for uneasiness. One of them has said, "The situation map, the strategic talk, the special headquarters—all this is absolutely standard gamesmanship. It's all part of what you'd expect from an experienced case officer during the process of building up an agent. There are no ground rules, you see. You want your man to feel good, and you can tell him anything he's likely to believe. You want to work him toward a sense of absolute commitment, and, of course, you always want more information out of him." When, during this period in Moscow, the General wanted Wennerström to go out and do some additional spying, he didn't just say he needed more information; he put things in a grander framework. For instance, on one occasion he told Wennerström that a secret strategic conference of top Soviet military people was soon to be held, and that in order that these authorities might be properly briefed, certain vital data was urgently required; Wennerström appeared to be "the most qualified person" to supply this, according to the General, who added that he was relying heavily on Wennerström. Then, when, according to Wennerström, the General's situation map "began to show . . . that the essence of NATO's planning consisted of air strikes against the Soviet Union, but no invasion," the General didn't just ask Wennerström to keep on bringing in scraps of information; he told him that the Soviet political and military leaders might find it difficult to accept this conclusion, because they had traditionally thought in terms of a land-based strategy, and that in the light of this prejudice "particularly clear proofs" of American intentions would be needed.

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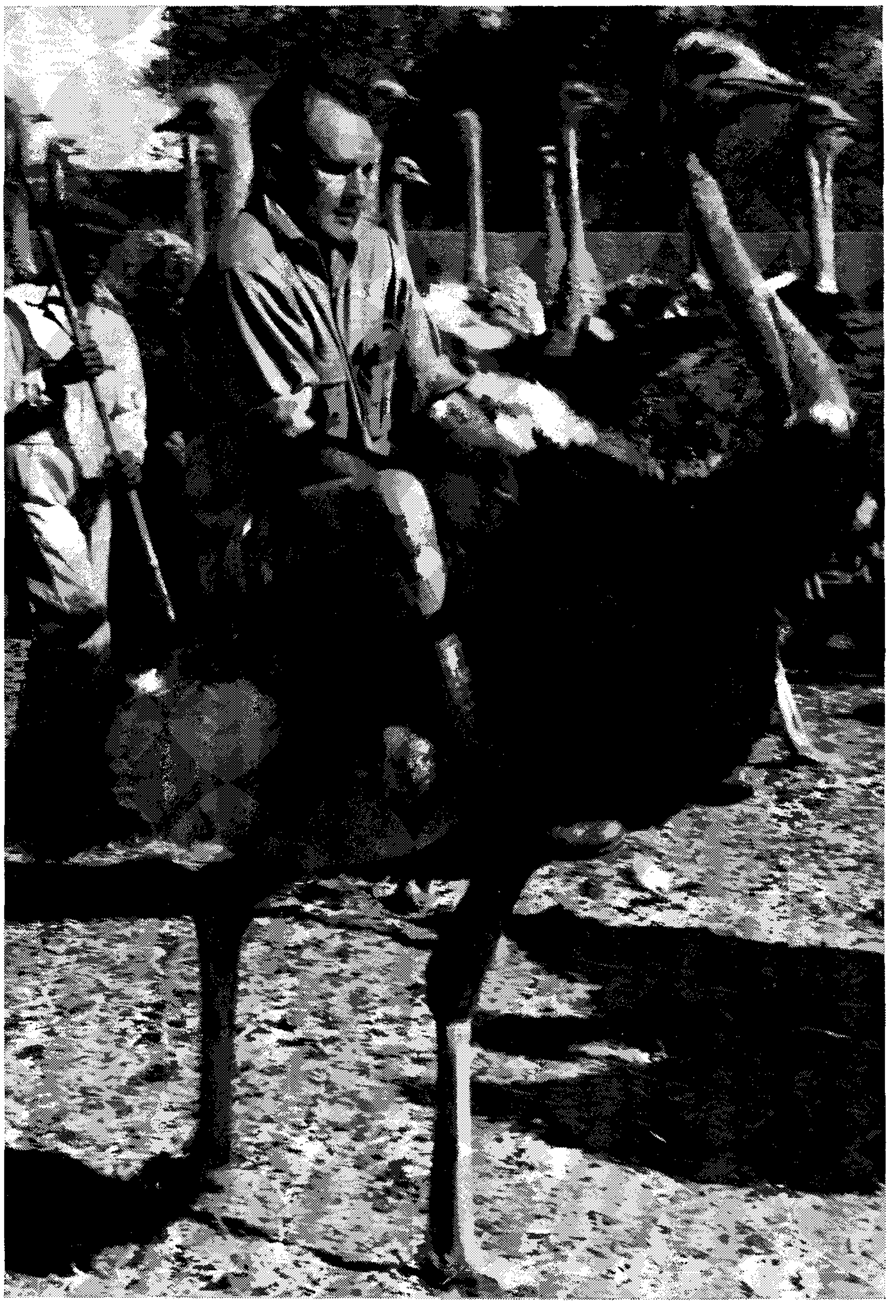
told the General about the target map and its impending transfer to Wiesbaden. Of course, it is quite possible that if such a map existed the G.R.U. managed to obtain a copy, for Soviet Intelligence has long been known to employ agents who are particularly skilled at obtaining such material from couriers or other diplomatic personnel by a variety of means, including odorless gas capable of rendering victims unconscious. On occasion, too, Soviet Intelligence operatives have been known to use drugs on diplomatic personnel. On March 25, 1964, the United States Marine, Naval, and Air Attachés in the Soviet Union, along with a British Assistant Naval Attaché, were simultaneously drugged at a dinner in Odessa, and when they came to in their rooms the next day it became apparent that they had been knocked out soundly enough for a search to have been made of their effects. However, one circumstance would tend to argue against the occurrence of something of this sort in connection with the alleged target map, and that is the General's having told Wennerström a copy of the map had been obtained—and telling him only a week after the supposed event. Soviet security rules dealing with the disclosure to agents of information about Soviet Intelligence activities are extremely rigid, and infractions of the rules bring ruthless punishment. Thus, if the General came into possession of *any* American target map through Wennerström, he probably did so by means entirely different from those he described.

As for the General's giving Wennerström the authority of a "top agent" and according him the rank of major general in the Soviet Intelligence service, the General probably saw all this in a far different way. For one thing, people familiar with the organization of the G.R.U. declare that there is no such classification as "top agent." "The case officer just invented it to help his man along. The whole thing was just a morale booster," an American in a position to know such things has said. The General's talk about "pair work" probably fell into the same category. Former members of Soviet Intelligence who are now in this country say that such a system simply does not exist. What does exist is the virtuosity of a man like the General when he is working his case. As for Wennerström's being given the rank of major general, a knowledgeable person in Washington has said, "It's quite normal for the Soviets to provide agents with a series of incentive awards that are completely



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spurious. Perfectly standard operating procedure." After telling Wennerström about his promotion, the General said that from then on, instead of receiving regular payments, he would be entitled to draw sums at will from the treasury of Soviet Intelligence, and could have other sums put in escrow for his future use. That was not a bad bargain from the General's point of view, since Wennerström was expected to draw only reasonable sums for immediate expenses, in order not to arouse the suspicion of his Swedish colleagues. Also, Wennerström could reason, as he did during his interrogation, "The less requisitioned for my own use, the more I had to my credit at the final settlement." But as for those sums in escrow, the General must have been well aware that few agents survive to collect such funds.

How Wennerström responded to all this is indicated by observations he made after his arrest. "I was left with the very strong sense of having accomplished something and of having reached a high level of prestige," he said. "I experienced a deep inner satisfaction with the results [of my activities for the Russians]. I became fascinated with the whole thing, my enthusiasm fanned . . . by my increasing liking for my Soviet contact man." As the General's background briefings on strategic affairs continued, and Wennerström's feelings of exerting secret influence on matters of world importance increased, he began to have, by his own account, a "significant feeling of loyalty" toward the Russians, which effectively counteracted whatever impulse he had had to help the West; this feeling also led him, he said, to look upon Swedish interests as quite negligible within the large scheme of things that now preoccupied him.

Despite all the General's talk about strategy, and bases, and the balance of power, and the authority of a "top agent," Wennerström's handler must, during the initial phase, have regarded the Colonel as a minor Soviet agent in the Moscow diplomatic community. Soviet Intelligence has a large machine aimed at penetrating foreign embassies in the capital. Every foreign diplomat, from the moment he is granted a visa to the U.S.S.R., is assigned a case officer by Soviet Intelligence, and from then on, whether he is in the Soviet Union or elsewhere, he is periodically evaluated as a prospective agent. Soviet Intelligence is said to employ ten case officers concerned solely with penetrating the British Embassy. The Intelligence apparatus is able to call on a

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squad of safecrackers, who boast that they can open almost any safe without leaving traces, and an elaborate network of servant-agents, and it employs complex electronic eavesdropping facilities within embassies and within the diplomats' living quarters. It also employs a squad of experienced *provocateurs* to entrap diplomats and diplomatic employees in compromising situations of one kind or another—usually financial or sexual—and thus recruit them through blackmail. All this is only an extremely small part of the huge internal and external Soviet Intelligence and security apparatus, civilian and military, which, it is estimated, employs at least a quarter of a million people. In relation to this vast organization, Wennerström's espionage activities while he was in the Soviet Union were probably modest indeed. He had no access to really secret information at the American Embassy, for the attachés he knew there weren't policymakers but people who relayed back to the United States such scraps of information about the Soviet Union as their highly restricted movements allowed them to pick up. It seems probable that Wennerström was chosen for a rather extensive buildup not so much because of the comparatively small amount of information he might be able to glean from Allied diplomats in Moscow as because the G.R.U. recognized that, as Swedish air attaché, he was likely sooner or later to be transferred to duty in some Allied capital, and might well wind up in some senior diplomatic post in Stockholm. In other words, the G.R.U. was interested in him primarily as a long-term investment. He was to be used as an agent "in place"—that is, as an insider qualified and "cleared" by his own people, as opposed to an "illegal," or intruder operating entirely undercover in another country, with the aid of forged papers and a fictitious background. He was in the network for life—or until he was caught.

In the U.S.S.R., Wennerström's activities were certainly under very careful scrutiny and control. He may have believed that he travelled unobserved to Leningrad to photograph the material on metal alloys, but the probability is, according to people familiar with the Soviet security system, that the trail he followed was efficiently blazed for him by Soviet Intelligence, which had every interest in giving him a helping hand up the Swedish diplomatic ladder. The length to which Soviet Intelligence will go to make a recruited agent more useful to his own government often is remarkable. And, indeed,

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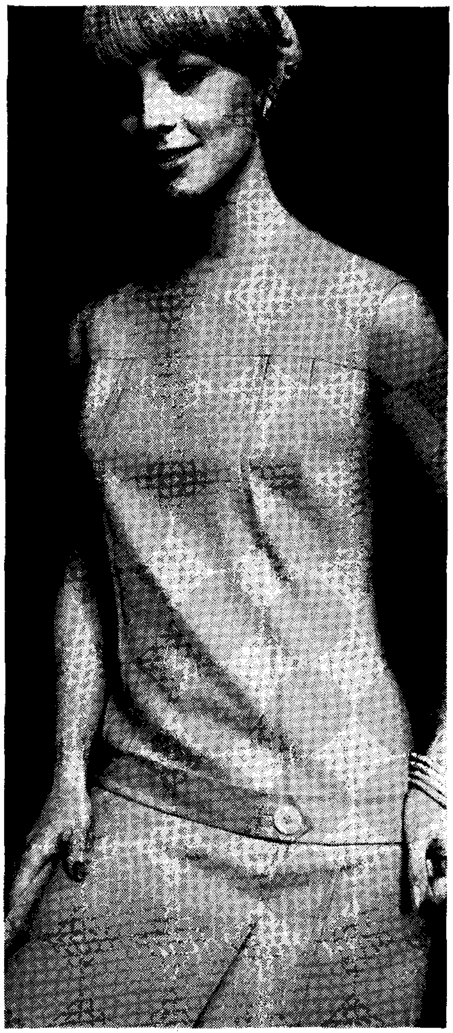

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his apparent efficiency on the job in Moscow had much to do with his superiors' eventual decision to transfer him to Washington. Whether he travelled to the Ukraine or along the Murmansk railway, he was under surveillance not only as a foreign military attaché—and nobody in the Soviet Union is kept under tighter surveillance than a foreign military attaché, neutral or not—but also as a Soviet agent who might be a double agent for the West. He must have been followed relentlessly. Under the influence of the General, Wennerström seems to have behaved like a man in a trance. Someone familiar with the Wennerströms of this world has remarked, "Agents are very neurotic individuals who are likely to turn on you at any time. And they're likely to get out of hand very easily during the building-up process. In this business, there's a saying that either the case officer controls the agent or the agent controls the case officer. The Russians sum it up in an old Bolshevik phrase, '*Kto, kogo*'—meaning 'Who [over] whom.' You have to control your man very carefully every step of the way. You have to show him unmistakably who's master."

Whatever double game Wennerström may have attempted to play during his period in Moscow, the G.R.U. people must have had a pretty good idea of it, and they certainly made use of this information at a time of their own choosing. It can hardly have been mere coincidence that the dramatic confrontation between the General and Wennerström occurred shortly before Wennerström's transfer to Washington. The General, necessarily recognizing that when the transfer took place, the G.R.U. would no longer be able to exert complete physical control over Wennerström's activities, chose a time just before his departure to impress upon him unforgettably the realization that Soviet Intelligence was no organization to be trifled with. When Wennerström was given the terrifying news that the Russians had broken the American code and had found his name mentioned as an informant on Soviet military matters, what was being put on for Wennerström was a play in which he was made the central character. The General's story about breaking the American code was almost certainly made up out of whole cloth. If such a code-breaking feat really had been achieved, the fact would have been concealed by the tightest security precautions possible, and if a Soviet Intelligence officer had ever gone as far as to reveal such a secret to a man

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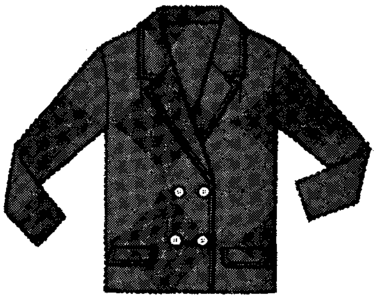

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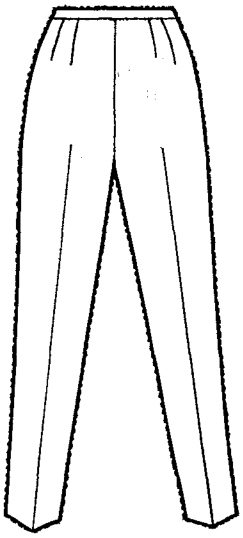

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accused of being a double agent, the officer would unquestionably have been shot. (So, in Stalinist times, would anybody associated with him in committing such an error; and his family would probably have been sent to Siberia.) Soviet Intelligence people have been known to be sentenced to terms in Siberia for such lapses as forgetting to lock a safe. An American familiar with such matters said recently, "The story of the code's being broken is just the kind of thing you could expect from Wennerström's case officer. It's the kind of thing that happens constantly in this business. When you need to impress an agent with your omniscience, you go to elaborate lengths to do so. Of course, Wennerström had no way of knowing that the Russians *hadn't* broken the American code, or that his name *hadn't* been used in a radio message, but we've been unable to find the slightest evidence that his name ever was so used. Wennerström accepted on faith what his handler told him. Whatever real evidence the Russians might have had on hand about any tips given by Wennerström to the Americans in Moscow had probably been acquired through the usual G.R.U. surveillance—conceivably through their routine bugging of the American offices and residential quarters in Moscow. The G.R.U. people wouldn't necessarily use this kind of compromising material right away. One striking thing about the Soviet Intelligence system is its infinite patience. Wennerström's case officer doubtless waited for just the right moment to use the material on Wennerström. To build the agent up and cut him down so that he responds just as you want him to respond requires, among other things, a keen sense of timing."

The results of that dramatic confrontation were admirably successful, from the General's point of view. Wennerström later indicated that he was immensely grateful for the understanding that the General displayed at the time. As he said, "One thing stood out clearly, and that was that my contact man was heart and soul on my side." Thus, Wennerström was able to emerge from the confrontation feeling immense relief, extreme respect for the long arm of Soviet Intelligence, and increased devotion toward the General.

Notwithstanding the General's impressive talk about the great contribution that Wennerström could make in the realm of global strategy, the tasks that the G.R.U. set for him in Washington were severely limited. Thus, the General told him that Soviet Intel-

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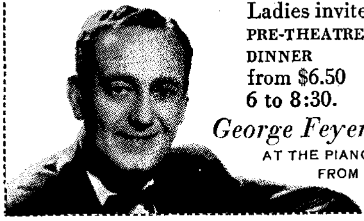

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ligence was not interested in material on the composition of American military forces. Nor was Wennerström to concern himself with nuclear weapons; he later quoted the General as saying that in this respect the Russians "had confidence for the most part in their own strength." What the General really wanted from Wennerström was technical information on the development of aircraft and related equipment; he knew very well that, as a neutral attaché, Wennerström had little access to classified information in the Pentagon or anywhere else. He was probably content to use Wennerström mainly for passing on technical material to which Soviet and Soviet-satellite military attachés didn't have ready access. The fact that much of the material wasn't classified didn't mean that it wasn't useful; some of it may have been very valuable to Soviet technicians. Wennerström had a very good cover as a diplomat, and had every reason for visiting aircraft plants, and so on, in areas where Soviet diplomats weren't allowed, and the General apparently saw to it that he didn't get out of hand and make a blunder of the sort that would end his espionage career.

Wennerström's native caution helped. "As we look at Wennerström's pattern of activity in this country, it's apparent to us that he must have collected only about a hundredth of what he *could* have collected when he was here," a Pentagon official who knows a great deal about the Wennerström affair said recently. "He certainly wasn't aggressive about asking for information. He requested from us only a few things that were classified, and, to our knowledge, he received nothing classified from the Pentagon until quite late in his service here. Most of what he got for the Swedes consisted of Air Force manuals and large numbers of industrial brochures and technical papers, and just about everything that he got for the Swedes he passed on to the Russians, too. Wennerström wasn't very discriminating about what he passed along. We now have a pretty good idea what it consisted of, and you have to have read through this material to realize how trifling much of it was. But the Russians obviously weren't unhappy to have it coming in, and I can see their point. I'd like to have a source like that myself in a couple of places I can think of.

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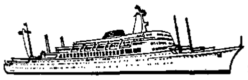

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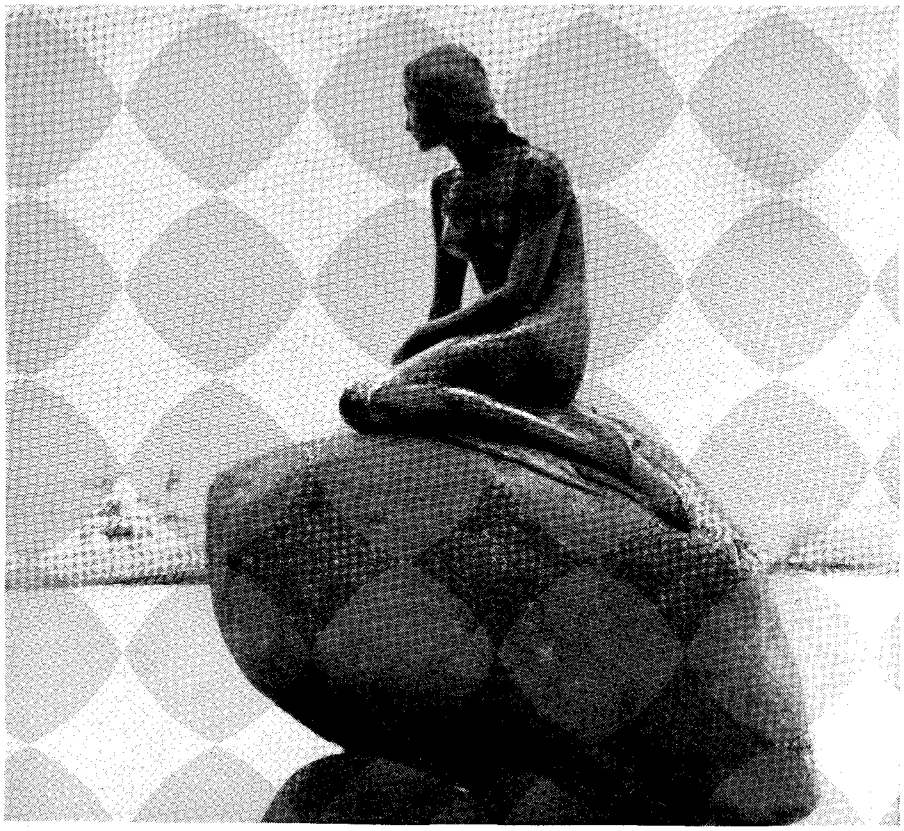

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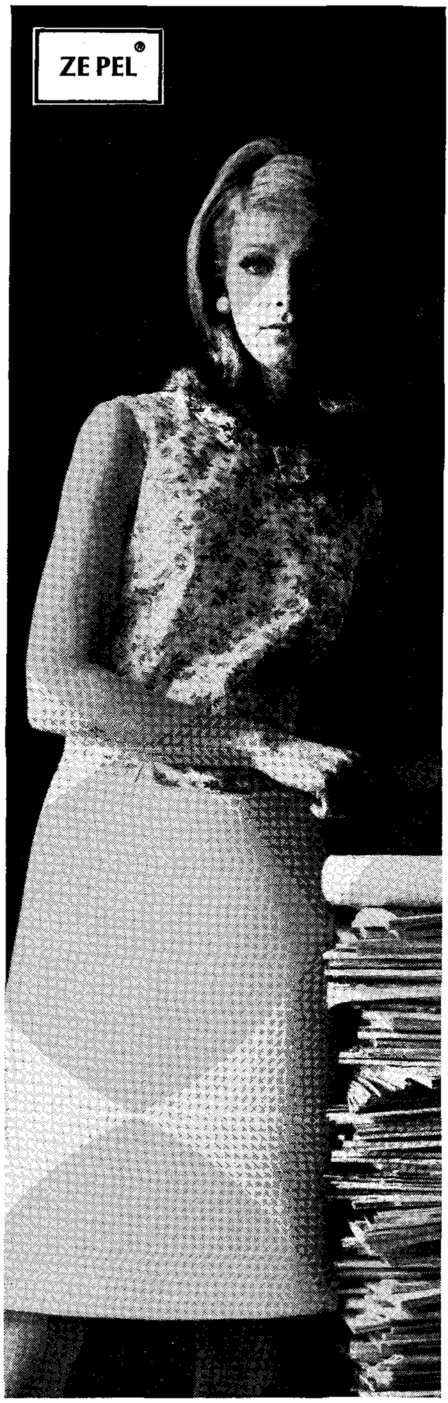

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spicuous about his travels, and he gave us no reason to be suspicious of him. As a friendly neutral diplomat, he wasn't subjected to surveillance. You have to be very selective about surveillance in any case, because of the shortage of manpower, and because, after all, this isn't a police state. In the Soviet Union, the security apparatus has complete control over all the trains, all the planes, all the hotels—everything. We have nothing like that here. The average person doesn't realize the complexity of maintaining proper surveillance of a military attaché, who is apt to be always on the move. It takes a minimum of nine men on a direct tail, outside of the additional backup men needed, and if your man is travelling across the country, you have to cover his airplane stops en route to make sure he doesn't get off, and when he does, you have to anticipate all sorts of tricks, such as his leaving word with room service to call him at six and then slipping away at four by way of the freight elevator. Also, you have to rely in part on coöperation from local law-enforcement agencies, and such coöperation can vary from outstanding to nil. There are a couple of hundred attachés and assistant attachés in Washington, and we have our work cut out just keeping track of Soviet diplomatic personnel, of whom as many as eighty per cent are case officers or handlers of one sort or another. Also, in the Iron Curtain embassies there are all the chauffeurs, cleaning people, and so on, some of whom have been known to stand higher on the Party lists than some of the diplomats. We had no evidence that gave us reason to put a tail on Wennerström. Soviet Intelligence just kept him going quietly, in a generally small way. They never had him step out of character, and eventually, when, in his official capacity as chief of the Swedish Air Force Purchasing Mission here, he was able to get his hands on highly classified information about the Bomarc and HM-55 missiles, the Russians had a tremendous windfall. Apart from this, as far as we have been able to determine, Wennerström gave them only routine technical stuff while he was here."

People in the Pentagon have conceded that it is reasonable to assume that, just as Wennerström has claimed, when he arrived in this country he was interviewed by Intelligence officers concerning his experiences in the Soviet Union, but they maintain that such an interview would have consisted only of the routine kind of debriefing that is accorded friendly travellers coming from the U.S.S.R. As for a story Wen-

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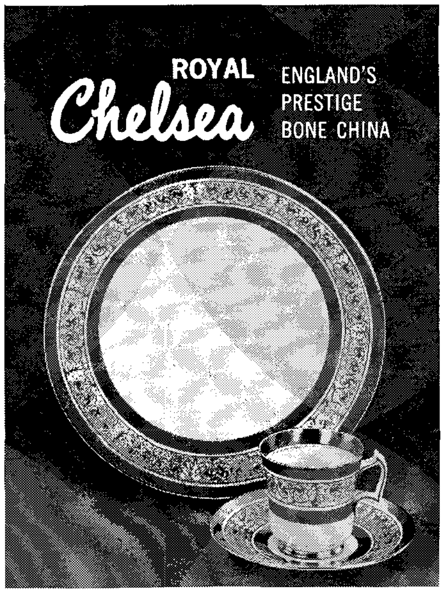

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nerström told his interrogators of having twice acted as a courier for the C.I.A. in Washington, delivering parcels within the Soviet Embassy—for which, he said, he was paid a thousand dollars each time—this, say our Intelligence people, is inherently implausible, and was probably intended to confuse his Swedish interrogators. Of course, anything can happen in the world of espionage, and a man in the Pentagon has said, "It *is* conceivable that the Agency felt they were dealing with something sensitive enough not to let us know about it when we were making our investigation." But Wennerström's story of acting for the C.I.A. does seem highly unlikely, for three reasons. The first is that, in keeping with the same security considerations that made Wennerström's story of having engaged in intelligence activities for the Americans in 1946 look so dubious, the C.I.A. would almost certainly never endanger the life of any agent it might have in the Soviet Embassy in Washington by making casual use of a neutral like Wennerström as a middleman. The second reason, which involves the sum that Wennerström said he received for passing on the packages, seems even more persuasive. According to the Pentagon man, "Payment of a sum like a thousand dollars is simply fantastic for the kind of job Wennerström described. You would *never* pay out that sort of money unless you intended to compromise the guy. And to pay a sum like that twice over would be doubly ridiculous." The third reason for doubting Wennerström was advanced by a colleague of the man in the Pentagon: "In his interrogation, Wennerström said that he couldn't recall all the passwords used by his opposite number in the encounter with the supposed contact in the Soviet Embassy. To me, this means that his story of the meeting is a fabrication. I never met a man in this business who couldn't remember a recognition signal years after the meeting in which it had been used. These signals are far too important to the lives of agents to slip out of the mind like that."

The process of controlling Wennerström in Washington was made easier for the G.R.U. by the fact that he had home leaves in 1953 and 1955, during which he attended secret meetings in Helsinki. There the General was able to give him new instructions directly and to size up his state of mind. The fact that during one of these meetings Wennerström was asked to fill out a paper that the General said was an

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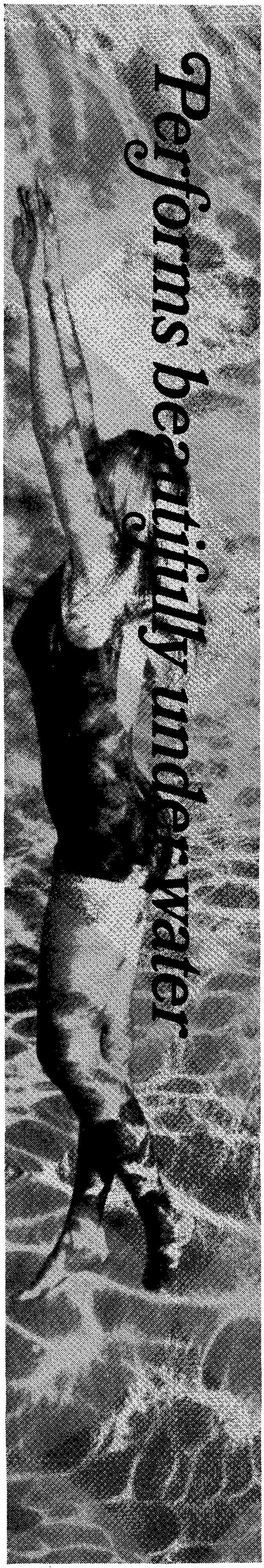
application for Soviet citizenship—in order that the Russians could bail him out if he should be caught as a spy, he was told—is regarded by people familiar with the case as indicative primarily of the General's estimate of Wennerström's feelings at the time. "The business of Soviet citizenship probably was intended as just another morale booster for Wennerström, who may have expressed some anxiety to his handler about the activities of our Counter Intelligence people in Washington," one man has said, adding, "The Russians never *would* get him out of trouble, of course, but it cost the handler nothing to have Wennerström fill out the form. And since the application requires a photograph of the applicant, the handler must have been at least able to supply himself with an up-to-date picture of his agent for the G.R.U. files."

WHATEVER Wennerström's usefulness as an agent during his time in the United States, there seems to be little doubt that his broadest acts of espionage against any one country occurred later, in Sweden. The General, in spite of his constant assurances that Soviet Intelligence had no particular interest in Swedish affairs, had probably suspected from the very beginning that Wennerström's ultimate value would lie in just this area. Even though Wennerström had been imbued with bitterness against the Americans just before he left Moscow, he does not seem to have gone about his espionage in the United States with any great personal animus against this country. A man in Washington has observed, "An experienced case officer knows that an agent is always at his most effective when he is working against his own country. You get an agent under strongest control in regard to something he feels ambivalent about." So, in meeting after meeting over the years, the General had told Wennerström that the only thing about Sweden that interested him was whether it was adhering to its policy of neutrality in the Cold War. And when Wennerström was transferred from Washington to Stockholm, the General harped on the theme even more insistently. And it was Sweden that Wennerström, step by step, betrayed most sweepingly. It was as though he were able to keep his acts against his own country in a certain section of his mind, like airplanes circling in a perpetual hold at a given altitude on orders from a control tower. As he continued to commit his acts of espio-



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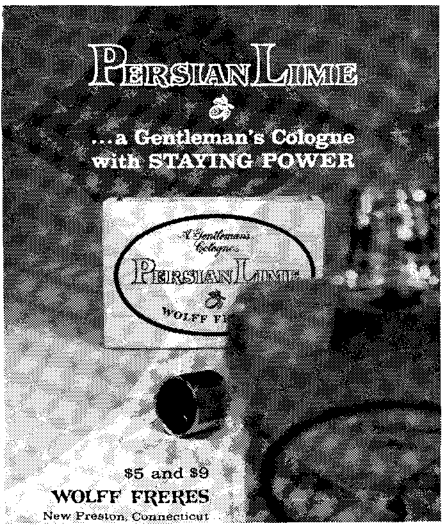

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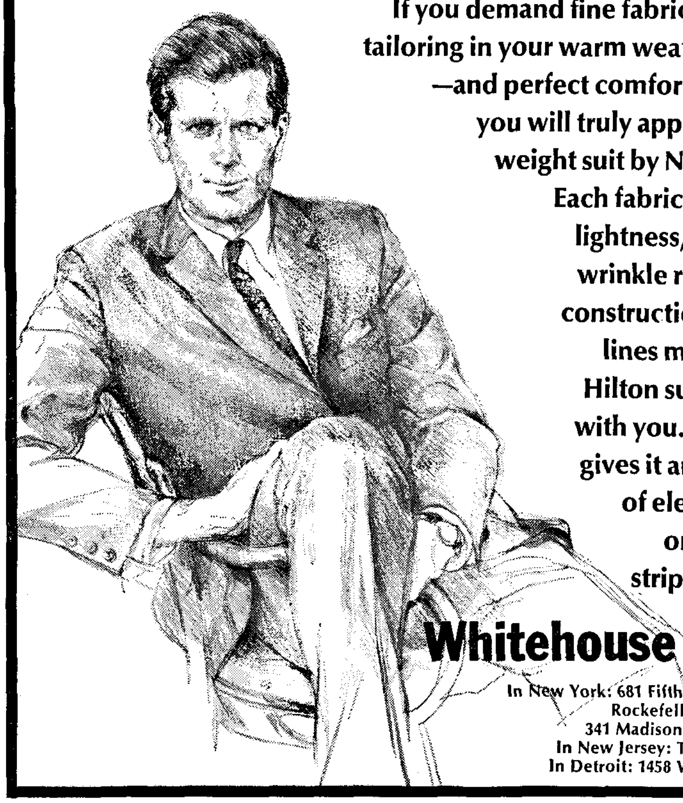
nage, giving away secret after secret until he had compromised the entire Swedish air-defense system, he seems to have allowed himself to believe that he was really acting as a world strategist, and one who possessed power—recognized by only one other man—almost great enough to change the angle of the earth's axis. Wherever Wennerström went, and whatever he did, the General was his secret sharer. Starting with his period of service in the United States, Wennerström, between meetings with the General, wrote reports to him about his daily life that by his account transcended mere business communications, and became more deeply personal in tone as time went on. It was the General who proposed that Wennerström write such letters, and he must have been well aware that they were of psychological as well as material importance in his handling of Wennerström. A man familiar with "this business" has said, "The encouraging of such letters is part of the case officer's design for bringing his agent into complete personal subjection. There are practical considerations involved: the agent may not be smart enough to know what's really going on, and might miss all sorts of opportunities that the case officer would spot, and the letters are very useful to the case officer in this respect. And in having the agent acquire the habit of writing these letters, you, as the handler, are taking another step toward establishing complete mastery over him. You're God, and the agent must understand that he can fulfill himself only by doing just what you tell him to. The most important things in the life of an agent are the meetings with his case officer. You'd have to have been involved in such meetings to realize fully the extraordinary yearning passion with which the agent looks forward to them. The handler, being the man who understands the agent's life and his problems best, is sometimes greeted with an emotion so intense as to be comparable, I should say, only to young love. When Wennerström was unable to meet his case officer at frequent intervals, he was in the position of an addict in need of a fix. Writing the letters to the General became a substitute for the meetings. He *had* to write to his case officer, in order to keep himself going."

What Wennerström received in return for these letters, which gave the General what Wennerström later called a "complete insight into my whole life," consisted merely of further espionage instructions, brief thanks for



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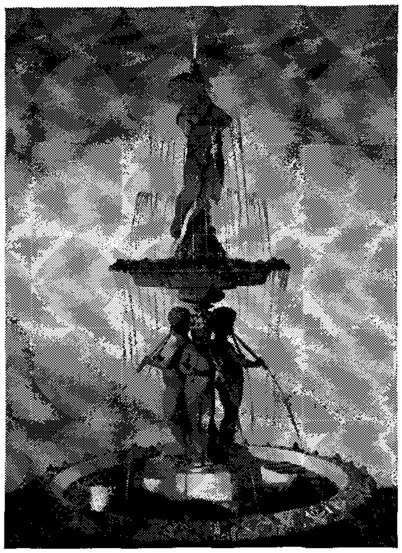
secrets received, and, occasionally, birthday or New Year's greetings "and such banal things." Another man familiar with the Wennerström affair has observed—without meaning to express professional disrespect toward the General—that the emotional attachment an agent feels for his case officer is often altogether out of proportion to the stature of the person the agent is working for. Wennerström found the General entirely fascinating, and yet the General emerges from Wennerström's account more as a force than as an individual. It is unlikely that the General was a sparkling conversationalist, for example, since the spontaneity that gives rise to such a talent can be dangerous to a career officer in the Soviet Intelligence apparatus. The skilled manipulation of Wennerström was undoubtedly made possible largely by the exalted qualities with which Wennerström endowed the General and everything connected with him. Wennerström's account of his fifteen years of espionage for the Soviet Union is somehow too neat, too clean-cut, too much like a description of a chess game, to ring completely true. It lacks that peculiar grubby quality that shows through all sorts of other accounts of Soviet espionage, such as the accounts in the Royal Commission report on the Soviet atomic-spy ring uncovered in Canada in 1946, and the accounts given in the late David J. Dallin's "Soviet Espionage," a standard scholarly work on the subject. What made that soiled world seem clean in Wennerström's account was not only the General's persuasive force but his skill in exploiting Wennerström's readiness to imagine things as he would like them to be. Wennerström prided himself on being regarded as a Soviet expert, and yet he hardly ever opened a serious book on any subject except purely technical aviation matters. What he did read, mainly, was spy stories. To most people who read such stories the fantasies they engage in while they are reading are recognizable as such, and the fantasies fade away when the book is finished and they turn once again to the real world. But with Wennerström, such fantasies apparently did not possess this evanescent quality. It was the capacity to act out his daydreams, and act them out endlessly, that made Wennerström such a useful spy. He somehow managed to go on believing in the exalted nature of his role—to go on thinking of himself as the "top agent" secretly called upon in great international crises to help turn the world toward peace. He said later that the



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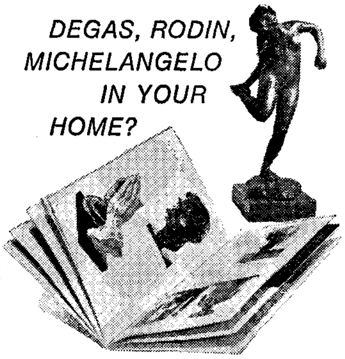

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General constantly impressed upon him that "the risk of war really consisted in the making of a wrong appraisal in crisis situations." And he was particularly gratified by the notion that his appraisals increased his prestige with his Soviet superiors; he was much pleased upon being told, for instance, that some information he had delivered on the Berlin crisis "had given rise to a special memorandum of appreciation."

A more realistic picture of Wennerström's role and of how his contributions in times of crisis were regarded by Soviet Intelligence can be gained from his account of the help he gave the Russians during the Lebanon crisis of 1958. Some time before that crisis erupted, Wennerström informed the General that he had been invited to visit a general at United States Air Force Headquarters in Wiesbaden, and asked if there were any special instructions in connection with the visit. The General told Wennerström to keep the date for the visit open. Then he told Wennerström when to go to Wiesbaden and precisely what to do there; his orders were simply to stay close to the officer's home. The General never seems to have dreamed for a moment of telling his close collaborator—the major general in Soviet Intelligence, the man armed with "the Soviet top agent's authority"—what was really afoot. After the visit, Wennerström met the General secretly in East Berlin and told him that "nothing at all had happened," except that the American officer had hurriedly taken off by air for Turkey. That was all that the General wanted out of him, and Wennerström later said that "only through subsequent incidents" did he learn that the American general's departure was connected with the Lebanon crisis. When Wennerström was let in on a "secret," it was always safely after the event, if indeed the event ever occurred. When a six-month interval had passed in which Wennerström had no personal contact with the General, and he prepared to attend a meeting with him scheduled for Vienna in June, 1962, he was disappointed that the meeting was postponed, and only later did he find out the "reason." The General, he was told, had been in Cuba, directing Soviet Intelligence activities in the period preceding the Cuban missile crisis. The fact is that if the General had indeed been in Cuba directing Soviet Intelligence activities, Wennerström would have been the last man in the world to know about it. It would have been folly for a Soviet Intelligence officer to commit such a breach of

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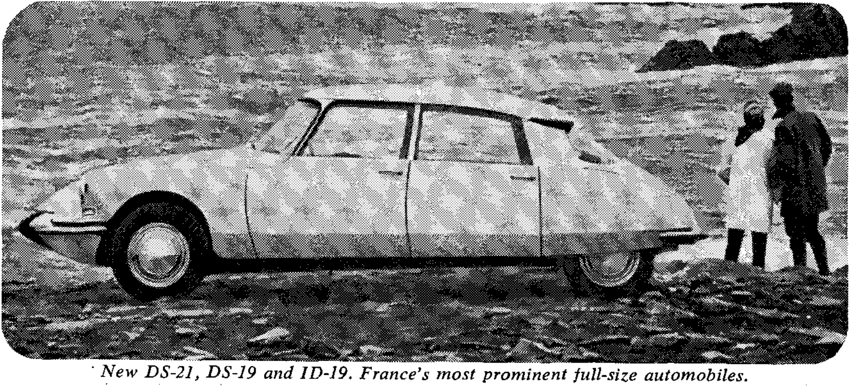

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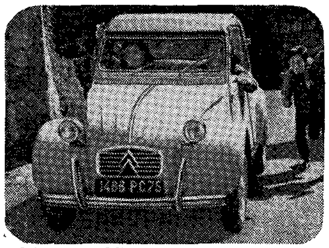

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security with such an agent. The story of the General's activities in Cuba was simply an artistic touch designed to let Wennerström believe that it took the Cuban crisis to keep him and the General apart.

When the Cuban crisis arrived, Wennerström provided the G.R.U. with a report that he believed was pertinent to an evaluation of American intentions in Cuba, and he later said, with some pride, that about a month afterward he received a message through his local Soviet contact in Stockholm telling him that "the chief of the [Soviet Military] Intelligence service, whom I had met in 1960 in Moscow, conveyed his special thanks for the information." What did this mean? A set of events like the Cuban crisis brings forth all sorts of people who allow themselves to believe that they have played a crucial role in connection with it. Wennerström may well have believed that his actions contributed to saving the peace during the crisis. The late Dr. Stephen Ward, the osteopath in the famous Profumo affair, was no Soviet agent, but he liked to think that, by repeating among his Mayfair and Whitehall acquaintances various bits of talk he had overheard from a Russian diplomat during the Cuban missile crisis, he was helping to save the peace, too.

"During the Cuban crisis, the Soviet apparatus, as you might expect, flooded the network with demands for information and the net poured it back," a man who knows "this business" said a while ago. "Later on, when the handlers had the time, they told the agents, 'That was great, very useful.' Of course, most of it was garbage." Wennerström seems to have been particularly gratified at having received thanks for his work in the Cuban crisis directly from "the chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence service"—presumably the same four-star general from whom he received the medals rewarding him for his long and fruitful service. Wennerström was very proud of meeting that four-star general, whose name, if he knew it, he did not give his Swedish interrogators. In 1960, as it happens, there was only one four-star general in the G.R.U., and that was General Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov, its supreme commander. Considering the probability that every award Wennerström had previously received from the G.R.U.—the rank of major general, the "authority of a top agent"—was spurious, there is no reason to believe that the decorations he was told he was being given weren't spurious, too. Nor is there any reason to

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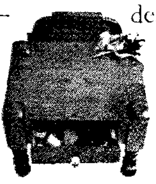

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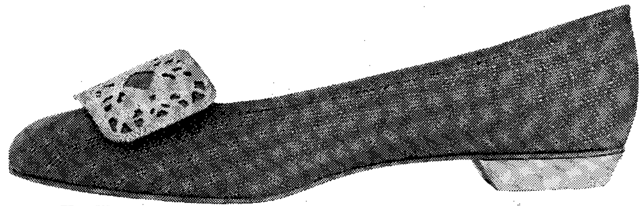
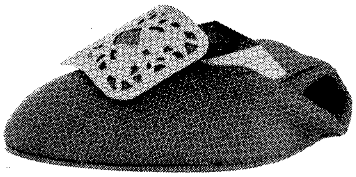
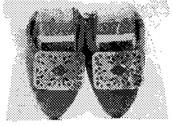
believe that the man who decorated him was Serov. Since there would hardly be much point in having a real four-star general take the time to present fake decorations to a fake major general, the strong probability is that the four-star general was also a fake. The real decorations are reserved for thoroughgoing professionals, like the Soviet Intelligence officer Colonel Rudolf Abel, who served for many years in this country as an "illegal;" who, after being caught, confessed to nothing at all; and who was eventually exchanged for Francis Gary Powers, the American U-2 pilot captured in the U.S.S.R. Only recently Abel was made a Hero of the Soviet Union. In other words, the ceremony decorating Wennerström for his services to the Soviet Union was probably just another little playlet put on by the General for the sake of Wennerström's morale.

The remarkable thing about the handling of Wennerström is the extraordinary effect that sheer secrecy—secret actions, a sense of secret power, and secret recognition—had upon him. It was as though, for him, secrecy became almost an end in itself, so that, as far as his acts against his own country were concerned, he derived what he referred to as a "deep inner satisfaction" not merely from their commission but also from the realization that the people around him did not know he was committing them. Wennerström seems to have become possessed by secrecy. In more than one sense, it was the means he used to try to keep himself alive. Of course, Wennerström's long career as a spy was made possible by the almost perfect legal cover under which he operated and his undoubted technical skill at camouflage. But of all the camouflages he used, the most effective involved not the employment of his diplomatic position to conceal his espionage but rather his espionage itself. For it is his espionage that Wennerström seems to have used as a cover story in his complex transactions with his inner self. And it fell to the General to reinforce this cover story and to help make it stick by imparting to Wennerström's self-estrangement the illusion of large purpose and design.

It is a tribute to the talents of the General and an indication of the power of Wennerström's capacity for self-deception that after his arrest and interrogation he could not bring himself to assert that he had been anything less than a "top agent." Whereas another man charged with participation in a criminal conspiracy might well have claimed that he was a mere bystander,







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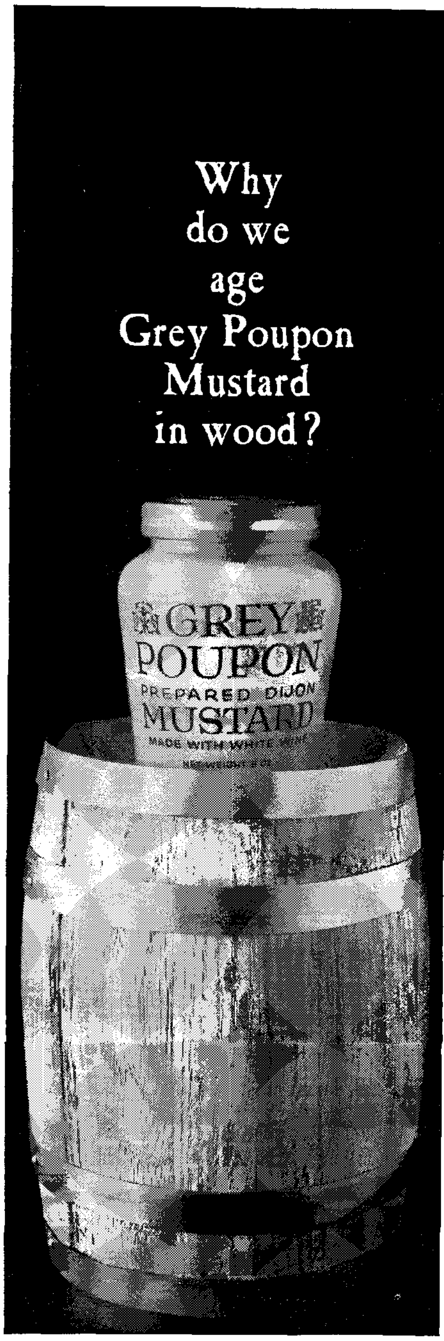
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or, at most, a small cog in the machine, Wennerström could not lower himself to *any* such level. Nor, apparently, could he allow himself to manifest any doubts about the integrity of the people who had so long manipulated him. "The Soviet Intelligence service functions like precision clockwork. There is no question of its cheating any of its members," he said stiffly when asked during his pre-trial examination whether he was quite sure that the Russians would, in fact, have settled hundreds of thousands of kronor on him if he had so requested the General. Not only did Wennerström admit that he was indeed a spy but he established himself as the most important spy in all Swedish history. He damned himself with a thoroughness that no single witness, no series of witnesses, no prosecutor could match, and so went down fascinated to the last with the idea of secret power.

WHEN a spy has been caught, one of the immediate consequences is that the Intelligence services of both the country he has spied for and the country or countries he has spied against set up what are known as Damage Assessment Committees to determine the degree to which their own military and espionage systems have been compromised. Of the various periods of Wennerström's career as a spy, the one that the Pentagon people believe to have been least harmful to the United States was his term of service as Swedish air attaché in Moscow in the late nineteen-forties and the early fifties. During his years in the United States, he gave the Russians a great deal of routine information and pulled off two important coups—supplying Soviet Intelligence with the plans and specifications for the Bomarc and HM-55 missiles. Though these weapons systems may now be relatively unimportant, the technical insights he afforded the Russians cannot be taken back. These insights relate not only to the mechanisms he actually reported on but also to those of later missile systems, because a thorough examination by experts of the way in which design problems are approached in one such weapon enables the experts to predict the characteristics of later ones.

As for Wennerström's final espionage period, in Sweden, the Swedes believe that he gravely compromised their defense system, and it is probable that as a result an entirely new system of interlocking radar and anti-aircraft missile sites has had to be organized. Thanks to a great deal of painstaking work—for example, the examination of thousands of documents to determine

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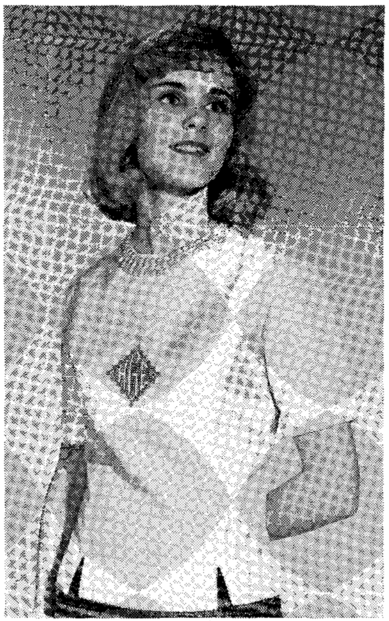

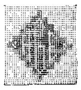

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whether they had been restapled, as an indication of whether he unstapled them in order to photograph them page by page—the Swedes have, they feel, a very good idea of what he could have given the Russians, and their general estimate is that, in view of the rapid rate of obsolescence of modern electronic equipment, the damage to their defense system, while very serious, is something short of catastrophic.

Certainly the damage done by Wennerström to Sweden's defense capability is less, in the view of people in Washington, than the damage done to the Soviet defense system by Colonel Oleg Penkovsky, a Soviet Military Intelligence officer who was shot by the Russians in 1963 as a Western agent. Penkovsky appears to have been a kind of Wennerström for the West in the Soviet Union. Although the complete authenticity of a recently published book bearing Penkovsky's name has been challenged by Sovietologists, Penkovsky was undoubtedly an agent of first importance. He held a fairly responsible position in the G.R.U. and was a senior official of a Soviet committee coördinating intelligence on scientific research, including rocket research. Penkovsky, who, like Wennerström, passed great quantities of secret intelligence to his foreign principals on microfilm, is said to have severely compromised the entire Soviet intercontinental-ballistic-missile system, and to have cost the Soviets the equivalent of billions of dollars in the process.

Like Wennerström, Penkovsky volunteered his services to the other side in the Cold War, and it seems that, as was the case with Wennerström, his acts of espionage took place against the background of a blocked career and a smoldering resentment against his superiors. It is quite probable that Penkovsky, as a disappointed man, was manipulated by his Western case officers almost as thoroughly as Wennerström was by the General. However, the motivations of the two spies are not comparable in respect to ideology. Wennerström's espionage certainly does not seem to have had any ideological foundation. Nor does he seem to have been given any noticeable degree of indoctrination by his case officer during his long years of service for the Soviet Union. The General was not interested in introducing Wennerström to Marxist dialectics; this, from the General's point of view, would only have increased the risk of Wennerström's letting slip phrases having a pro-Soviet tinge. The General was interested only in getting as much information as he

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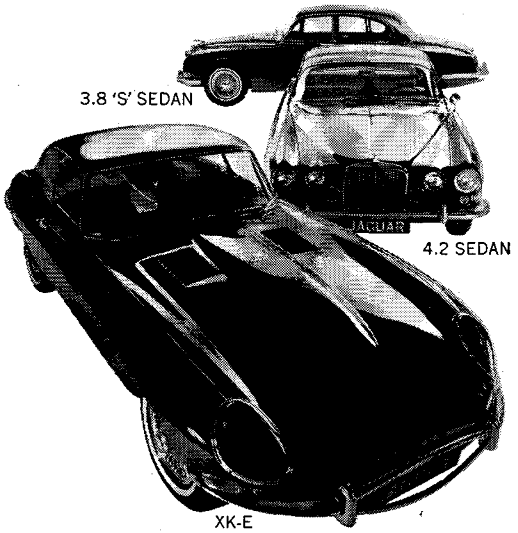

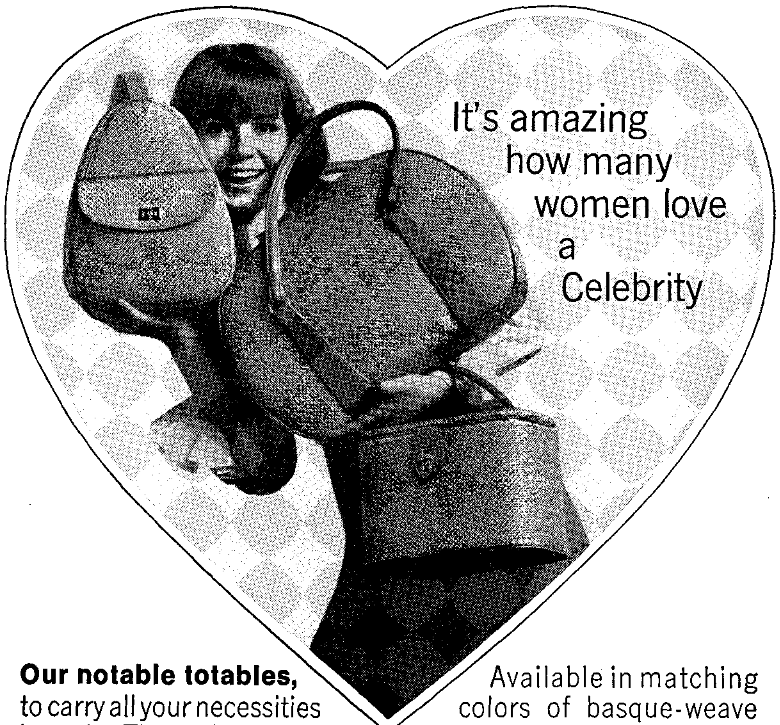

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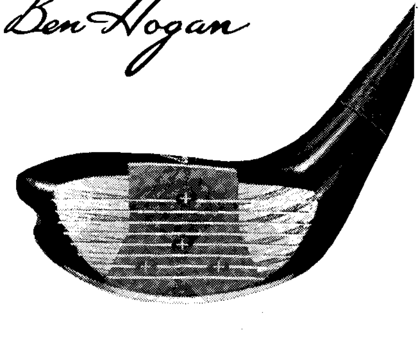

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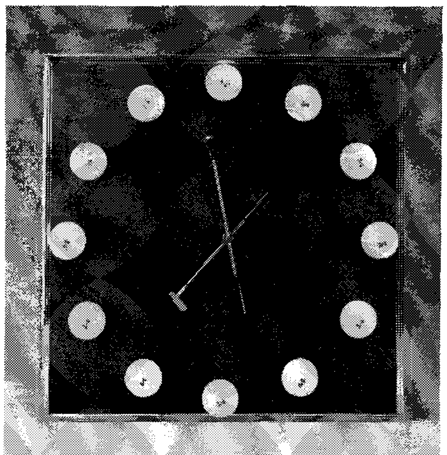
could out of Wennerström. So little does the latter seem to have involved himself with ideological considerations that in the thousands of pages of interrogation concerning his espionage work there is, for instance, no indication of Joseph Stalin's ever having lived or died. As for Communism itself, Wennerström told his interrogators that while it might be suitable for certain other countries, he didn't think it would be a good thing for Sweden. His acts against his country, he insisted, were solely in the service of peace. Penkovsky believed that, too, but, as Westerners are bound to see it, with better reason. Whereas Wennerström committed his most serious espionage against one of the most truly democratic countries on earth—his own—Penkovsky's espionage was committed against the background of a conspiratorial society, and was directed against the leadership of a huge authoritarian state. The damage to the military position of the Soviets caused by Penkovsky's activities had much greater immediate effects on the state of the world than did Wennerström's espionage. When, in mid-October, 1962, as the Cuban missile crisis was drawing to a climax, U-2 planes were able successfully to make photographic reconnaissance of western Cuba, it was information from microfilms already passed along by Penkovsky that enabled United States experts to ascertain just what type of missiles the Soviets were putting into place and how great a potential threat they would be. The amount of microfilming that Penkovsky had devoted to these weapons alone was at least as great as Wennerström had put in on the Bomarc and HM-55 missiles. The manuals on the Bomarc that Wennerström photographed in Washington and later in Sweden amounted to a pile of documents perhaps a foot and a half high. But the microfilms that Penkovsky delivered to the West concerning the entire Soviet missile arsenal may have represented enough secret documents to fill up a wallful of safes. Penkovsky's capture ("Like Wennerström, he bugged out too late," a man in the Pentagon has remarked) led to a wholesale shakeup in the hierarchy of the Soviet Intelligence service. And one of the victims of the shakeup was General Serov, who was thrown out of office in 1963 and was ignominiously expelled from the Party two years later.

WHO the members of the Soviet Damage Assessment Committee on the Wennerström case were could probably be guessed at from a review



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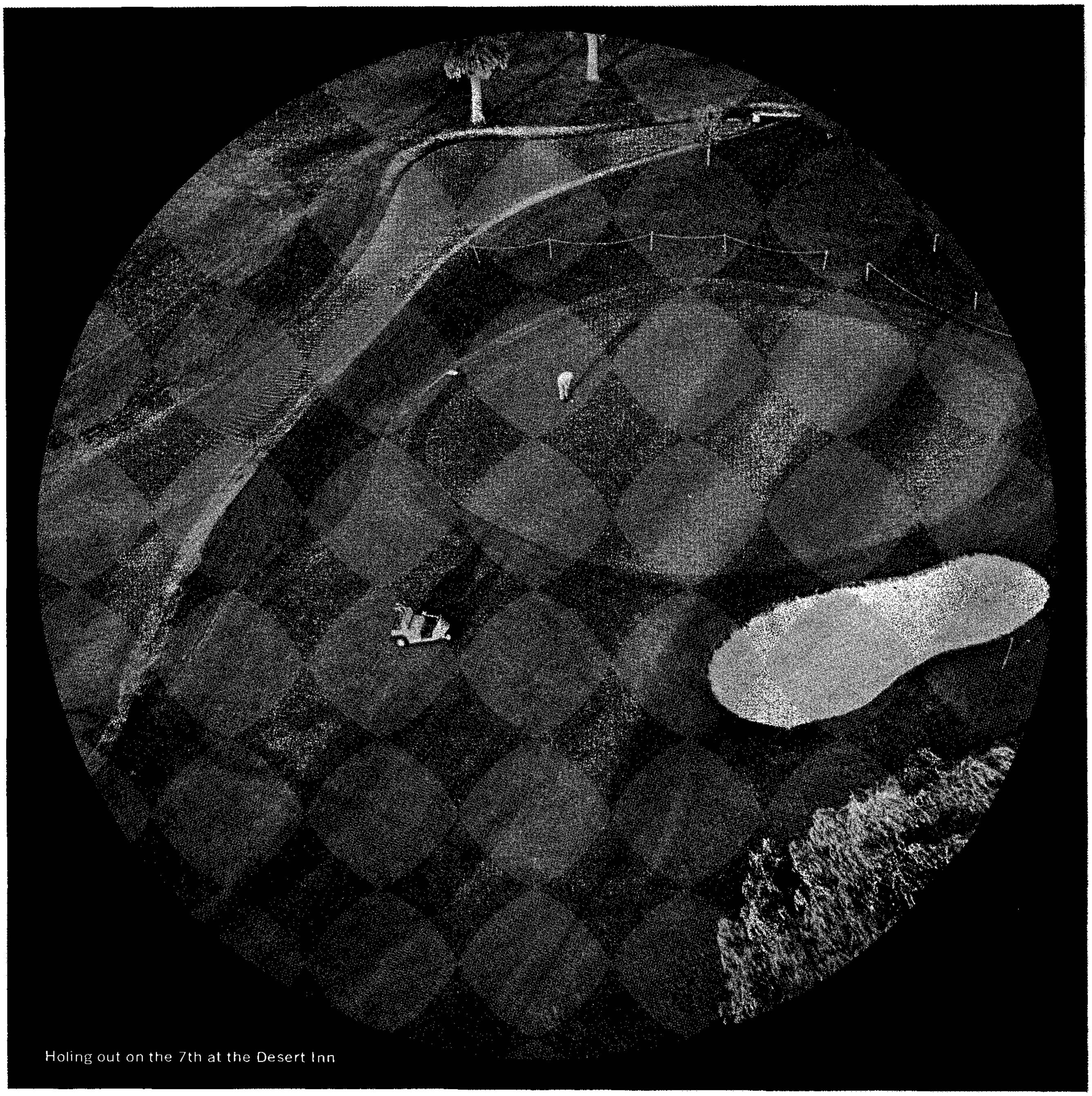

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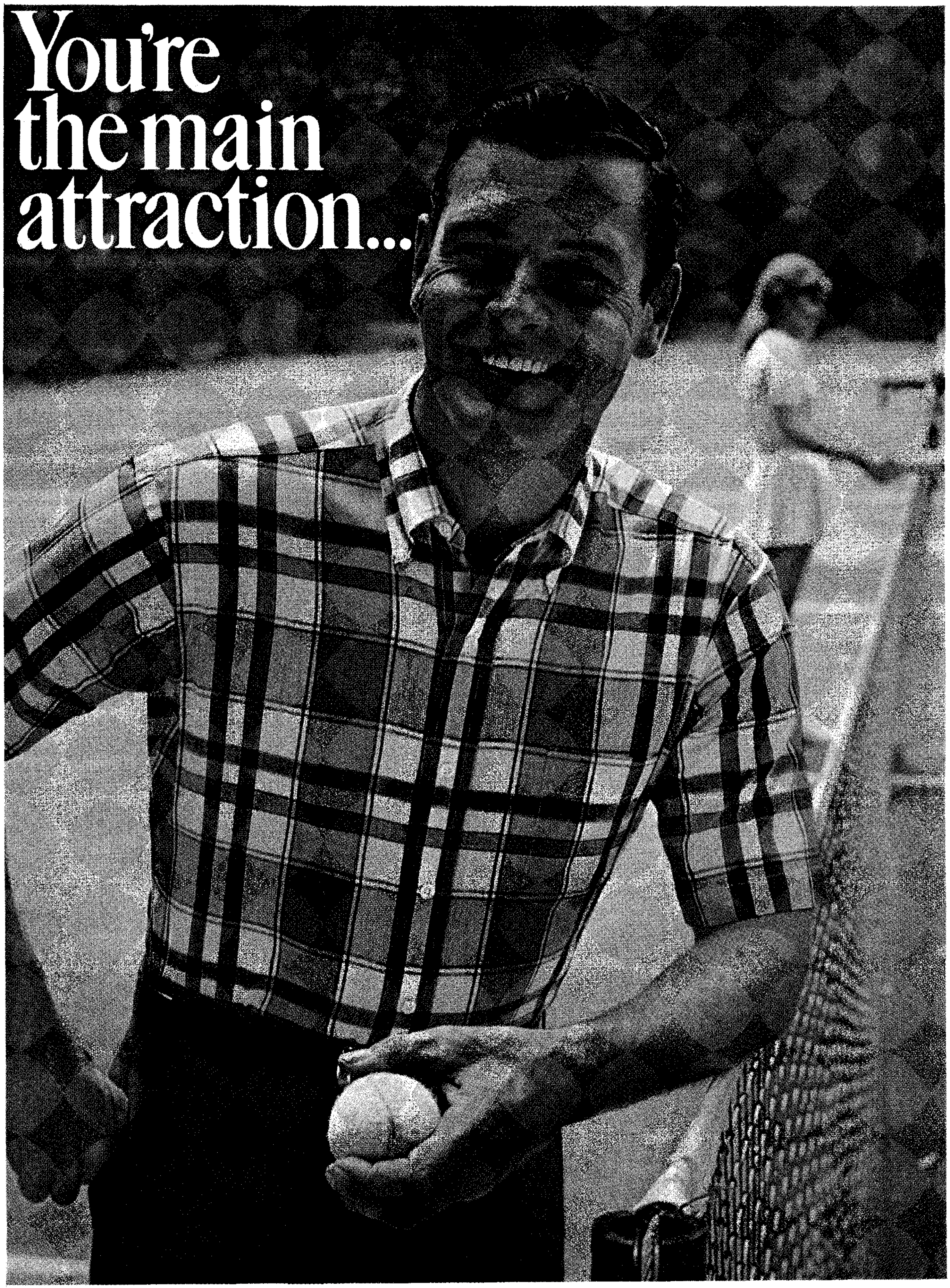

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of the comings and goings of Soviet diplomatic personnel in Stockholm shortly after his arrest. (Of course, he compromised the Russians to the extent of informing on his local Soviet contacts in Stockholm, and, consequently, First Secretary Georgi Baranovsky and Military Attaché Nikolsky were declared *persona non grata* by the Swedes and had to leave the country.) During their studies, the members of the Soviet Damage Assessment Committee must have considered the possibility that the Swedish security people, when they began to close in on Wennerström, had taken the precaution of putting some false secret documents in his way. To resolve this question, the G.R.U. would have had to check on the authenticity of the documents it had lately received from Wennerström—research that would most likely have entailed a further round of spying on the Swedes.

While it prepared the ground for such further rounds of spying, the Soviet Damage Assessment Committee was not itself immune from scrutiny. The composition of such a committee is a matter of considerable interest to its counterparts on the opposite side, because the choice of those conducting the investigation sometimes affords indications of particular areas in which the investigation is likely to be pressed, or of what use is likely to be made of the findings. For instance, the committee members would very likely have attempted to sort out information regarding matters that they believed might compromise other Soviet espionage operations—for example, information about the secret process used for developing the microfilm used by Wennerström, which may or may not have been successfully analyzed by the Swedish security people. This information would be put into two files by the committee. One file would be used as a basis for reinforcing the security of the espionage system; agents would be given a different kind of film, for instance. The other file would be for the use of *provocateurs* trying to penetrate Western Intelligence organizations. These agents could offer the developing formula of the sort of film used by Wennerström to representatives of the West for the purpose of establishing, at the least cost to the Soviets, the *provocateurs'* bona fides as informants. In view of such possibilities, it must have been particularly interesting to Western Intelligence experts when they established that the Soviet Damage Assessment Committee on the Wennerström affair was headed by a K.G.B. officer who travelled under the name of Ivan

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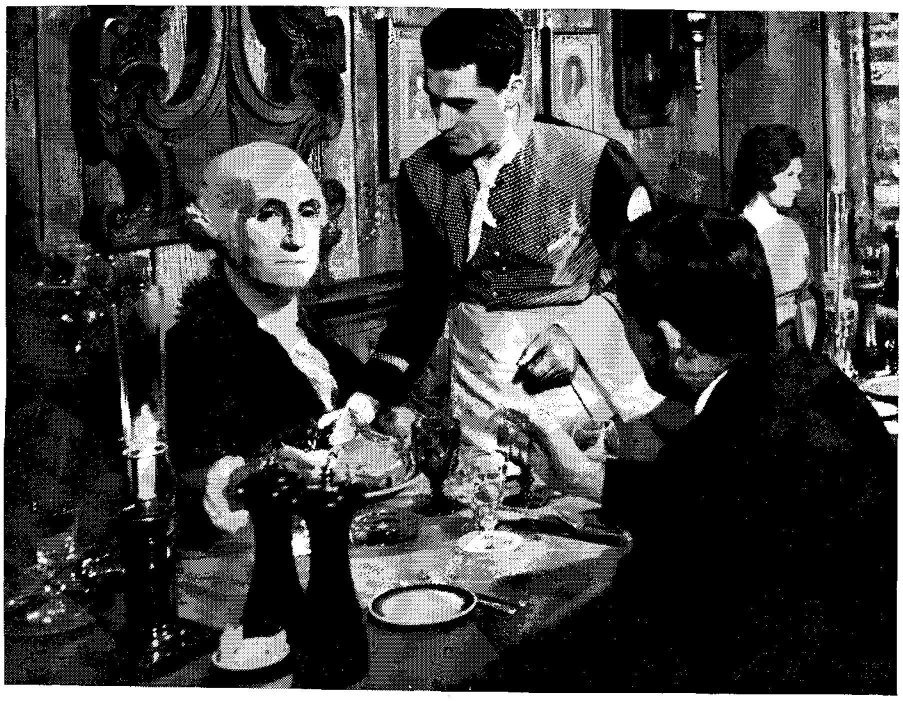

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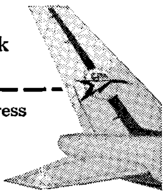

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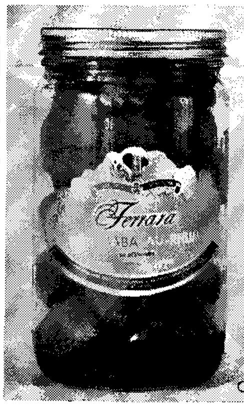
Ivanovich Avalov. In reality, Avalov is Ivan Ivanovich Agayants, an experienced Intelligence officer who is head of Department D of the First Main Directorate, the foreign-operations arm of the K.G.B.—the post-mortem on the Wennerström case being automatically under the jurisdiction of the K.G.B., which maintains over-all control of matters involving compromises of security information. In the table of organization of the First Main Directorate (a lineup that includes a grimly numbered Section 13, which handles assassinations and other matters that Soviet Intelligence men refer to by the slang expression "wet affairs"), Department D stands for "*dezinformatsiia*"—literally, "disinformation." Department D is devoted to specialized activities known in Washington under the heading of "deception and confusion." In fact, Department D is a central clearing house for lies and diversionary material manufactured and processed by the various arms of Soviet Intelligence. It is a co-ordinating body that sees to it that, for example, a spurious document turned out in Moscow and passed along to Soviet agents in South America as part of an elaborate scheme for misleading or penetrating Western Intelligence services there is confirmed by another document produced by other Soviet agents in Japan and is reinforced by a third set of alleged facts introduced into the appropriate channels by another source in Europe. The discovery of Agayants' involvement must have alerted Western Intelligence people for Department D operations in the aftermath of the Wennerström affair.

It appears that Baranovsky and Nikolsky were not the only Soviet officers compromised—or "burned," as the trade expression goes—by the Wennerström affair. People in "this business" in Washington have interested themselves in Wennerström's good friend the General. And—with no help from Wennerström—they have finally succeeded in finding out just who he is. One of the pertinent facts they have uncovered about the General appears to be that during Wennerström's years in Moscow and the United States, and, in fact, up to the time of his retirement from the Swedish Air Force in 1957, the General was not a general at all but a colonel, like Wennerström himself. He is known as a very able G.R.U. officer with a fair command of English, who has operated under many names besides Lemenov. As Pavel Petrovich Mikhailov, from 1941 to 1945, he was Soviet Vice-Consul in New York, and



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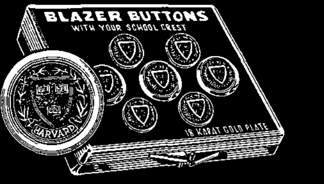

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in 1945 he was made Acting Consul. In 1942 and 1943, under the code name Molière, he helped establish the Soviet atomic-espionage network in Canada that was exposed in 1946 by the defecting Soviet code clerk Igor Gouzenko. At the end of 1943, having completed his Canadian assignment, Mikhailov took over a Soviet espionage network in the United States known as the S. & T. network, which had formerly been run by a man known as Arthur A. Adams, a G.R.U. "illegal" who was never caught. Mikhailov is also known to have been involved in the transfer of Soviet secret funds from this side of the Atlantic to an important Second World War spy network in Switzerland run, at the time of Mikhailov's involvement with it, by a woman agent named Rahel Dubendorfer. He left this country in 1946 as a result of the Gouzenko revelations. Before he left, he made approaches to Albert Einstein to try to persuade him to take up residence in East Germany. In addition to operating under the name of Mikhailov, Wennerström's General was also known as Fyodor Petrovich Malin, a name under which he did a good deal of travelling in Western Europe, in the capacity of a Counsellor at the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs, between 1957 and 1962. His real name, however, is Pyotr Pavlovich Melkishev. He is sixty-four. Photographs of him taken at various times show him to be stocky, gray-haired, and full-lipped, with a wide mouth drawn downward in a determined way, a strong square jaw, and very cool eyes.

Although Wennerström was led to believe that the General belonged to the American sector of the Soviet Military Intelligence organization during his period of contact with him, actually this was not the case at all. Melkishev belonged, until 1958, to the Second Directorate, which is the European sector. (Espionage against the United States is handled by the Third Directorate.) In the first part of 1958, he was made Deputy Chief of the Second Directorate; and late in 1958, having at last really become a general officer, he was made chief of the Fourth Directorate of the G.R.U., which is concerned with Near and Far Eastern territory extending from Egypt to Burma. He was undoubtedly busying himself with that area when Wennerström believed him to be in Cuba. Wennerström testified that his old friend said that he was being kept on in the Intelligence service to work with Wennerström until they could retire together. But

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now, with Wennerström no longer active as a Soviet agent, the General is still hard at it. When he was promoted from colonel to general, he continued as Wennerström's principal case officer probably in part because of the established effectiveness of their relationship and in part just to keep his hand in. He would keep himself briefed on Wennerström's activities, but he almost certainly arranged for most of the communications received from Wennerström during this time to be processed by a colleague, whose acknowledgments and further instructions were then relayed to Wennerström.

As for Wennerström, his situation is quite gloomy. He is lodged in solitary confinement, under maximum security conditions, in Långholmen Prison, in Stockholm, where he is No. 991. The methodical Swedes, having discovered the absence of the horse, have now made an elaborate show of locking the barn door. Wennerström, their most important state prisoner, lives in a soundproof cell that is said to have been specially reconstructed for him, with walls a foot and a half thick. He is not allowed to talk to any other prisoners, on the theory that he might divulge some vital defense secret. He is kept under constant surveillance and subjected to frequent searches by a special group of guards, who are forbidden to converse with him. He seems to have aged greatly in prison. Some time ago, an article in the Stockholm newspaper *Expressen* reported that he had been assigned a prison job folding and gluing paper to make envelopes. The article also reported that his morale was very low, and that he complained bitterly because the prison authorities wouldn't assign him a clerical job and give him a typewriter, as they had promised. He was especially pained by this, it appeared, because he needed a typewriter in order to work on his memoirs—the memoirs of a top Soviet agent. He has since written at least part of the memoirs, in the form of letters to his wife. Besides his prison work and letter writing, he has been doing a certain amount of reading. Part of it consists of technical aviation magazines, but what he still reads mostly, it seems, is spy thrillers.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)

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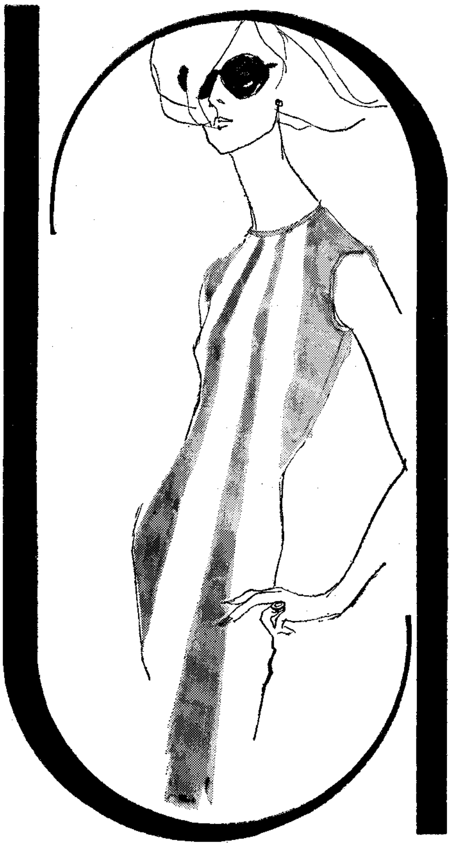

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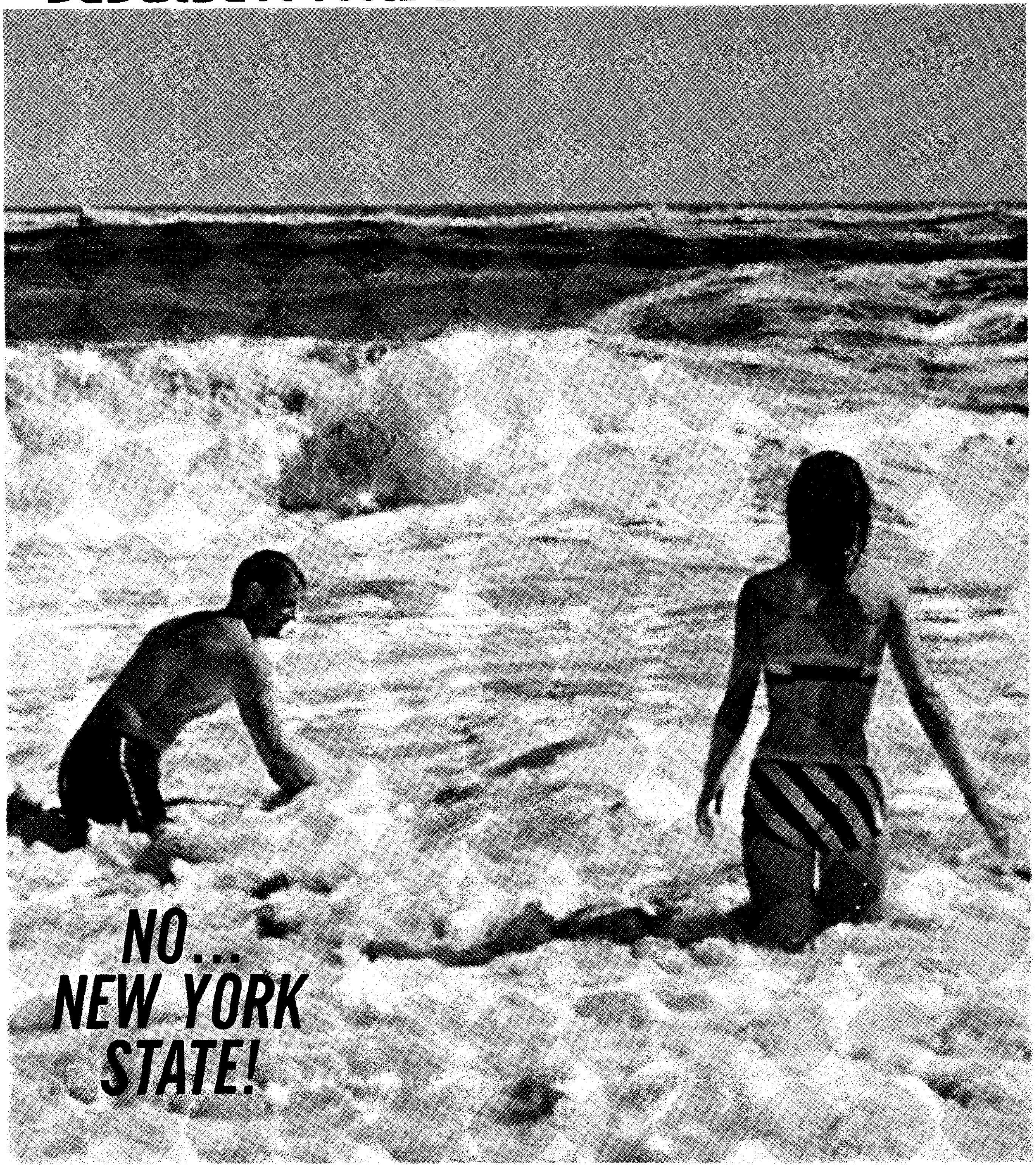

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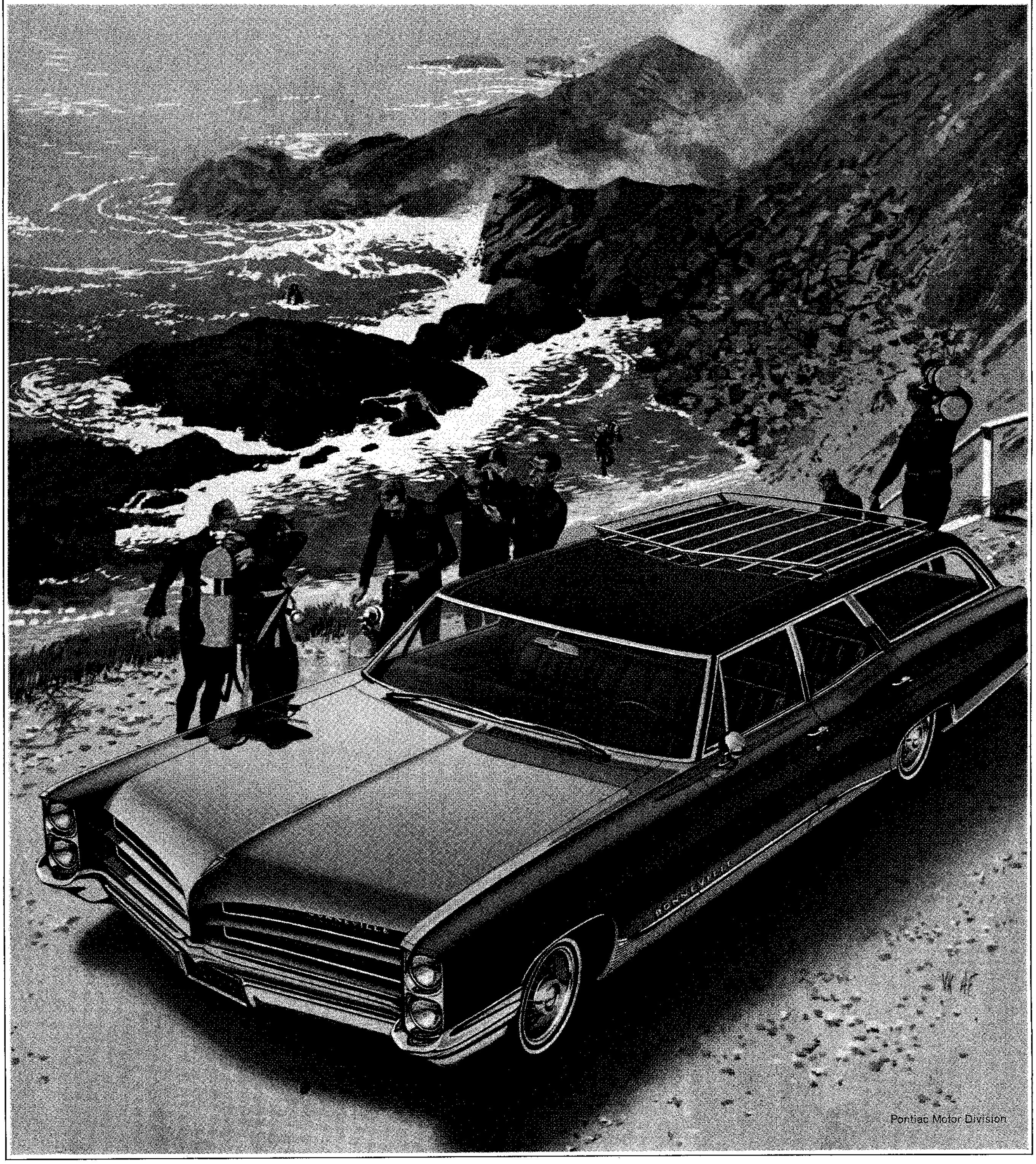

THE ART GALLERIES

Hands Across a Century

THERE are vogues in art, as there are in all other areas of activity involving human preferences. Schools, as well as artists, rise and decline in popularity, and one of the charms of it all, for the observer, is the unpredictability with which these transitions occur. The current large exhibition, at the Museum of Modern Art, by the early-nineteenth-century English painter Joseph Mallord William Turner (to give him his full name) furnishes a case in point. The show, I'm told, was planned in fairly routine fashion ("Don't you think it's time we did something about dear old Turner?"—something of that sort) and it was generally expected to be received that way. Instead, it was met with an avalanche of enthusiasm that amazed everyone, the museum officials included. I did not get to the opening, which was perhaps as well, for I hear that it was a rout, and the attendance the Sunday afterward was enormous; the day I did get there, a Monday afternoon, there was at least ten times the usual weekday attendance—mainly younger people in the modern rebels' uniforms: Levis, long hair, and sandals for the men; long hair, short skirts, black stockings for the girls. There is a certain irony in this outburst of attention, for five extremely handsome Turners, four of them of his famous and masterly "Harbor" series (Antwerp, Calais, Dieppe, and Cologne), have been drowsing comfortably in the Frick Museum for decades, with no mobs storming the doors to get at them. Why, then, this sudden riot? If a sufficiently acute intelligence were to be brought to bear—say, one of the late-model computers—on the pertinent data about present-day aims, predilections, and attitudes, we might arrive at a firm solution. As things are, we shall have to do with guesswork, and all I can do is to take a few sidelong swipes at the problem.

First of all, the man's career was dramatic enough to hold anyone's attention, once it had been drawn there. The son of a Covent Garden barber, he was born in 1775. He displayed such precocity that at age fourteen, after a bare minimum of study at the Royal Academy School of Art, he had a group of watercolors accepted for the Acade-

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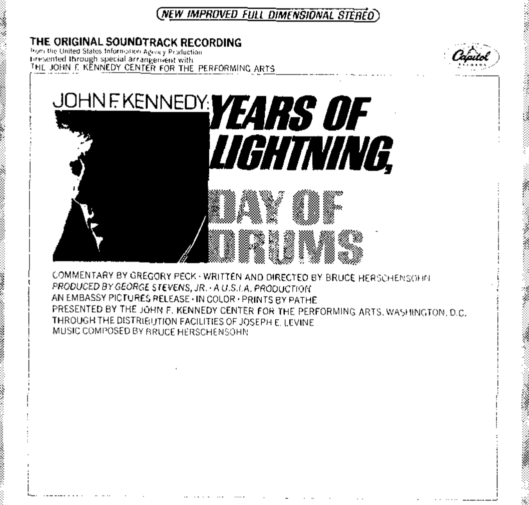

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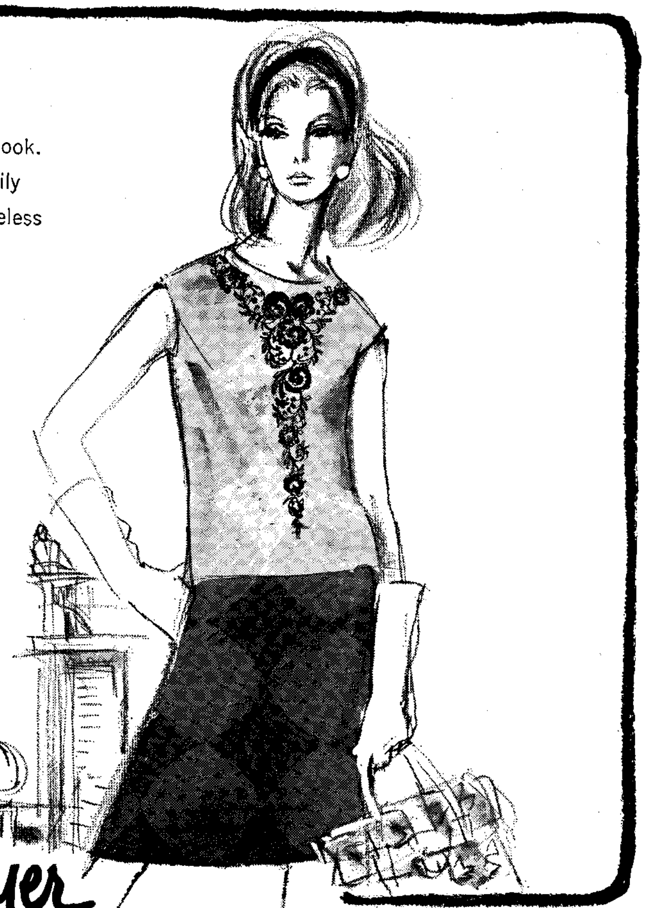

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my's Annual, and—even more remarkable—he was elected an associate member of the Academy when he was twenty-four, and, just three years later, aged twenty-seven, a full member. Thus, still in his middle twenties, he had achieved the fame and fortune all young artists dream of, if only to be able to renounce them. And renounce them he did, at the height of his career, around 1820; at first tentatively and then more and more boldly, he cast aside all his linkages with such traditional landscapists as Poussin and Claude, as well as the established mannerisms of the successful artist's stock in trade, and embarked on a series of coloristic experiments, in both oil and watercolor, that were to engross him throughout the rest of his life. They were embarked on to the consternation of his contemporaries, although to his profit, historically, and their lack of understanding seems to have made him an embittered and lonely old man, dedicated to his art and secretive about everything else. (In his will, which was broken, he left all his paintings not to a national museum but to "the public," and his considerable fortune to establish a foundation for "decayed" artists.) Perhaps this rebelliousness also attracts the younger artists of today, now that he has been "discovered," and if that is so the show, which is most adroitly arranged, should help consolidate the apparent vogue.

Some hundred items are included, half of them oils and the rest watercolor, gouache, pen, pencil, or combinations of the four. (One gets the impression that when the fever took him Turner used any material that was handy.) The range is from 1798 to 1845, six years before his death. The 1798 item, "Buttermere Lake, with Part of Cromackwater, Cumberland, a Shower," is clearly included not for its importance artistically (it is a rather pompously academic production) but because it represents a sort of takeoff point at which Turner's private revolution began. The same thing is true, in a way, of the other early canvas, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt." Between them, they illustrate the traditional foundations (one might even say clichés) Turner was about to break away from: in "Buttermere Lake" (which even has a rainbow in it) the eighteenth-century romantic tradition, and in the other the solid, stolid, academic historical tradition. The show then takes a full three decades at one jump, and the rest of it is devoted to works done almost entirely in the last two decades of Turner's life. (I am

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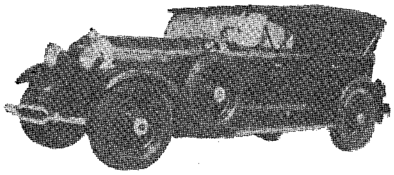

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speaking only of his oils; the works in other media are more evenly distributed.) This is all to the good, generally. But this concentration on so short a period of development has a "glare" effect, lighting up, like the headlamps of a car on the minor bumps on the road ahead, both the strengths and the weaknesses of Turner's production; and the effect, on me, was to raise a few questions about his true stature. But then one of the first purposes of an exhibition is to reveal an artist's good and bad points impartially. This does not diminish my admiration—of long tenure, may I add—of Turner's artistry. The end result is not to lessen but to define more clearly—to round out, one might better say—his artistic stature, and if in the course of the process a few strengths turn out to be weaknesses and vice versa, that only adds to one's interest in the man's work as a whole.

I was surprised, for one thing, to note how limited a palette Turner, renowned colorist though he was, availed himself of. Yellows, lavenders, ochres, reds—hot tones, generally—made up most of the gamut, and yet one of his triumphs was the effective way he used them against blacks, as in the masterly "Peace—Burial at Sea," thus accenting their flamelike quality. Some compositional vacillation is also visible, and this is obliquely referred to in the exhibition's subtitle, "Imagination and Reality." Turner is often called the father of Impressionism—a parentage the Impressionists themselves refused to accept, preferring Constable instead. In truth, it is more to the point to name him the main precursor of abstraction and even Abstract Expressionism, and the fact that he was working close to a century before the principles of abstraction were even thought of may excuse him for proceeding cautiously, alone as he was, along the road toward total abolition of the image. Yet the vacillation is at times a handicap, as in "Heidelberg," half abstract and half realistic, and the rather absurd "Sunrise, with a Sea Monster." Worst is his leaning toward what I can only call emotional bombast, which crops up all the way from that rainbow-decorated "Buttermere Lake" to the late "The Angel Standing in the Sun." But these defects—when seen in obverse, so to speak—are the very qualities that form the basis of his greatest virtues, and if his emotionality, for just one example, led him into excesses, it also gave his best work its enormous evocative power and helped make him what he was—one of the great sea- and landscape

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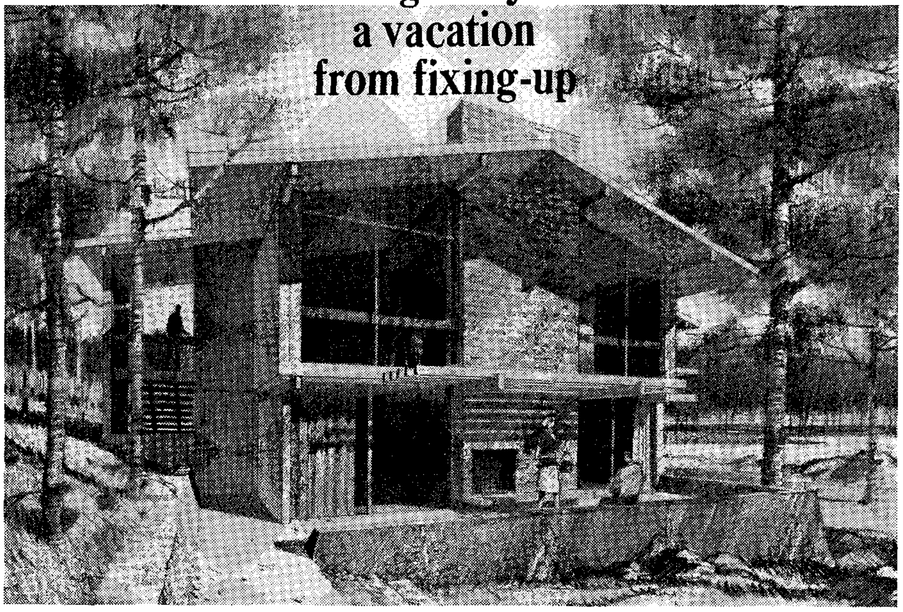

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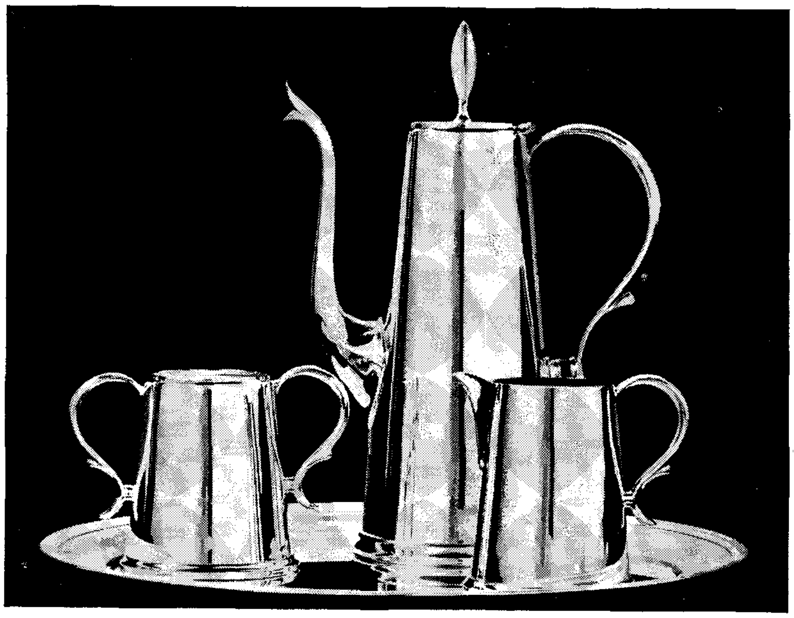

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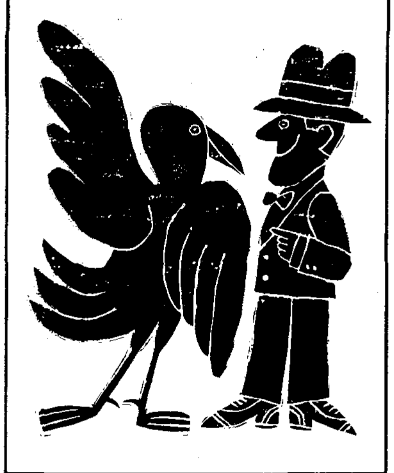

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painters of all time. Canvases like the marvellously concentric, swirling "Snow Storm: Steamer off a Harbor's Mouth," the sunset-tinted "Whalers," and—surely one of his masterpieces—the study of an express train crossing a bridge, "Rain, Steam and Speed," go a long way to assure his claim to the title.

I MAY seem to be reaching way out when I relate an artist so essentially "feminine" (if I may use that word, so annoying to so many ladies in the arts) as Loren MacIver, now exhibiting a set of handsome new oils and other works at the Pierre Matisse, with the aggressively masculine Turner. Nevertheless, the linkage is there, not only in the obvious fact that both are primarily colorists but in the less obvious one that they display surprisingly similar approaches to the problem of synthesizing abstraction and reality. With MacIver, the approach is immensely more sophisticated; after all, she has the advantage of being a whole century later. Still, not overly surprisingly, in her work one finds the same double-faceted qualities of strengths and weaknesses that the attack brings out—on the one hand permitting her to exploit to their fullest her gifts for true poetic fantasy (see, for only one instance, the pale, almost ghostly view of a copse of young trees called "Printemps") but on the other hand making it seem occasionally (as in "Blue Mosque," in which invention lagged) a trifle thin. Fortunately, these lapses are few, and the over-all quality of the showing is remarkably high. Miss MacIver exhibits rarely (her last show here was five years ago—the average interval for her), and one of the impressive things about the current collection is the considerable development her work has undergone, in vigor and variety of concept and in firmness structurally, *in that interval.* The best painting in the show is "Byzantium," in which a ribboning stream against a background of lighted windows, backed, in turn, by a frieze of dusky domes and towers, evokes a whole civilization. In other works she lets a touch of sly humor infiltrate the fantasy (see "La Bonne Table," a pseudo-collage, in paint, of restaurant menus, the listings of dishes falling tantalizingly just short of legibility), and the whole show has a verve that is admirable.

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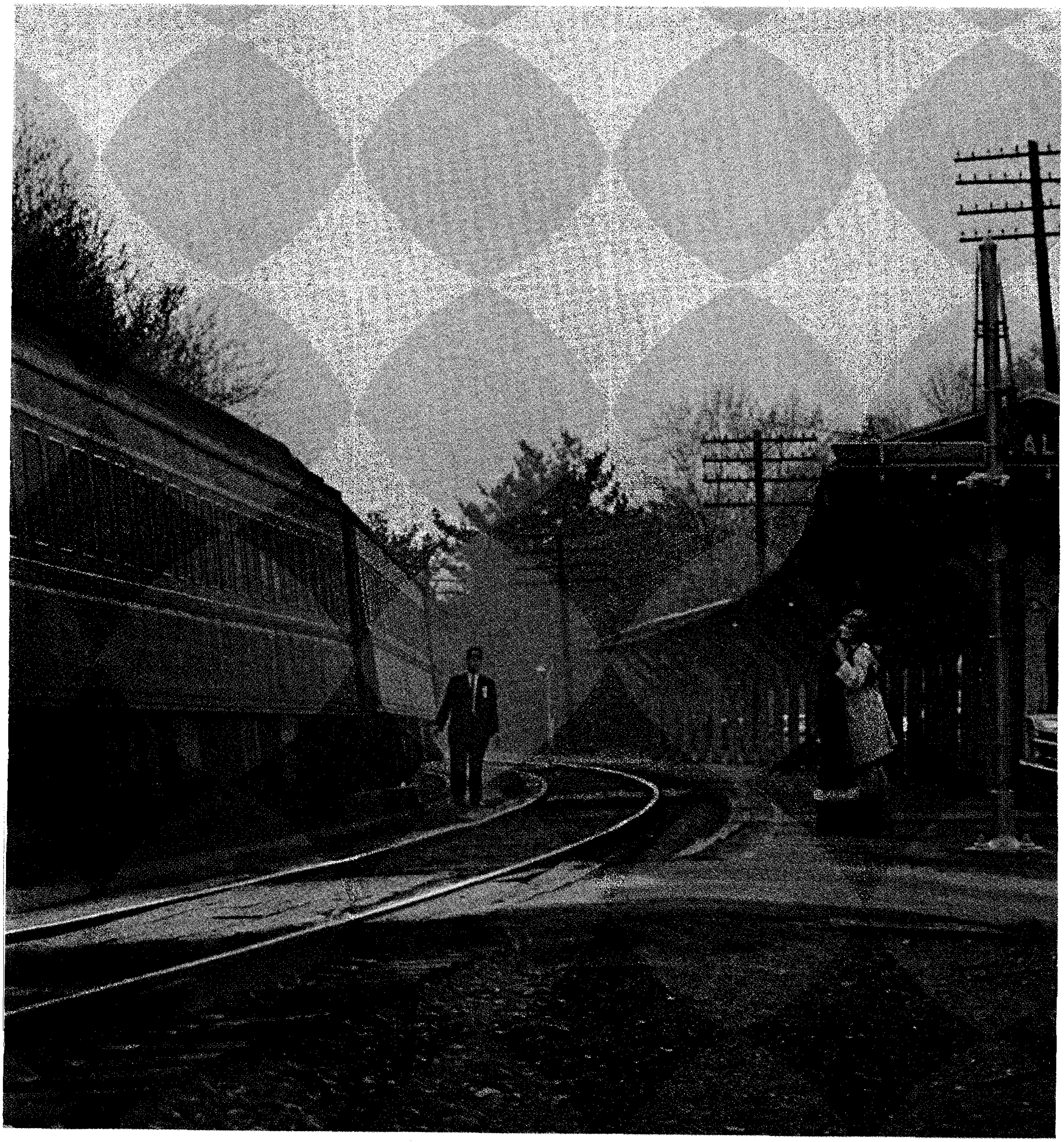

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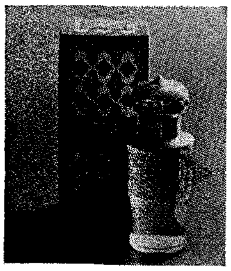

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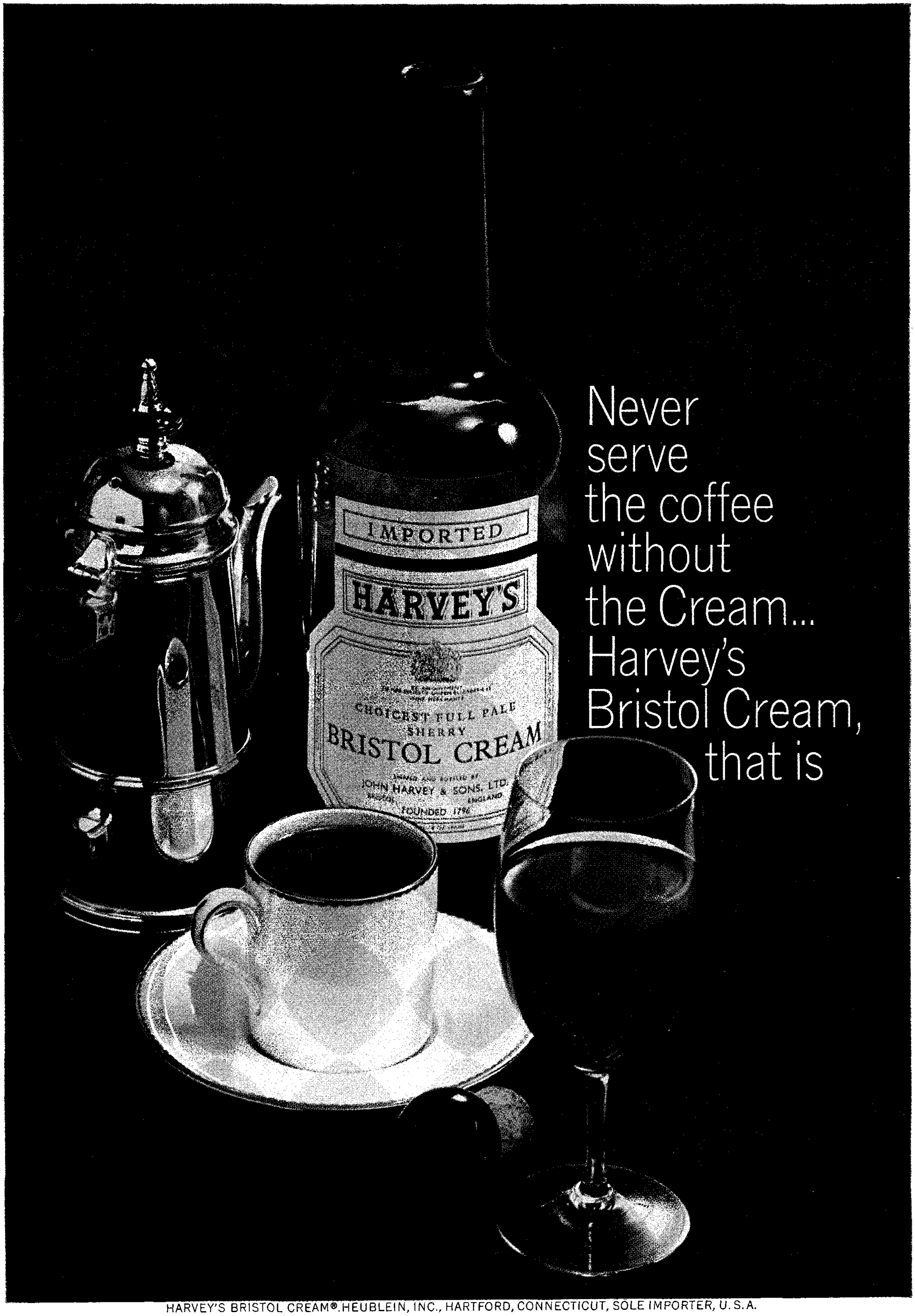
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Dance-Crazy

LAST week, the ballet commenced a fairly intensive season. The Bolshoi Ballet was packing to come here, the New York City Ballet opened its spring season at the State Theatre, and the Robert Joffrey Ballet had a short run at the City Center. It all began, however, with a performance by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet a week ago Sunday in the Metropolitan Opera House. This hard-worked and able group spends most of its time, of course, providing incidental ballets in operas—a rather thankless task, on the whole. But the other night the troupe was on its own, and Dame Alicia Markova, its director, had arranged a program of premières and new productions, including one fine old classical ballet and two new ones by Antony Tudor. The first of the Tudor ballets turned out to be somewhat mysterious in subject and somewhat discursive in form. It was called "Concerning Oracles," and it consisted of three unrelated ballets held together tenuously by the figure of a gypsy fortuneteller who appeared in all of them. Of these, the first apparently dealt with Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and three of the latter's lovers. Its meaning was certainly obscure, but the costumes, at least, were Elizabethan. The second was a simple bucolic pas de deux, and the last a peasant picnic in which a very young man was enmeshed in delusions of adulthood, becoming the gallant of a woman much older and much bigger than he. All this was danced quite well by Sally Brayley, Edith Jerell, Lance Westergard, Robert Davis, Josef Gregory, Howard Sayette, and a number of others. But I missed the old Tudor Magic—that play between illusion and reality that is characteristic of his earlier work. I also missed it in the second Tudor ballet, something called "Echoing of Trumpets," though this one was cohesive and, in its way, effective. It was a grim affair, danced before scenery depicting a ruined bridge and some barbed wire. There was a hint in the program that it represented something in connection with the destruction of Lidice. Anyhow, it was concerned with man's

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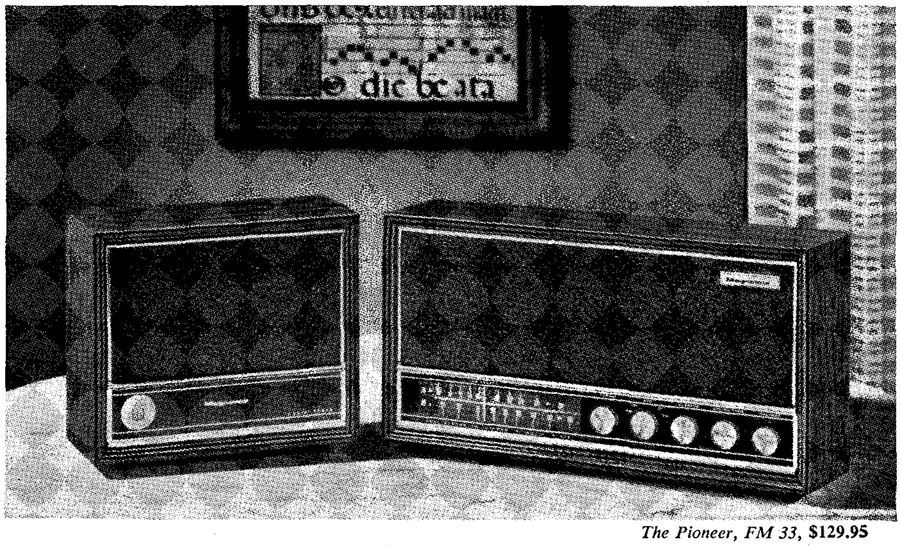

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inhumanity to man, and to woman. There was an upside-down hanging, and by the end of the piece the stage was littered with corpses. Then all this carnage was put out of mind by a perfectly charming production of Auguste Bournonville's "La Ventana," an unpretentious mid-nineteenth-century work, staged by Hans Brenaa and danced mainly by Patricia Heyes and Hans Meister. One minor role—part of a pas de trois—stood out. A dancer named Anna Aragno performed it with particular grace.

LAST Tuesday evening, the New York City Ballet opened its spring season at the State Theatre, and it was good to have it back. The program was a brilliant one—no novelties, but an evening containing some of Balanchine's finest work. It opened with "Scotch Symphony," in which Allegra Kent and André Prokovsky were the admirable principals, the latter, I thought, showing considerable growth in the direction of poise and fluency. Then we had "Pas de Deux," with Patricia McBride and Edward Villella. This was one of those exhibitions of virtuosity that, in sheer excitement, transcend anything else the art of ballet has to offer. I was held on the edge of my seat by suspense as these two scintillating artists whirled and leaped, and the roar that went up from the audience at the end of the number showed that there were many others who felt as I did. Then we had Jerome Robbins' "The Cage," which, as you are probably aware, concerns cannibalism of the male by the female (supposedly among insects), and has an eminently appropriate score by Igor Stravinsky (the String Concerto in D). Though the implied thesis of this ballet is a bit unconvincing to me, the ballet itself is still a strong one, adroitly choreographed and highly effective, in a rather crawly way. Melissa Hayden was the center of things, as the novice being initiated into the man-eating rites of the cult, or species; Patricia Neary was the malevolent queen of the hive; Nicholas Magallanes and Richard Rapp got eaten.

The final number of the evening was "La Valse," which, as I think I have remarked before, is probably one of the Balanchine ballets destined for immortality. The reason I feel this way about it is that it seems to me to be not only a great ballet but the incarnation of a myth that is age-old and eternal—the one about death and the maiden. The myth may nowadays be

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termed "romantic," but I think that romanticism, as exhibited here, may turn out to be eternal, too. The myth is properly served only when its victim is wonderfully beautiful and graceful, and Balanchine has framed her with a whole troupe of dream-world beauties, from which she emerges as its principal embodiment. The other night, she was danced by Suzanne Farrell, and though nobody will ever erase the memory of the ineffable sense of fantasy that Tanaquil LeClercq once brought to the role, Miss Farrell was splendid.

THE Robert Joffrey Ballet appears to be better known almost everywhere else than it is in New York. I had heard of it, but I had never seen it perform. Last Wednesday night, it made a sort of début—that is, it presented itself for the first time in a large New York auditorium, the City Center—and the occasion was, to me, one of agreeable surprise. Here is a young company of magnificent accomplishments, able to compete with the greatest of them, full of fantastically agile and excellently trained dancers and supplied with several extraordinarily versatile and imaginative choreographers, among them Gerald Arpino, who dominated the opening program. This program started with a delightful neo-classical ballet called "Viva Vivaldi," exploiting some superb bravura dancing, especially that of a young man named Robert Blankshine, whose turns and jumps were spectacular by any standards. This was followed by "Incubus," a rather touching work about a young girl caught in a neurosis involving sex and periodic regressions into the world of childhood. Lisa Bradley, as the girl, tore one's heart out with her portrayal of the fragile, wistful heroine who tries to exchange a doll for reality but fails. Then there was "Sea Shadow"—a sort of afternoon of a seagoing faun, this faun complete with nymph. It was an enchanting affair, to music by Ravel. (In later performances, owing to an objection by the Ravel estate, this music was dropped and a score by Michael Colgrass substituted.) In it prodigious muscular feats by Richard Gain were given a deceptive air of laziness, while Miss Bradley added a delicate touch as his partner. The concluding item was a highly amusing beatnik number called "Opus '65," choreographed by Anna Sokolow, expressing teen-age energy and teen-age hostility toward the mature world. It was done with hair-raising ferocity, and wound up with

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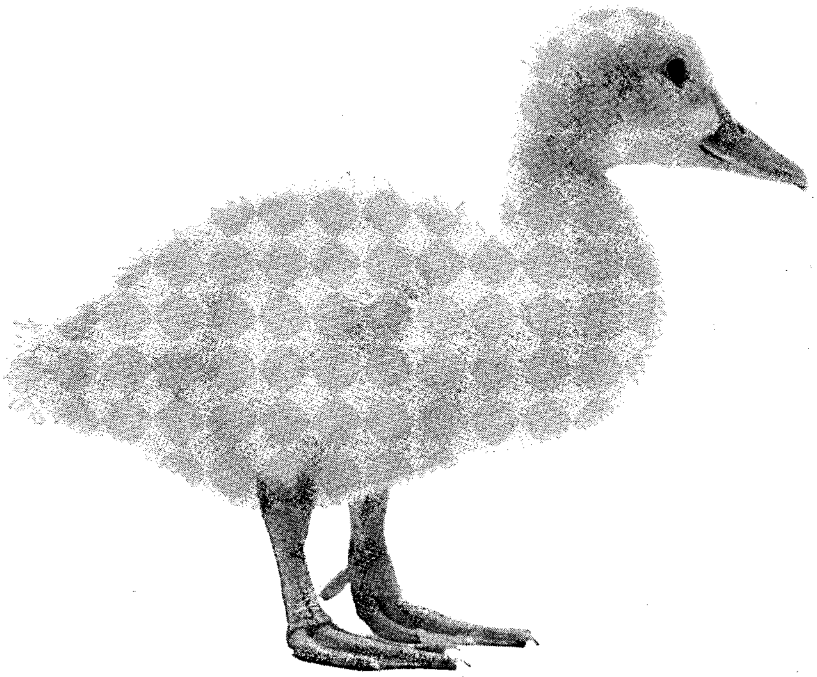

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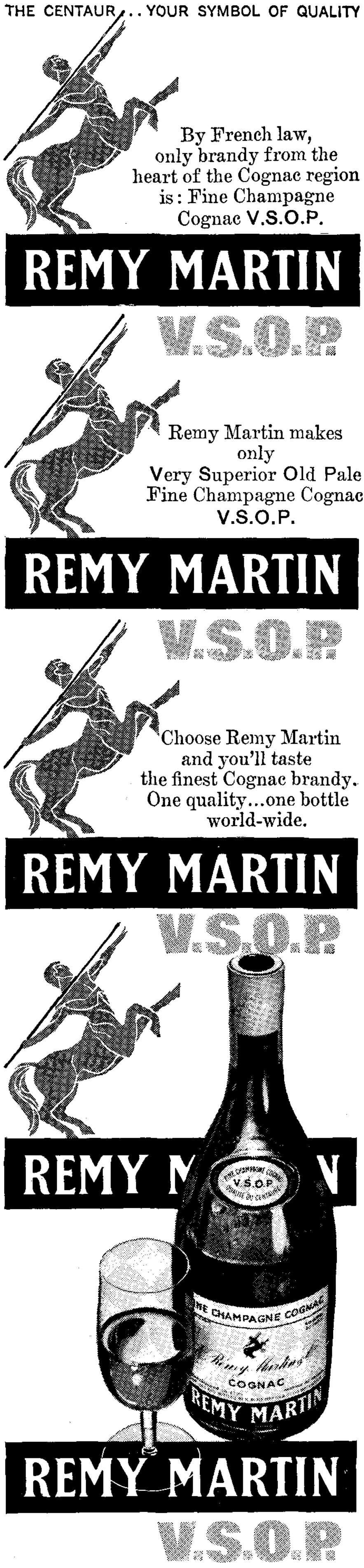
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the entire cast making faces at its middle-aged audience and finally jumping off the stage into the orchestra pit.

ON Thursday night, there was a première by the New York City Ballet. It was called "Variations," and in the program note accompanying it Igor Stravinsky delivered himself of one of the funniest examples of solemn pomposity I have ever read from the pen of a composer. He presented his readers with a perfectly ordinary twelve-tone row, and then said, "After writing it out I gradually discovered the possibilities in it as material for variations. The bipartite division is basic, six-note formations being as integral components as the classical four orders. The halves, moreover, are unities as well as fragments, and are therefore divisible in turn, and invertible, reversible, mirror-invertible, mirror reversible." Now, anybody who knows anything about the twelve-tone system knows perfectly well that any "melody" that has ever been written in it is divisible, reversible, mirror-invertible, etc., etc., with a little simple figuring, by those who are capable of writing notes on paper. Either Mr. Stravinsky is pulling our leg or he is trying to get away with a lecture he thinks is over the head of his audience. Anyhow, "Variations" turned out to be a typical late-Stravinsky score, with choreography by Mr. Balanchine that is ingenious enough to make the music bearable. Suzanne Farrell is beautiful and accomplished. I would deem it a privilege to watch her dance to the sound of a cement mixer, and what we got from Mr. Stravinsky was not much more interesting. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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CHICAGO—Parents struggling to keep up with the "new math" and "new science" their children are being taught may soon be confronted with a "new English.". . .

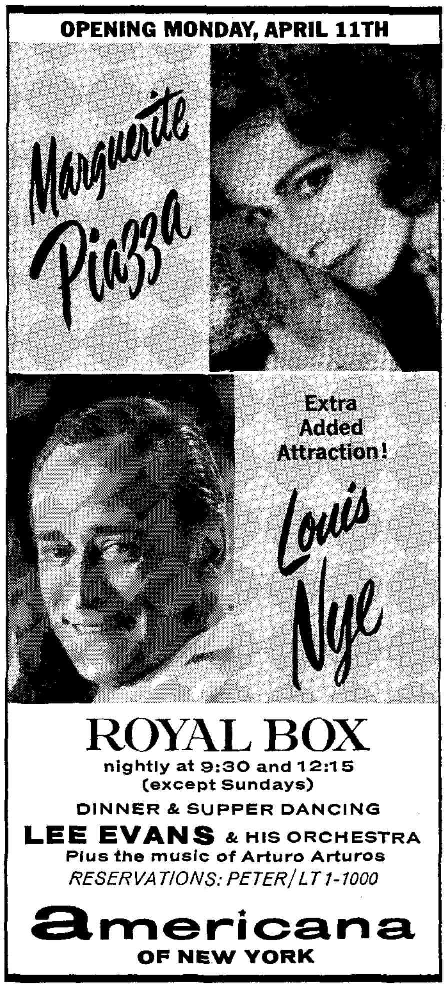
Good literature is being introduced into the classroom at an early age. . . . Sixth graders are tackling the Sherlock Holmes stories and A. A. Milne's "The Wind in the Willows."—*Long Island Press.*

Parents are *still* in trouble.

•

> Also indicted yesterday was Main St., Grassy Point, on a misdemeanor charge of possession of three rifles said to have been stolen in Ulster County.—*Nyack (N. Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

You have to watch out for those crooked streets.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BOOKS

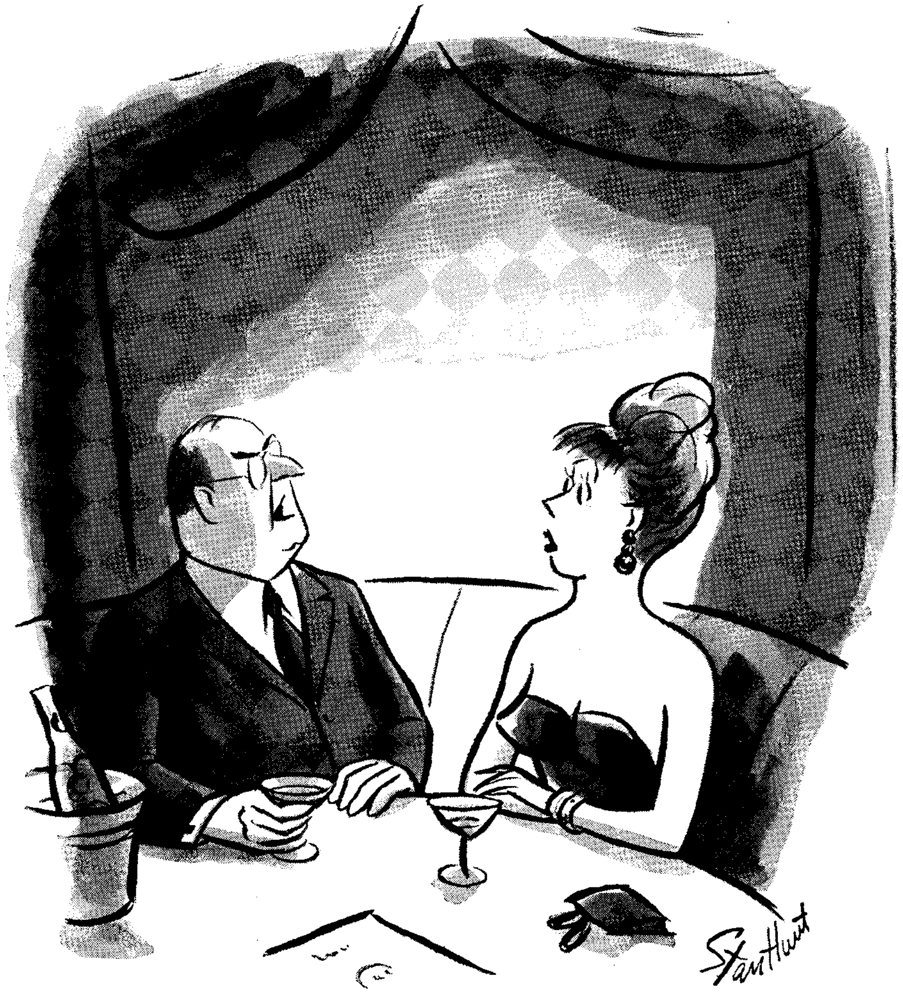
The Novel Is Dead, Long Live the Novel

"For a New Novel: Essays on Fiction," by Alain Robbe-Grillet (translated by Richard Howard, published by Grove), is a short collection of short essays plus a few literary reviews. "Man as an End: A Defense of Humanism. Literary, Social, and Political Essays," by Alberto Moravia (translated by Bernard Wall, published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is a larger collection of pieces, both long and short, which, as its subtitles suggest, considers literature in relation to contemporary society. The authors agree on a couple of things. They insist that the novel-as-we-have-known-it—the nineteenth-century novel, the novel told in the third person about motivated characters whose actions create a plot—is impossible, over and done with, certainly unwritable, and maybe unreadable. And (I suppose this is a result of living in countries with large Communist Parties) both authors appear to feel that they must take space to reject the Communist aesthetic—"socialist realism." These agreements are worth noting, since the two men do not agree on much else. Moravia mentions Robbe-Grillet to dismiss him; Robbe-Grillet does not mention Moravia at all.

Some of Robbe-Grillet's essays are aggressive, and they read like counterattacks on critics; others are invitations to negotiate, and they include such agreeable proposals as that "the New Novel is not a theory, it is an exploration." Most of his book is an explanation of his own fiction and of his efforts to purify the novel, a genre that has always been—and one cannot help thinking this has been one of its attractions—as impure as the opera or the circus. He would have the novel catch up with modern painting: the modern picture is not a representation of something else but something itself—what you see on the canvas; he wants the novel to be read as an invention, not as a fraudulent chronicle of an objective reality that he believes we cannot know. His own novels assume, as their premise and their preoccupation, tragic solipsism—man, limited to subjectivity, who perceives the unknowable phenomenal world as figments of his mind.

Like many innovators, Robbe-Grillet is slightly unjust to his predecessors—the nineteenth-century novelists whose work he does not wish to imitate. They have been praised for their fidelity to reality—the reality of human nature, or the reality of a coal mine—but surely their aim, the aim of any artist, is identical with Robbe-Grillet's: to make a something of their own. And the purpose of representational fiction is not just, as Robbe-Grillet insists, to give the illusion of reproducing reality; it is also to give the illusion of controlling reality, imposing an order on it. (Flaubert, Tolstoy, and Hardy killed off Emma, Anna, and Tess knowing perfectly well that most women, even in the nineteenth century, really survived sexual transgressions.) But since Robbe-Grillet insists that all we know of reality is sense perception, which is hardly controllable, he is renouncing an important allure of art—making wishes come true, or magic.

When Robbe-Grillet mentions what he accepts as ingredients for the novel—for one, enlarged, wistful (my adjective) descriptions of things—it is almost as an afterthought. His essays more often emphasize what he leaves out. He calls the conventional narrative "anecdote." For it he substitutes occurrences that lack the self-evident causal sequence of the old-time plot. He knows that this makes a great demand upon the reader. One reason the novel is an impure genre is that it uses prose, which also does duty as a medium for imparting coherence, sequence, and practical information, such as "It is raining. Wear your galoshes." Color and musical tone have no such commonplace tasks. It may be that because fiction depends on a utilitarian medium, its experimental possibilities are as limited as architecture's. Robbe-Grillet tries to make an asset out of this liability; of himself and other New Novelists he says, "Our books are written with the words, the phrases of everyone, of every day. They afford no special dif-



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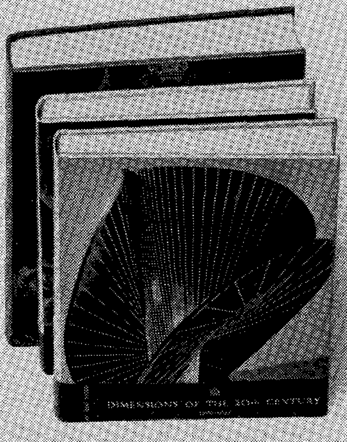

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ficulty to those who are not trying to paste on them a grid of dated interpretations." Dated or not, prose is always involved in a grid, in interpretations, and in contexts. However passionately the modern artist wants art to be exactly what he offers—no more, no less; not an illusion, not a symbol—a language is a set of symbols. Reading is interpreting. At the very least it is a steady putting-in-context that computer translations have so far failed to achieve.

Robbe-Grillet regrets that Kafka is read as allegory, he is annoyed at critics who have praised his own work for depths he never intended to dig down to, and he does not want his readers to look for meanings to add to his novels. It is fair—it is even considerate—for a writer to warn his readers that his work is not written in code, but a writer cannot, after all, determine how he is going to be read. I myself have been quite hopeful about Robbe-Grillet's aesthetic enterprise, but those of his novels I have read seem to me decorative—more wallpaper than reading material. I am certain that my tepid response is due in part to my reading as me. Robbe-Grillet is full of things; women, if we can believe psychologists, are more interested in people. Then, too, his work combines a traditional French mixture of grandeur (no word but "grandeur" describes the excisions he has made in the novel) and refinement; I, after all, read as an American—someone possibly more jocose and certainly much more impatient. (I'm afraid it is inescapable that national differences affect the way we read.) Robbe-Grillet's aesthetic, as he keeps reminding us, is related to philosophy, and especially to that dear old impasse of epistemology; namely, it is difficult to prove that sense perception is an absolutely reliable report on objective reality. By way of coping (or, as has been alleged, not coping) with this question, many modern English and American philosophers settled down to think what philosophical statements they could make that would not be nonsense, while their Continental colleagues were busy making statements that are, in Anglo-American philosophical terms, nonsensical: say, that the situation of man, with his unvalidatable perceptions of the universe, is absurd or tragic. Robbe-Grillet's philosophical and literary sensibilities seem to me more foreign than modern. One function of art is, though, to domesticate or naturalize unfamiliar sensibilities. That is the best thing Robbe-Grillet's essays do. His quarrel with the past and his

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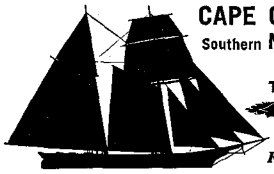

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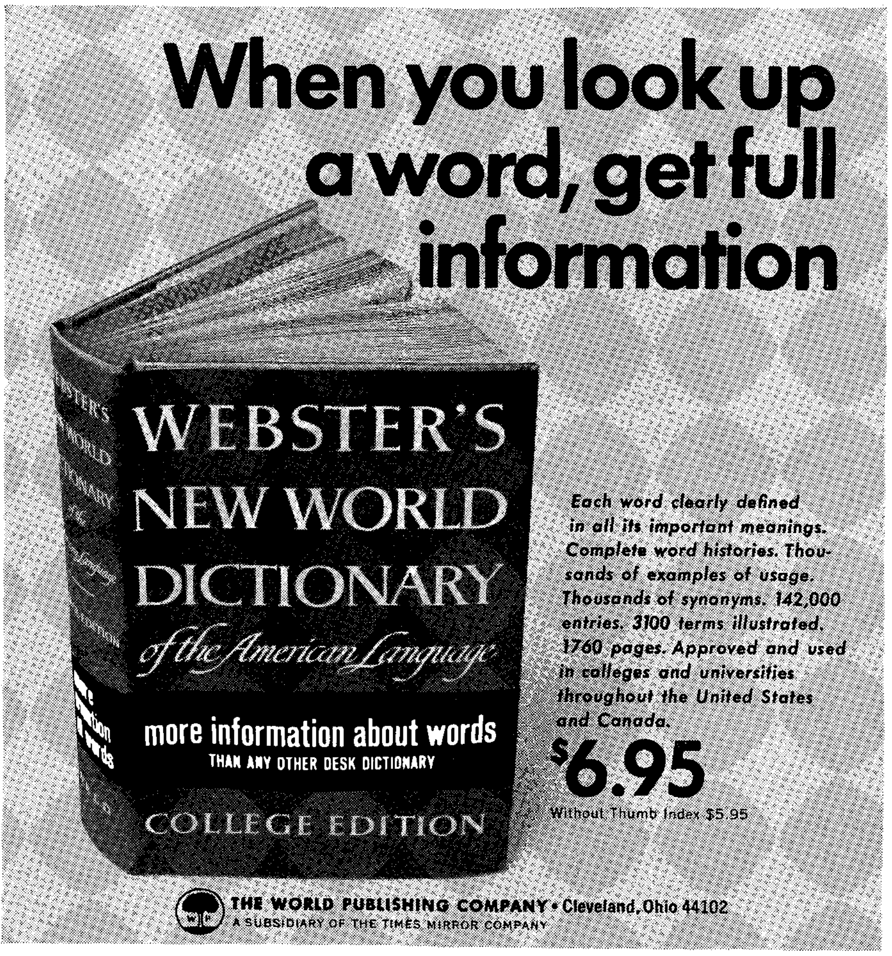
assertions about the future are not wholly persuasive. They demonstrate that a novelist turned critic develops a critic's failings, among which is pontificating when nobody has elected you pontiff. What is valuable in this book for us over here is the description it gives of a strange sensibility that may eventually enrich American writing and reading.

ALBERTO MORAVIA, like Robbe-Grillet, is concerned with philosophy. In his long title essay, he says that one precondition of the New Novel is a new philosophical image of man—which is a bit like saying you'll be good after you're rich. This essay is, in general, confusing. It argues for notions that we have not heard seriously attacked, such as: treat every man as an end in himself. It argues against evils with which we are not here and now threatened. Moravia is worried by something he calls "neo-capitalism," but as his discussion unfolds the reader sees that what he is really doing is refuting those blowzy notions that passed for Fascist ideology. For him, "the most exact, consistent image of the modern world is provided by the concentration and extermination camps." Now, the political incapacity of the peoples of Europe in the twentieth century is a large, astonishing, troublesome fact, but that fact can hardly support Moravia's multiplicity of generalizations about all men, all art, the modern world, what is, and what ought to be. Moravia thinks that all recent history represents evil intentions evilly fulfilled. Americans might regard their own history as a series of good intentions turning out to be something unintended, often disappointing. Our new image could be Man the Muddler. It would serve for comedy or for tragedy, but, alas, it would not please Moravia. He wants something heroic—classical art, a faith to replace Christianity, a confidence as great as that of Renaissance humanism, a world order like the Roman Empire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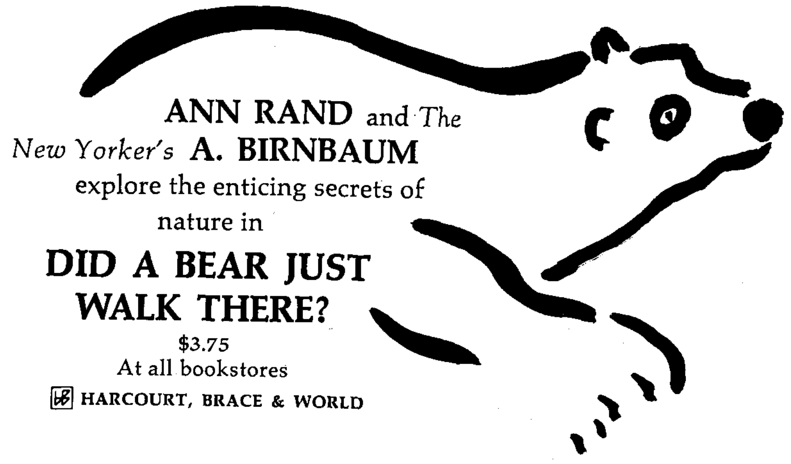
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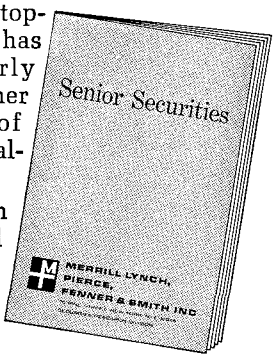

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(only better), and an industrialism whose workers live in green country villages.

Although Moravia is constantly talking about the future—especially the future of fiction—he seems to be longing for the past, and for the works of art that Italy once produced. It is a pity that he cannot enjoy more of the art that human beings are producing now. Maybe he does not like novels from Paris. (He does not think much of American fiction, either.) Well, what about Papuan masks? Yet about older Italian work he is a generous, perspicacious critic. He likes Manzoni, without being in sympathy with his Roman Catholicism. His essay on Boccaccio is wonderful, and wonderfully understanding, though he would—or so I read him—object to contemporary work that displayed Boccaccio's interest in action without moral purpose. He praises Verdi for being a Renaissance artist in the nineteenth century. He writes, in short, like a disappointed father asking his children to do better in future but reverting to memories in the midst of advice. He is too considerable, too nice a human being and writer to be disregarded, but it is not clear how a young novelist or novel reader could use him. What Moravia wants—a worldwide philosophy that sustains society and art—we are unlikely to get. And, considering the value of diversity—our ideas are clarified by disagreements, our arts are enhanced by various traditions—we may not need it.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

•

"While I have the highest regard for my indicated primary opponent and recognize that he has been a good legislator in the 24 hours he has served in Springfield, I believe that it is a time of change," said Cunningham.—*Chicago Daily News.*

And it's bad to grow old in office.

•

In an article yesterday announcing the appointment of Dr. Paul C. Mastrony as Director of the Department of Physical Medicine at St. Joseph's Hospital, Dr. Mastrony was erroneously identified as a psychiatrist. Dr. Mastrony is a psyiatrist.—*Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

Well, that's better!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

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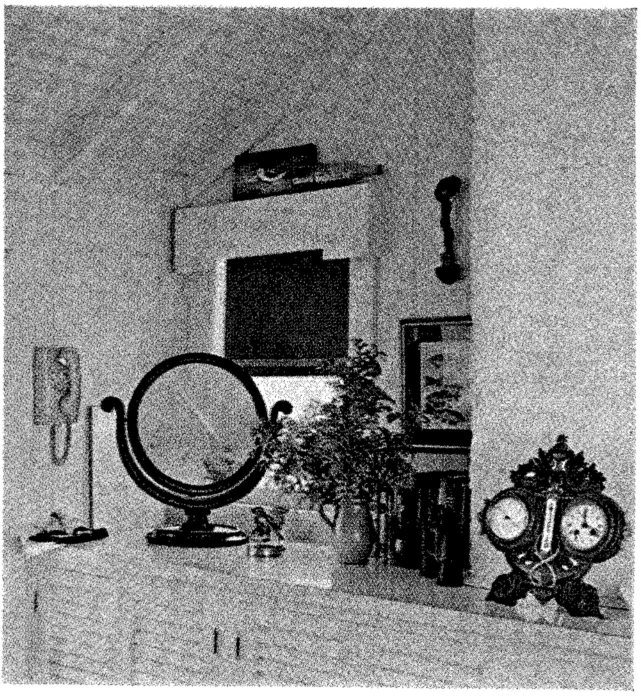

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